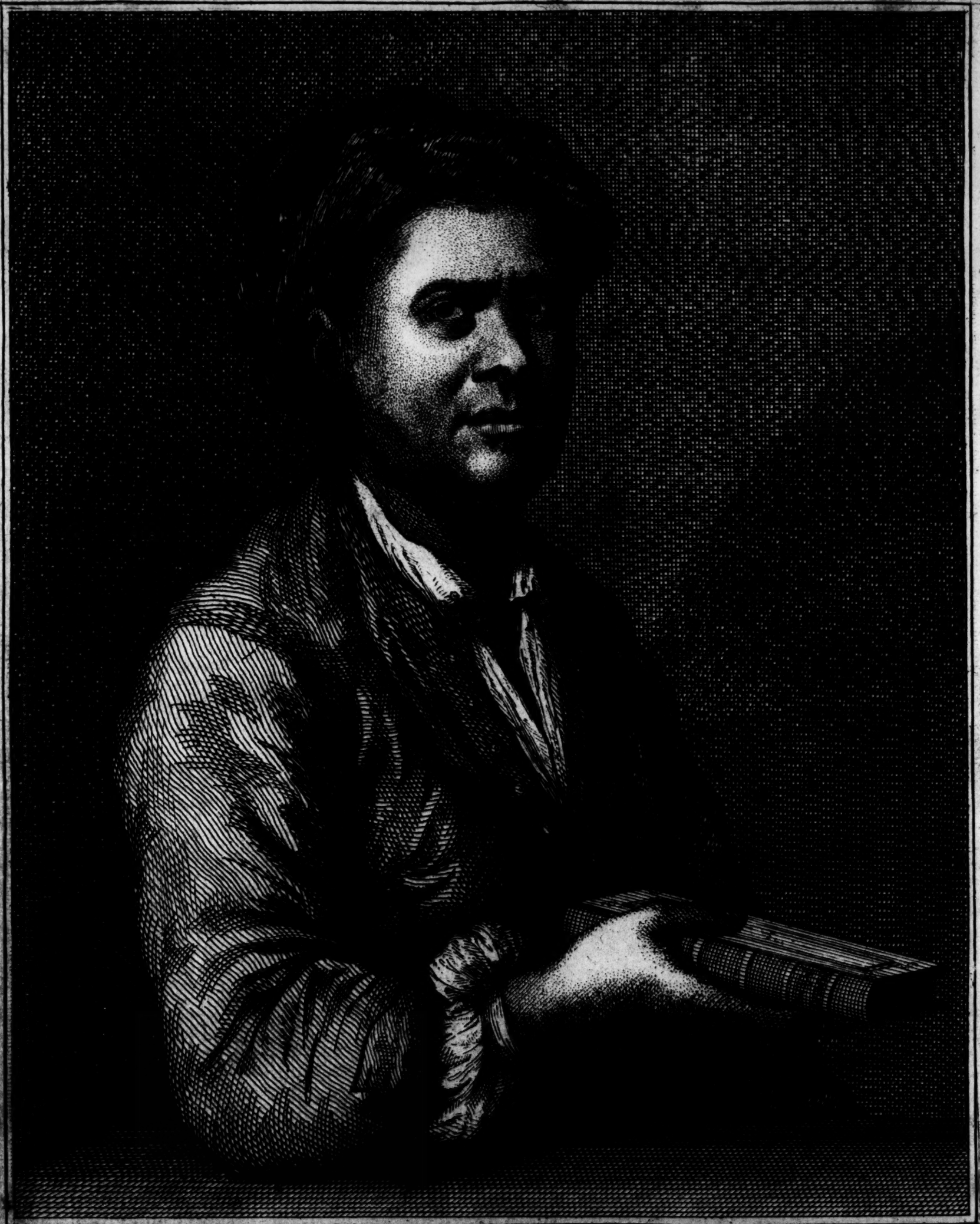

R. Cooper ad Vivum Sculpsit Edenr.

Allan Ramsay

POEMS

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Men ſtill are Men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the Sons of cold Deſpair. ——
We bring ſome new Materials; and what's old,
New caſt with Care, and in no borrowed Mold,
Late Times the Verſe may read, if theſe refuſe,
And from ſowr Criticks vindicate the Muſe.

DR. YOUNG.

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FEB

ALLAN RAMSAY.

BY

POEMS.

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Moſt Noble, Right Honourable, and generous Patrons,

I Can never caſt my Eye on the preceeding LIST *without inexpreſſible Joy and a grateful Reſentment, when I ſee Numbers of the moſt eminent Diſtinction and conſpicuous Merit, with a Godlike Benevolence, condeſcending to ſupport one to whom their own indulgent Approbations have raiſed a Stock of Fame amongſt the Rank of native Poets: Tho' my Imagination were leſs warm than it really is, ſuch Encouragement might rouze me to employ all the Strength of my Genius to endeavour after a ſuitable meaſure of Deſert.*

Since whatever is vicious can give no ſolid Pleaſure, I have taken Care to evite every Thought tending either to Debauchery or Irreligion, while I endeavour to be ſerviceable to Morality, even in thoſe Verſes of the merrieſt Turn; ſo that the moſt grave and modeſt, in reading, ſhall neither be ſhock'd or affronted. While thus a Poet aims at the uſeful and pleaſant, he may hope for Approbation from the Beſt, and never be afraid of Detraction or Poverty (the too frequent Attendants on Stipendleſs Preachers)

if he can gain ſo many noble and worthy Supporters, *as have made my inferior Life happy, by their generous Beneficence never to be hid or forgot.*

Let the Splenatick cenſure as they pleaſe, and attempt by Detraction to clip the Wings of my Vanity (as they often nick-name the ardent Emotions towards what is praiſe-worthy) yet I ſhall ever think it rude in me to make You an Offering, with a Multitude of Excuſes, for its Unworthineſs; no, but as a certain Poet ſays of his Miſtriſs, ſo I of my Poems,

They have no Faults, or I no Faults can ſpy;
They're beautiful, or ſometimes blind am I.

I have examined them over and over with Care, and have ſtruck out every Thing that I thought a Blemiſh; ſince nothing is ſo capable to ruffle my Tranquillity, as Your finding any Production of my Muſe imperfect or deformed.

However I ſhall be always pleas'd with a judicious Criticiſm, and hoard it up againſt the Time (perhaps about twenty Years hence, if GOD pleaſes) when a ſeverer Judgment ſhall get the better of a rambling Fancy; againſt which Time, as it is propoſed by an eminent Patron, I am to leave Poſterity one or two good pickt Volumes, perhaps out of four or five.

My Firſt Volume, printed ſeven Years ago, now honoured to be in Your Libraries, with this, ſhall I hope (when I have join'd the Society of Spirits) in this Edition be acceptable to the Curious in ſucceeding Ages: The more ſo, ſince that inſtead of printing ſome Thouſands, I have only thrown off ſo many in this Size as allenerly are deſtined for Your Service.

May the cheerful Reflections of Goodneſs, fix'd Health to a happy old Age, with the delightful Satisfaction of Your reaſonable Wiſhes, be ever Your's, is the hearty and ſincere Prayer of,

Brave and Fair PATRONS,

Your moſt humble,

moſt obliged, and

devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edin. May
1728.

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TO

TO THE CRITICK.

STAND, Critick, and before ye read,
Say, dare ye free of Party read,
Or of a Saul sae scrimp and rude,
To envy every thing that's Good?
And if I shou'd (perhaps by Chance)
Something that's new and smart advance,
Resolve ye not with scornful Snuff,
To say 'tis a' confounded Stuff;
If that's the Case, Sir, spare your Spite,
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write:
Gae gie your Censure higher Scope,
And *Congreve* criticise or *Pope*,

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TO

TO THE

CRITICK.

STAND, Critick, and before ye read,
Say, are ye free of Party-lead,
Or of a Saul ſae ſcrimp and rude,
To envy every thing that's Good?
And if I ſhou'd (perhaps by Chance)
Something that's new and ſmart advance,
Reſolve ye not with ſcornful Snuff,
To ſay 'tis a' confounded Stuff;
If that's the Caſe, Sir, ſpare your Spite,
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write:
Gae gie your Cenſure higher Scope,
And *Congreve* criticiſe or *Pope*,

Young's Satires, or *Swift*'s merry Smile,
Theſe, theſe are Writers worth your While.
On me your Talents wad be loſt,
And tho' you gain a ſimple Boaſt;
I want a Reader wha deals fair,
And not ae real Fault will ſpare;
Yet with good Humour will allow
Me Praiſe, when e'er 'tis juſtly due:
Bleſt be ſic Readers, —— but the reſt
That are with Spleen and Spite oppreſt;
May *Bards* ariſe to gar them divine,
To Death with Lays the maiſt divine,
For ſma's the Skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various Natures,
Are on this Globe the Crowd of Creatures;
In *Mexiconian* Foreſts fly,
Thouſands that never wing'd our Sky:
'Mangſt them there's ane of Feathers fair,
That in the Muſick bears nae Skair,
Only an imitating Ranter,
For whilk he bears the Name of Taunter;

Soon

Soon as the Sun ſprings frae the Eaſt,
Upon the Branch he cocks his Creſt,
Attentive, when frae Bough and Spray
The tunefu' Throats ſalute the Day:
The Brainleſs Beau attacks them a',
No ane eſcapes him great or ſma';
Frae ſome he takes the Tone and Manner,
Frae this a Baſs, frae that a Tenor,
Turns Love's ſaft Plaint to a dull Buſtle,
And ſprightly airs to a vile Whiſtle;
Still labouring thus to counterfeit,
He ſhaws the Poorneſs of his Wit.
Anes, when with Echoe loud the Taunter
Tret with Contempt ilk *nativo Chanter*,
Ane of them ſays, We own 'tis true,
Few Praiſes to our Sangs are due,
But pray, Sir, let's have ane frae you.

The Ram and Buck.

A Ram, the Father of a Flock,
Wha'd mony Winters ſtood the Shock
Of Northern Winds and driving Snaw,
Leading his Family in a Raw,
Throw Wreaths that clad the laigher Field,
And drave them frae the lowner Bield,
To crop contented frozen Fare,
With Honeſty on Hills blown bare.
This Ram of upright hardy Spirit,
Was really a horn'd Head of Merit.
Unlike him was a neighbouring Goat,
A mean Saul'd, cheating, thieving Sot;
That tho' poſſeſt of Rocks the Prime,
Crown'd with freſh Herbs and rowth of Thime,
Yet Slave to pilfering; his Delight
Was to break Gardens ilka Night,
And round him ſteal, and aft deſtroy
Even Things he never could enjoy:

The Pleaſure of a dirty Mind
That is ſae viciouſly inclin'd.

UPON a Borrowing-day, when Sleet
Made Twinters, and Hog-wedders bleet,
And quake with Cauld: Behind a Ruck
Met honeſt Toop and ſnaking Buck,
Frae Chin to Tail clad with thick Hair,
He bad Defiance to thin Air;
But truſty Toop his Fleece had riven,
When he amang the Birns was driven:
Half naked the brave Leader ſtood,
His Look compos'd, unmov'd his Mood.
When thus the Goat (that had tint a'
His Credit baith with great and ſma',
Shunn'd by them as a Peſt, wad fain
New Friendſhip with this Worthy gain.)
Ram, ſay, ſhall I give you a Part
Of mine, I'll do't with all my Heart,
'Tis yet a lang cauld Month to *Beltan*,
And ye've a very raggit Kelt on;
Accept, I pray, what I can ſpare,
To clout your Doublet with my Hair.

NO,

NO, ſays the Ram, tho' my Coat's torn,
Yet ken, thou Worthleſs, that I ſcorn,
To be oblig'd at any Price
To ſic as you, whoſe Friendſhip's Vice;
I'd have leſs Favour frae the beſt,
Clad in a hatefu' hairy Veſt
Beſtow'd by thee, than as I now
Stand but ill dreſt in native Woo.
Boons frae the Generous make ane ſmile,
Frae Miſcreants make Receivers vile.

EPIGRAM.

On receiving a Preſent of an Orange from Mris. G. L. *now Counteſs of* Aboyne.

NOW, *Priam*'s Son, thou may'ſt be mute,
For I can blythly boaſt with thee;
Thou to the Faireſt gave the Fruit,
The Faireſt gave the Fruit to me.

HEALTH:

HEALTH:
A
POEM.

INSCRIB'D TO

The Right Honourable the Earl of STAIR.

BE't mine the Honour, once again to hear,
And ſee the *beſt of Men* for me appear,
I'll proudly chant: Be dumb, ye vulgar Throng,
STAIR bids me ſing, to him theſe Lays belong;
If he approves, who can condemn my Song?

OF HEALTH I ſing; O HEALTH my Portion be,
And to old Age I'll ſing if bleſs'd by thee.
Bleſſing Divine! Heaven's faireſt Gift to Man!
Soul of his Joys! and Lengthner of his Span!
His Span of Life preſerv'd with panting Breath,
Without thy Preſence proves a ling'ring Death.

THE

THE Victor Kings may cauſe wide Nations bow,
And Half a Globe with conqu'ring Force ſubdue;
Bind Princes to their Axletrees, and make
The wondr'ing Mob of ſtaring Mortals quake:
Erect triumphal Arches, and obtain
The loud Huzza from Thouſands in their Train:
But if her Sweetneſs balmy HEALTH denies,
Without Delight Pillars or Eneids riſe.

COSMELLIUS may on Silky Twilts repoſe,
And have a num'rous Change of fineſt Cloaths;
Box'd in his Chair, he may be born to dine
On *Ortelons*, and ſip *Tokay* Wine.
His Liver, if an Inflammation ſeize,
Or waſting Lungs ſhall make him cough and wheeze;
No more he ſmiles, nor can his richeſt Toys,
Or Looking-glaſs, reſtore his wonted Joys:
The rich Brocade becomes a toilſome Weight,
The brillant Gem offends his weakly Sight;
Perfumes grow nauſeous then, nor can he bear
Loud tuneful Notes, that us'd to charm his Ear.
To pleaſe his Taſte the Cook attempts in vain,
When now each former Pleaſure gives him Pain.

NOR

NOR flowing Bowls, loud Laugh or Midnight Freik,
Nor ſmutty Tale, delight the roving Rake;
When HEALTH forſakes him, all Diverſions tire;
There's nothing pleaſes, nothing can inſpire
A blythſome Smile; he ſhuns the Shine of Light,
And broken Slumbers make a weary Night.
If ſilent Sleep attempts to bring him Eaſe,
His watching Fancy feels the whole Diſeaſe:
He dreams a Mountain lies upon his Breaſt,
Or that he flies the Fury of ſome Beaſt;
Sees, at vaſt Diſtance, guſhing from the Rocks,
The cooling Stream, —— while burning Thirſt provokes
Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy Edge,
And drag his Limbs through many a thorny Hedge;
Hangs o'er a Precipice, or ſinks in Waves:
And all the while he ſweats, turns, ſtarts and raves.

HOW mad's that Man, puſh'd by his Paſſions wild,
Who's of his greateſt *Happineſs* beguil'd;
Who ſeems, whate'er he ſays, by Actions low,
To court *Diſeaſe*, our Pleaſure's greateſt Foe?

FROM *Paris*, deeply skill'd in nice Ragoos,
In Oleos, Salmongundies and Hogoes,
Montanus ſends for Cooks, that his large Board
May all invented Luxury afford:
HEALTH's never minded, while the Appetite
Devours the ſpicy Death with much Delight.
Mean time King *Arthur*'s fav'ry knighted Loyn
Appears a Clown, and's not allow'd to join
The marinated Smelt, and Sturgeon Joles,
Soup-Vermecell, ſouc'd Turbet, Cray and Soals,
Fowls *a la daube*, and Omelet of Eggs,
The ſmother'd Coney, and bak'd Padocks Legs,
Pullets a Bisk, and Orangedo Pye,
The larded Peacock, and the *Tarts de Moy*,
The Collard Veal, and Pike in Caſſorole,
Pigs *a la Braiſe*, the Tanſy and Bruſole;
With many a hundred coſtly mingled Diſh,
Wherein the Moiety of Fleſh or Fiſh
Is wholly loſt, and vitiate as the Taſte
Of them who eat the dangerous Repaſt;
Until the feeble Stomach's over-cram'd,
The Fibres weaken'd, and the Blood enflam'd.

What

What aking Heads, what Spleen, and drowzy Eyes,
From undigeſted Crudities ariſe?
But when *Montano*'s Paunch is over cloy'd,
The *Bagnio*, or *Emetic* Wine's employ'd.
Theſe he imagines Methods the moſt ſure,
After a Surfeit, to complete a Cure:
But never dreams how much the Balm of Life
Is waſted by this forc'd unnat'ral Strife.
Thus Peuther Veſſel muſt by ſcouring wear,
While Plate more free from Droſs continues clear.
Long unconſum'd the Oak can bear the Beams,
Or lie for Ages firm beneath the Streams:
But when alternately the Rain and Rays,
Now daſh, then dry the Plank, it ſoon decays.
Luxurious Man! altho' thou'rt bleſt with Wealth,
Why ſhouldſt thou uſe it to deſtroy thy HEALTH?

COPY *Mellantius*, if you'd learn the Art,
To feaſt your Friends, and keep their Souls alart,
One good ſubſtantial *Britiſh* Diſh or two,
Which ſweetly in their natural Juices flow,
Only appeat. And here no Danger's found,
To tempt the Appetite beyond its Bound;

And you may eat, or not, as you incline;
And, as you pleaſe, drink Water, Beer or Wine.
Here Hunger's ſafe, and gratefully appeas'd,
The Spleen's forbid, and all the Spirits rais'd,
And Gueſts ariſe regal'd, refreſh'd and pleas'd.

GRUMALDO views, from rais'd Parters around,
A thouſand Acres of fat furrow'd Ground,
And all his own; --- but theſe no Pleaſure yield,
While Spleen hangs as a Fog o'er every Field:
The lovely Landskip clad with gilded Corn,
The Banks and Meads which Flowers and Groves adorn,
No Reliſh have; his envious ſullen Mind,
Still on the Fret, complains his Fate's unkind:
Something he wants which always flies his Reach,
Which makes him groan beneath his ſpreading Beach.
When all of Nature, ſilent, ſeem to ſhun
Their Cares, and nod till the returning Sun;
His envious Thoughts forbid refreſhing Sleep,
And on the Rack his hopeleſs Wiſhes keep:
Fatigu'd and drumbly from the Down he flies,
With skinny Cheek, pale Lips and blood-run Eyes.

Thus toil'd with lab'ring Thoughts he looks aghaſt,
And taſteleſs loaths the nouriſhing Repaſt.
Meager Diſeaſe an eaſy Paſſage finds,
Where Joy's debarr'd, in ſuch corroded Minds.
Such take no care the Springs of Life to ſave,
Neglect their HEALTH, and quickly fill a Grave.

UNLIKE gay *Myrtle*, who with chearful Air,
Leſs envious, tho' leſs rich, no Slave to Care,
Thinks what he has enough, and ſcorns to fret,
While he ſees Thouſands leſs oblig'd to Fate,
And oftner from his Station caſts his Eye
On thoſe below him, than on them more high:
Thus Envy finds no Acceſs to his Breaſt,
To ſowr his gen'rous Joys, or break his Reſt.
He ſtudies to do Actions juſt and kind,
Which with the beſt Reflections chear the Mind:
Which is the firſt Preſervative of HEALTH,
To be preferr'd to Grandeur, Pride and Wealth.
Let all who would pretend to common Senſe,
'Gainſt Pride and Envy ſtill be on Defence.
Who love their HEALTH, nor would their Joys controul,
Let them ne'er nurſe ſuch Furies in their Soul.

NOR wait on ſtrolling *Phimos* to the Stews,
Phimos who by his livid Colour ſhews
Him load with vile Diſeaſes, which are fixt
Upon his Bones, and with his Vitals mixt.
Does that Man wear the Image of his GOD,
Who drives to Death on ſuch an ugly Road?
Behold him clad, like any bright Bridegroom,
In richeſt Labours of the *Britiſh* Loom;
Embroider'd o'er with Gold, whilſt Lace or Lawn
Waves down his Breaſt, and Ruffles o'er his Hand,
Set off with Art, which vilely he employs
In Sinks of Death, for low dear purchas'd Joys.
He graſps the blaſted Shadow of the Fair,
Whoſe ſickly Look, vile Breath, and falling Hair,
The flag'd Embrace, and mercenary Squeeze,
The twangs of Guilt, and terrors of Diſeaſe,
Might warn him to beware, if wild Deſire
Had not ſet all his thoughtleſs Soul in Fire.
O poor miſtaken Youth! to drain thy Purſe,
To gain the moſt malignant humane Curſe!
Think on thy Flannel, and Mercurial Doſe,
And future Pains, to ſave thy Nerve and Noſe.

Think,

Think, heedleſs Wight, how thy infected Veins
May plague thee many a Day with loathſome Pains,
When the *French* Foe his woeful Way has made,
And all within has dire Detachments laid;
There long may lurk, and, with Deſtruction keen,
Do horrid Havock e'er the Symptom's ſeen.
But learn to dread the poiſonous Diſeaſe,
When Heavineſs and Spleen thy Spirits ſeiſe;
When feeble Limbs to ſerve thee will decline,
And languid Eyes no more with Sparkles ſhine;
The Roſes from thy Cheek will blaſted fade,
And leave a dull Complexion like the Lead:
Then, then expect the terrible Attack
Upon thy Head, thy Conduit, Noſe and Back;
Pains through thy Shoulders, Arms, and Throat and Shins,
Will threaten Death, and damp thee with thy Sins.
How frightful is the Loſs, and the Diſgrace,
When it deſtroys the Beauties of the Face!
When the arch'd Noſe in rotten Ruin lyes,
And all the Venom flames around the Eyes;
When th' *Uvula* has got it's mortal Wound,
And Tongue and Lips form Words without a Sound;

When

When Hair drops off, and Bones corrupt and bare,
Through ulcerated Tags of Muſcles ſtare.

BUT vain we ſing Inſtruction to his Ear,
Who's no more Slave to Reaſon than to Fear;
Hurried by Paſſion, and o'ercome with Wine,
He ruſhes headlong on his vile Deſign:
The nauſeous *Bolus*, and the bitter Pill,
A Month of ſpitting, and the Surgeon's Bill,
Are now forgot, whilſt he: —— But here 'tis beſt
To let the Curtain drop, and hide the reſt
Of the coarſe Scene, too ſhocking for the Sight
Of modeſt Eyes and Ears, that take Delight
To hear with Pleaſure *Urban*'s Praiſes ſung,
Urban the kind, the prudent, gay and young,
Who moves a Man, and wears a roſie Smile,
That can the faireſt of a Heart beguile:
A virtuous Love delights him with it's Grace,
Which ſoon he'll find in *Myra*'s lov'd Embrace,
Enjoying HEALTH, with all it's lovely Train
Of Joys, free from Remorſe, or Shame or Pain.

BUT *Talpo* ſighs with matrimonial Cares,
His Cheeks wear Wrinkles, Silver grow his Hairs;

Before

Before old Age, his HEALTH decays apace,
And very rarely Smiles clear up his Face.
Talpo's a Fool, there's hardly Help for that,
He ſcarcely knows himſelf what he'd be at:
He's avaritious to the laſt Degree,
And thinks his Wife and Children makes too free
With his dear Idol; this creates his Pain,
And breeds Convulſions in his narrow Brain.
He always ſtartled at approaching Fate,
And often jealous of his vertuous Mate;
Is ever anxious, ſhuns his Friends, to ſave:
Thus ſoon he'll fret himſelf into a Grave;
There let him rot, — worthleſs the Muſe's Lays,
Who never read one Poem in his Days.

I ſing to *Marlus*, *Marlus* who regards
The well mean'd Verſe, and generouſly rewards
The Poet's Care; obſerve now, if you can,
Ought in his Carriage, does not ſpeak the Man:
To him his many a Winter wedded Wife
Appears the greateſt Solace of his Life.
He views his Offspring with indulgent Love,
Who his ſuperior Conduct all approve.

Smooth glide his Hours, at Fifty he's leſs old,
Than ſome who have not half the Number told.
The chearing Glaſs he with right Friends can ſhare,
But ſhuns the deep Debauch with cautious Care.
His Sleeps are ſound, he ſees the Morning riſe,
And lifts his Face with Pleaſure to the Skies;
And quaffs the HEALTH that's born on *Zephyr*'s Wings,
Or guſhes from the Rock in Limpid Springs.
From fragrant Plains he gains the chearing Smell,
While ruddy Beams all diſtant Dumps repell.
The whole of Nature, to a Mind thus turn'd,
Enjoying HEALTH, with Sweetneſs ſeems adorn'd.
To him the whiſtling Ploughman's artleſs Tune,
The bleeting Flocks, the Oxens hollow Crune,
The warbling Notes of the ſmall chirping Throng,
Delight him more than the *Italian* Song.
To him the cheapeſt Diſh of rural Fare,
And Water cool in place of Wine more rare,
Shall prove a Feaſt. On Straw he'll find more Eaſe
Than on the Down, even with the leaſt Diſeaſe.

WHOEVER's tempted to tranſgreſs the Line,
By Moderation fix'd to enlivening Wine;

View *Macro* wasted long before his Time,
Whose Head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid Crime.
The Purple Dye, with Ruby Pimples mixt,
As Witnesses upon his Face are fixt.
A constant Fever wastes his Strength away,
And Limbs enervate gradually decay.
The Gout and Palsy follow in the Rear,
And make his Being burthensome to bear.
His squeamish Stomach loaths the savory Sey,
And nought but Liquids now can find their Way
To animate his Strength, which daily flies,
Till the young Drunkard's past all Hope, and dies.

'To practise what we preach, O Goddess-born!
Assist thy Slave, left *Bacchanalians* scorn
Thy Inspiration, if the tempting Grape
Shall form the hollow Eye, and Idiot Gape.

BUT let no wretched Misers, who repine,
And wish there were not such a Juice as Wine,
Imagine here that we are so profane
To think that Heaven gave plenteous Vines in vain.
No; since there's Plenty, Cups may sparkling flow,
And we may drink till our rais'd Spirits glow.

They will befriend our HEALTH, while chearful Rounds
Incline to Mirth, and keep their proper Bounds.
Fools ſhould not drink, I own, who ſtill wiſh more,
And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er.
Dear *Britons*, let no Morning Drinks deceive
Your Appetites, which elſe at Noon would crave
Such proper Aliments, as can ſupport
At Even your hearty Bottle, HEALTH and Sport.

NEXT view we Sloth (too oft the Child of Wealth)
A ſeeming Friend, but real Foe to HEALTH.
Lethargus loll's his lazy Hours away;
His Eyes are drowſy, and his Lips are blae;
His ſoft enfeebl'd Hands ſupinely hing,
And ſhaking Knees unus'd, together cling:
Cloſe by the Fire his Eaſy-Chair ſtands,
In which all Day he ſnotters, nods and yawns.
Sometimes he'll drone at Piquet, hoping Gain;
But you muſt deal his Cards, that's too much Pain.
He ſpeaks but ſeldom, puffs at every Pauſe;
Words being a Labour to his Tongue and Jaws.
Nor muſt his Friends diſcourſe above their Breath,
For the leaſt Noiſe ſtounds through his Ears like Death.

He cauſes ſtop each Cranny in his Room,
And heaps on Cloaths, to ſave him from the Rheum:
Free Air he dreads as his moſt dangerous Foe,
And trembles at the Sight of Ice or Snow.
The Warming-Pan each Night glows o'er his Sheets,
Then he beneath a Load of Blankets ſweats;
The which (inſtead of ſhutting) ope's the Door,
And let's in Cold at each dilated Pore.
Thus does the Sluggard HEALTH and Vigour waſte,
With heavy Indolence; till at the laſt,
Sciatick, Jaundice, Dropſie, or the Stone,
Alternate makes the lazy Lubard grone.

BUT active *Hilario* much rather loves,
With eager Stride to trace the Wilds and Groves;
To ſtart the Covy, or the bounding Roe,
Or work deſtructive *Reynard*'s Overthrow:
The Race delights him, Horſes are his Care,
And a ſtout ambling Pad his eaſieſt Chair.
Sometimes to firm his Nerves he'll plunge the Deep,
And with expanded Arms the Billows ſweep:
Then on the Links, or in the Eſtler Walls,
He drives the Gowff, or ſtrikes the Tennis Balls.

From Ice with Pleaſure he can bruſh the Snow,
And run rejoycing with his Curling Throw;
Or ſend the whizzing Arrow from the String,
A manly Game †, which by it ſelf I ſing.
Thus chearfully he'll walk, ride, dance or game,
Nor mind the Northern Blaſt, or Southern Flame.
Eaſt Winds may blow, and ſullen Fogs may fall,
But his hale Conſtitution's Proof to all.
He knows no Change of Weather by a Corn,
Nor minds the black, the blew or ruddy Morn.

HERE let no Youth extravagantly given,
Who values neither Gold, nor HEALTH, nor Heaven,
Think that our Song encourages the Crime
Of ſetting deep, or waſting too much Time
On furious Game; which makes the Paſſions boil,
And the fair Mean of HEALTH a weakning Toil,
By Violence exceſſive, or the Pain
Which ruin'd Lofers ever muſt ſuſtain.

OUR *Hilaris* deſpiſes Wealth ſo won;
Nor does he love to be himſelf undone;

But

† A Poem on ſeeing the Archers playing at the Rovers.

But from his Sport, can with a Smile retire,
And warm his Genius at *Apollo*'s Fire;
Find uſeful Learning in the inſpired Strains,
And bleſs the generous Poet for his Pains.
Thus he by Lit'rature and Exerciſe,
Improves his Soul, and wards off each Diſeaſe.

HEALTH's op'ner Foes, we've taken Care to ſhow,
Which make Diſeaſes in full Torrents flow:
But when theſe Ills intrude, do what we will,
Then hope for HEALTH from *Clark*'s approven Skill;
To ſuch well ſeen in Nature's darker Laws,
That for Diſorders can aſſign a Cauſe:
Who know the Virtues of ſalubrious Plants,
And what each different Conſtitution wants,
Apply for Health. — But ſhun the vagrant Quack,
Who gulls the Crowd with *Andrew*'s comick Clack;
Or him that charges Gazettes with his Bills,
His *Anadoyns*, Elixirs, Tinctures, Pills,
Who rarely ever cures, but often kills.
Nor truſt thy Life to the old Woman's Charms,
Who binds with knotted Tape thy Legs or Arms,

Which they pretend will purple Fevers cool;
And thus impoſe on ſome believing Fool.
When Agues ſhake, or Fevers raiſe a Flame,
Let your Phyſician be a Man of Fame;
Of well known Learning, and in good Reſpect,
For Prudence, Honour, and a Mind erect:
Nor ſcrimply ſave from what's to Merit due;
He ſaves your whole Eſtate who ſuccours you.

BE grateful, *Britons*, for your temp'rate Beams,
Your fertile Plains, green Hills, and ſilver Streams,
O'erclad with Corns, with Groves, and many a Mead;
Where riſe green Heights, where Herds in Millions feed:
Here uſeful Plenty mitigates our Care,
And HEALTH with freſheſt Sweets embalms the Air.

UPON thoſe Shores, where Months of circling Rays
Glance feebly on the Snow, and frozen Bays;
Where, wrapt in Fur, the ſtarving *Lapland* Brood
Scarce keep the Cold from curdling of their Blood:
Here meager Want, in all its pinching Forms,
Combines with lengthned Night and bleakeſt Storms,
To combate joyful HEALTH and calm Repoſe,
Which from an equal Warmth and Plenty flows.

YET

YET rather, O great Ruler of the Day,
Bear me to *Weygate*, or to *Hudſon*'s Bay,
Than ſcorch me on theſe dry and blaſted Plains,
Where Rays direct inflame the boiling Veins
Of gloomy Negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe
A thickned Air, with peſtilential Death,
Where range out o'er th' unhoſpitable Waſtes,
The Hunger edg'd, and fierce devouring Beaſts;
Where Serpents crawl, which ſure Deſtruction bring,
Or in the envenom'd Tooth or forked Sting;
Where fleeting Sands ne'er yield to induſtrious Toil
The golden Sheave, or Plants for Wine and Oil:
HEALTH muſt be here a Stranger, where the Rage
Of fev'riſh Beams forbid a lengthen'd Age.

YE *Dutch*, enjoy your Dams, your Bulwarks boaſt,
And war with *Neptune* for a ſandy Coaſt,
Whilſt frighted by theſe deep tumultuous Powers,
You ſcarce dare ſleep in your ſubaqueous Bowers:
Raiſe high your Beds, and ſhun your croaking Frogs,
And battle with Tobacco Smoak your Fogs;
Soak on your Stoves, with Spirits charge your Veins,
To ward off Agues and Rheumatick Pains.

LET the proud *Spaniard* ſtrut on naked Hills,
And vainly trace the Plain for Chriſtal Rills,
Starve on a Sallet, or a Garlick Head,
Pray for his daily Roots, not daily Bread;
Be ſowr, and jealous of his Friend and Wife,
Till Want and Spleen cut ſhort his Threed of Life.

WHILST we on our auſpicious Iſland find
What e'er can pleaſe the Senſe, or chear the Mind.
Bleſt *Queen of Iſles!* with a devout Regard,
Allow me to kneel down and kiſs thy Sward,
Thy Flow'ry Sward, and offer Heaven a Vow,
Which Gratitude and Love to thee makes due:
If e'er I from thy *Healthful* Limits ſtray,
Or by a Wiſh, or Word, a Thought betray,
Againſt thy Int'reſt, or thy fair Renown;
May never *Daphne* furniſh me a Crown,
Nor may the firſt-rate Judges of our Iſle,
Or read or on my blythſome Numbers ſmile.

THALIA here, ſweet as the Light, retir'd,
Commanding me to ſing what ſhe'd inſpir'd,
And never mind the glooming Criticks Bray;
The Song was her's, --- ſhe ſpoke, --- and I obey.

ROBERT,

ROBERT, RICHY, *and* SANDY;

A

PASTORAL

On the Death of

MATTHEW PRIOR Esq;

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Person design'd by the Old †
SHEPHERD.

ROBERT the good, by a' the Swains rever'd,
Wise are his Words, like Siller is his Beard:
Near saxty shining Simmers he has seen,
Tenting his Hirsle on the *Moor-land* Green:
Unshaken yet with mony a Winter's Wind,
Stout are his Limbs, and youthfu' is his Mind.
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see
Him sae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.

† ROBERT late Earl of Oxford.

By break of Day he ſeeks the dowy Glen,
That he may Scowth to a' his Mourning len:
Nane but the clinty Craigs and ſcrogy Briers
Were Witneſſes of a' his Granes and Tears;
Howder'd wi' Hills a Cryſtal Burnie ran,
Where twa young Shepherds fand the good auld Man:
Kind *Richy Spec*, a Friend to a' diſtreſt,
And *Sandy* wha of Shepherds ſings the beſt;
With friendly Looks they ſpeer'd wherefore he mourn'd,
He rais'd his Head, and ſighing thus return'd.

ROBERT.

O *Matt!* poor *Matt!* --- My Lads, e'en take a Skair
Of a' my Grief; --- Sweet ſinging *Matt*'s nae mair.
Ah Heavens! did e'er this lyart Head of mine
Think to have ſeen the cauldrife Mools on thine!

RICHY.

My Heart miſga'e me, when I came this Way,
His Dog its lane ſat yowling on a Brae;
I cry'd, *Isk-isk*, --- poor *Ringwood*, --- ſairy Man;
He wag'd his Tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my Hand:
I clap'd his Head, which eas'd a wee his Pain;
But ſoon's I gade away, he youl'd again.

Poor

Poor kindly Beaſt. Ah Sirs! how ſic ſhould be
Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

SANDY.

LAST Ouk I dream'd my Tupe that bears the Bell,
And paths the Snaw, out o'er a high Craig fell,
And brak his Leg. --- I ſtarted frae my Bed,
Awak'd, and leugh. --- Ah! now my Dream it's red.
How dreigh's our Cares, our Joys how ſoon away,
Like Sun-blinks on a cloudy Winter's Day!
Flow faſt, ye Tears, ye have free Leave for me;
Dear ſweet-tongu'd *Matt*, Thouſands ſhall greet for thee.

ROBERT.

THANKS to my Friends, for ilka briny Tear
Ye ſhed for him; he to us a' was dear:
Sandy, I'm eas'd to ſee thee look ſae wan;
Richy, thy Sighs beſpeak the kindly Man.

RICHY.

BUT twice the Simmer's Sun has thaw'd the Snaw,
Since frae our Heights * *Eddie* was tane awa':
Faſt *Matt* has follow'd. --- Of ſic twa bereft,
To ſmooth our Sauls, alake! wha have we left!

Waes

* Secretary ADDISON, whoſe Obſequies are ſung in a Scots Paſtoral, Vol. 1. p. 172.

Waes me! o'er ſhort a Tack of ſic is given,
But wha may contradict the Will of Heaven?
Yet mony a Year he liv'd to hear the Dale
Sing o'er his Sangs, and tell his merry Tale.
Laſt Year I had a ſtately tall Aſh-tree,
Braid were its Branches, a ſweet Shade to me;
I thought it might have flowriſh'd on the Brae,
(Tho' paſt its Prime) yet twenty Years or ſae:
But ae rough Night the blat'ring Winds blew ſnell,
Torn frae its Roots, adown it ſouchan fell;
Twin'd of its Nouriſhment, it lifeleſs lay,
Mixing its wither'd Leaves amang the Clay.
Sae flowriſh'd *Matt*: But where's the Tongue can tell
How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

S A N D Y.

How ſnackly cou'd he gi'e a Fool Reproof,
E'en wi' a canty Tale he'd tell aff loof?
How did he Warning to the Doſen'd ſing,
By auld *Purganty*, and the *Dutchman*'s Ring?
And Lucky's *Siller Ladle* ſhaws how aft
Our greateſt Wiſhes are but vain and daft.
The wad-be Wits, he bade them a' but pap
Their crazy Heads into *Tam Tinman*'s Shap;

There

There they wad ſee a Squirrel wi' his Bells
Ay wreſtling up, yet riſing like themſells.
Thouſands of Things he wittily cou'd ſay,
With Fancy ſtrang, and Saul as clear as Day;
Smart were his Tales: But where's the Tongue can tell
How blyth he was? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

AND as he blythſome was, ſae was he wiſe,
Our Laird himſell wa'd aft take his Advice.
E'en Cheek for Chew he'd ſeat him 'mang them a',
And tak his Mind 'bout kittle Points of Law.
When * Clan *Red-yards*, ye ken, wi' wicked Feud,
Had ſkaild of ours, but mair of his ain Blood;
When I, and mony mae that were right crouſe,
Wad fain about his Lugs have burnt his Houſe:
Yet Lady *ANNE*, a Woman meek and kind,
A Fae to Wiers, and of a peaceſu' Mind;
Since mony in the Fray had got their dead,
To make the Peace, our Friend was ſent wi' Speed.
The very Faes had for him juſt Regard,
Tho' ſair he jyb'd their † foremoſt ſinging Bard,

Care-

* LEWIS XIV. King of France.
† Boileau, whoſe Ode on the taking Namure by the French 1692 he burleſqu'd, on its being retaken by the Britiſh 1695.

Careful was *Matt*: But where's the Tongue can tell
How wiſe he was? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

WHA cou'd, like him, in a ſhort Sang define
The bonny Laſs, and her young Lover's Pine.
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on *May*,
Wha brang the poor blate *Symie* to his Clay;
To gratifie the paughty Wench's Pride,
The ſilly Shepherd *bow'd, obey'd and dy'd.*
Sic conſtant Laſſes as the *Nit Brown Maid*,
Shall never want juſt Praiſes duly paid;
Sic claim'd his Sang, and ſtill it was his Care
With pleaſing Words to guide and ruſe the Fair.
How ſweet his Voice, when Beauty was in View,
Smooth ran his Lines, ay grac'd wi' ſomething new;
Nae Word ſtood wrang: But where's the Tongue can tell
How ſaft he ſung? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

AND when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A Miniſter nae better cou'd behave;
Far out of Sight of ſic he aften flew,
When he of haly Wonders took a View.

Well

Well cou'd he praiſe the Power that made us a',
And bids us in Return but tent his Law;
Wha guides us when we're waking or aſleep,
With thouſand times mair Care than we our Sheep.
While he of Pleaſure, Power and Wiſdom ſang,
My Heart lap high, my Lugs wi' Pleaſure rang:
Theſe to repeat, braid-ſpoken I wad ſpill,
Altho' I ſhould employ my utmoſt Skill.
He towr'd aboon: But ah! what Tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

ROBERT.

MY Benniſon, dear Lads, light on ye baith,
Wha ha'e ſae true a Feeling of our Skaith:
O *Sandy*, draw his Likeneſs in ſmooth Verſe,
As well ye can; ---- then Shepherds ſhall rehearſe
His Merit, while the Sun mets out the Day,
While Ews ſhall bleet, and little Lambkins mae.

I'VE been a Fauter, now three Days are paſt,
While I for Grief have hardly broke my faſt:
Come to my Shiel, there let's forget our Care,
I dinna want a Rowth of Country-fare,
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a Skair.

Beſides, my Lads, I have a Browſt of Tip,
As good as ever wuiſh a Shepherd's Lip;
We'll tak a Scour o't to put aff our Pain,
For a' our Tears and Sighs are but in vain:
Come, help me up;---- yon ſooty Cloud ſhores Rain.

To Mr. POPE.

THREE times I've read your *Iliad* o'er:
The firſt time pleas'd me *well*;
New Beauties unobſerv'd before,
Next pleas'd me *better* ſtill.
Again I try'd to find a Flaw,
Examin'd ilka Line;
The third time pleas'd me *beſt* of a',
The Labour ſeem'd divine.
Henceforward I'll not tempt my Fate,
On dazling Rays to ſtare,
Leſt I ſhould tine dear Self-conceit,
And read and write nae mair.

EPI-

EPISTLE

To the HONOURABLE

DUNCAN FORBES,

Lord Advocate.

SHUT in a Cloſet ſix Foot ſquare,
No faſh'd with meikle Wealth or Care,
I paſs the live-lang Day;
Yet ſome ambitious Thoughts I have,
Which will attend me to my Grave,
Sic busked Baits they lay.

THESE keep my Fancy on the Wing,
Something that's blyth and ſnack to ſing,
And ſmooth the runkled Brow:
Thus Care I happily beguile,
Hoping a Plaudit and a Smile,
Frae beſt of Men, like You.

YOU, wha in kittle Caſts of State,
When Property demands Debate,
Can right what is dung wrang;
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,
Enjoy your Friend, and judge the Wit,
And Slidneſs of a Sang.

HOW mony, your Reverſe, unbleſt,
Whaſe Minds gae wandring through a Miſt,
Proud as the Thief in Hell,
Pretend, forſooth, they're gentle Fowk,
'Cauſe Chance gi'es them of Gear the Yowk;
And better Cheils the Shell?

I'VE ſeen a We'an aft vex it ſell,
And greet, becauſe it was not tall:
Heez'd on a Board, O than!
Rejoicing in the artfu' Height,
How ſmirky look'd the little Wight!
And thought it ſell a Man.

SIC Bairns are ſome blawn up a wee
With Splendor, Wealth and Quality,
Upon theſe Stilts grown vain;
They o'er the Pows of poor Fowk ſtride,
And neither are to had nor bide,
Thinking this Height their ain.

NOW ſhou'd ane ſpeer at ſic a Puff,
What gars thee look ſae big and bluff?
Is't an attending Menzie?
Or fifty Diſhes on your Table?
Or fifty Horſes in your Stable?
Or Heaps of glancing Cunzie?

ARE theſe the things thou ca's thy ſell?
Come, vain gigantick Shadow, tell,
If thou ſayeſt, Yes --- I'll ſhaw
Thy Picture. --- Mean's thy ſilly Mind,
Thy Wit's a croil, thy Judgment blind,
And Love worth nought ava.

ACCEPT our Praiſe, ye nobly born,
Whom Heaven takes Pleaſure to adorn
With ilka manly Gift;
In *Courts* or *Camps* to ſerve your Nation,
Warm'd with that generous Emulation
Which your Forbears did lift.

IN Duty, with Delight, to You
Th' inferior World juſtly bow,
While You're the maiſt deny'd;
Yet ſhall Your Worth be ever priz'd,
When ſtruting Nathings are deſpis'd
With a' their ſtinkan Pride.

THIS to ſet aff as I am able,
I'll frae a *Frenchman* thigg a Fable,
And busk it in a Plaid:
And tho' it be a Bairn of * *Motte*'s,
When I have taught it to ſpeak *Scots*,
I am its ſecond Dad.

" Twa

* Monſ. la Motte, who has written lately a curious Collection of Fables, from which the following is imitated.

" TWA Books, near Neighbours in a Shop,
" The tane a guilded *Turky* Fop,
" The tither's Face was weather-beaten,
" And Caf-skin Jacket ſair worm-eaten.
" The Corky, proud of his braw Suit,
" Curl'd up his Noſe, and thus cry'd out,
" Ah! place me on ſome freſher Binks,
" Figh! how this mouldy Creature ſtinks!
" How can a gentle Book like me
" Endure ſic ſcoundrel Company?
" What may Fowk ſay to ſee me cling
" Sae cloſe to this auld ugly thing;
" But that I'm of a ſimple Spirit,
" And diſregard my proper Merit?

" QUOTH Gray-baird, *Whiſht, Sir, with your Din,*
" *For a' your meritorious Skin,*
" *I doubt if you be worth within.*
" *For as auld faſhion'd as I look,*
" *May be I am the better Book.*

" O Heavens! I canna thole the Claſh
" Of this impertinent auld Haſh;

" I

" I winna ſtay ae Moment langer.
" *My Lord, pleaſe to command your Anger;*
" *Pray only let me tell you that* ---
" What wad this Inſolent be at!
" Rot out your Tongue --- Pray', Maſter *Symmer*,
" Remove me frae this dinſome *Rhimer:*
" If you regard your Reputation,
" And us of a diſtinguiſh'd Station,
" Hence frae this Beaſt let me be hurried,
" For with his Stour and Stink I'm worried.

" SCARCE had he ſhook his paughty Crap,
" When in a Cuſtomer did pap;
" He up douſe *Stanza* lifts, and ey's him,
" Turns o'er his Leaves, admires, and buys him:
" *This Book*, ſaid he, *is good and ſcarce,*
" *The Saul of Senſe in ſweeteſt Verſe.*
" But reading Title of gilt cleathing,
" Cries, *Gods! wha buys this bonny naithing?*
" *Nought duller e'er was put in Print:*
" *Wow! what a deal of Turky's tint!*"

NOW,

NOW, Sir, t' apply what we've invented,
You are the Buyer repreſented:
And, may your Servant hope
My Lays ſhall merit your Regard,
I'll thank the Gods for my Reward,
And ſmile at ilka Fop.

The Clock and Dial.

AE Day a *Clock* wad brag a *Dial*,
And put his Qualities to trial;
Spake to him thus,—*My Neibour, pray,*
Can'ſt tell me what's the time of Day?
The *Dial* ſaid, "I dinna ken."—
Alake! what ſtand ye there for then?—
"I wait here till the Sun ſhines bright,
"For nought I ken but by his Light."
Wait on, quoth Clock, *I ſcorn his Help,*
Baith Night and Day my lane I ſkelp;
Wind up my Weights but anes a-week,
Without him I can gang and ſpeak:

Nor like an uſeleſs Sumph I ſtand,
But conſtantly wheel round my Hand;
Hark, hark, I ſtrike juſt now the Hour;
And I am right, Ane, — Twa, — Three, — Four.

WHILE thus the *Clock* was boaſting loud,
The bleezing Sun brak throw a Cloud;
The *Dial*, faithfu' to his Guide,
Spake Truth, and laid the Thumper's Pride:
" Ye ſee, *ſaid he*, I've dung you fair,
" 'Tis four Hours and three Quarters mair.
" My Friend, *he added*, count again,
" And learn a wee to be leſs vain:
" Ne'er brag of conſtant clavering Cant,
" And that you Anſwers never want;
" For you're not ay to be believ'd:
" Wha truſt to you may be deceiv'd.
" Be counſell'd to behave like me;
" For when I dinna clearly ſee,
" I always own I dinna ken;
" And that's the way of wiſeſt Men."

A N

AN

ODE

To the Memory of

Lady Margaret Anſtruther.

ALL in her Bloom the graceful Fair,
LUCINDA, leaves this mortal Round;
Her Loſs a thouſand Mourners ſhare,
And Beauty feels the cruel Wound.
Now Grief and Tears o'er all our Joys prevail,
Viewing her Roſy Cheeks all cold and pale.

THUS ſome fair Star diſtinguiſh'd bright,
Which decks the Heavens, and guides the Main;
When Clouds obſcure its glorious Light,
It leaves the gloomy World in Pain.
So ſudden Death has vail'd *LUCINDA*'s Eyes,
And left us loſt in Darkneſs and Surprize.

NOR Sweetneſs, Beauty, Youth nor Wealth,
Nor Blood, tho' nobly high it ſprings;
Not Virtue's ſelf can purchaſe Health,
When Death ſevere his Summons brings:
Elſe might the fair *LUCINDA*, young and gay,
Have bleſt the World with a much longer Stay.

BUT ſay, ſweet Shade, was it thy Choice
To leave this low unconſtant Globe;
Tyr'd with its vain, its jangling Noiſe,
Thou wiſely dropt thy humane Robe:
Or tell us, Guardian Angels, tell us true,
Did ye not claim her hence as one of you?

YES, well we know it is your Way,
When here below ſuch Beings ſhine,
To grudge us even our earthly Clay,
Which form'd like her becomes divine.
Such you demand, and free from Cares and Fears,
Unmindful of our fruitleſs Sighs and Tears.

YET daign, ye Friends to humane Kind,
The lonely CONSORT to attend;
O ſooth the Anguiſh of his Mind,
And let his killing Sorrows end.
Tell him, his Sighs and Mourning to aſſwage,
Each Day ſhe dwelt with him was worth an Age.

YE lovely Virgins who excell,
Ye Fair to whom ſuch Strains belong,
In melting Notes her Beauties tell,
And weep her Virtues in a Song:
See that ye place her Merit in true Light;
For ſinging her's, your own will ſhine more bright.

LET Eaſt and Weſt, and South and North,
Aloud the mournful Muſick hear,
How Beauty's fallen beyond the *Forth*;
Let *Britain*'s Genius Cypreſs Wear.
Yet *Britain*'s happy, who ſuch Beauty yields,
As forc'd from her's, will grace *Elyſium*'s Fields.

ELEGY

ELEGY

On the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES Lord *Carnegie*,

Who died the 7th January 1722, *the Eighth Year of his Age.*

AS Poets feign, and Painters draw,
Love and the *Paphian* Bride;
Sae we the fair *SOUTHESKA* ſaw,
CARNEGIE by her Side.

NOW ſever'd frae his Sweets by Death,
Her Grief wha can expreſs?
What Muſe can tell the waefu' Skaith,
Or Mother's deep Diſtreſs!

SAE Roſes wither in their Buds,
Kill'd by an Eaſtlen Blaſt,
And ſweeteſt Dawns in *May* with Clouds
And Storms are ſoon o'ercaſt.

AH

AH checquer'd Life! Ae Day gives Joy,
The nieſt our Hearts maun bleed:
Heaven caus'd a Seraph turn a Boy,
Now gars us trow he's dead.

WHA can reflect on's ilka Grace,
The Sweetneſs of his Tongue,
His manly Looks, his lovely Face,
And Judgment ripe ſae young;

AND yet forbear to make a doubt,
As did the ROYAL SWAIN,
When he with Grief of Heart cry'd out,
That Man was made in vain?

MORTALS the Ways of Providence
But very ſcrimply ſcan;
The changing Scene eludes the Senſe
And Reaſonings of Man.

HOW mony Thouſands ilka Year,
Of hopefu' Children, crave
Our Love and Care, then diſappear,
To glut a gaping Grave.

WHAT is this Grave? A Wardrobe poor,
Which hads our rotting Duds;
Th' immortal Mind, ſerene and pure,
Is cleath'd aboon the Clouds.

THEN ceaſe to grieve, dejected FAIR,
You had him but in truſt;
He was your beauteous Son, your Heir,
Yet ſtill ae haff was Duſt.

THE other to its native Skies
Now wings its happy Way;
With glorious Speed and Joy he flys,
There bleſsfully to ſtray.

CARNEGIE then but changes Clay,
For fair Celeſtial Rays:
He mounts up to eternal Day,
And, as he parts, he ſays,
Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender Fate;
Theſe ruſhing Tears are vain, they flow too late.
This ſaid, he haſted hence with pleaſing Joy;
I ſaw the Gods embrace their darling Boy.

AN

A N

O D E

Sacred to the Memory of the Right Honourable

ANNE Lady GAIRLIES.

HOw vain are our Attempts to know?
How poor, alas! is Reaſon's Skill?
We blindly wander here below,
Yet fondly ſearch Heaven's ſecret Will.
Each Day we ſee the Young, the Great, the Small,
The Good, the Bad, without Diſtinction, fall.

YET ſuch as have the Reſt out-ſhin'd,
We ſhould be faulty to neglect;
Each Grace of beauteous *GARLIA*'s Mind
Deſerves the Muſe's high Reſpect.
But how ſhall ſhe ſuch Worth and Goodneſs paint?
A loving Daughter, virtuous Wife and Saint?

SOME Seraph who in endleſs Day
With Themes ſublime employ the Lyre;
Dart in my Breaſt a ſhining Ray,
And all my Soul with her inſpire;
Elſe ſing your ſelves ſo fair a Frame and Mind,
As now ſupplies a Place among your Kind.

AS we the glorious Sun admire,
Whoſe Beams make ev'ry Joy ariſe;
Yet dare not view the dazling Fire,
Without much hazarding our Eyes:
So did her Beauties ev'ry Heart allure,
While her bright Virtues kill'd each Thought impure.

SHE breath'd more Sweetneſs than the Eaſt,
While ev'ry Sentence was divine;
Her Smiles could calm each jarring Breaſt;
Her Soul was a Celeſtial Mine,
Where all the precious Veins of Virtue lay;
Too vaſt a Treaſure long to lodge in Clay.

THO'

THO' ſprung from an * heroick Race,
Which from the World Reſpect does claim;
Yet wanted ſhe no borrowed Grace,
Her own demands immortal Fame:
Worthy as thoſe who ſhun the vulgar Roads,
Start from the Crowd, and riſe amongſt the Gods.

SUCH Pains as weaker Minds poſſeſs,
Could in her Breaſt no Acceſs find;
But lowly Meekneſs did confeſs
A ſteady and ſuperior Mind.
Unmov'd ſhe bore theſe Honours due the Great,
Nor could have been depreſs'd with a more humble Fate.

AS to the Fields the Huntſman hies,
With joyful Shouts he wakes the Morn;
While Nature ſmiles, ſerene the Skies,
Swift fly his Hounds, ſhrill blows his Horn:
When ſuddenly the thund'ring Cloud pours Rain,
Defaces Day, and drives him from the Plain.

* She was Daughter of the Earl Mariſchal of Scotland.

THUS young *BRIGANTIUS* circling Arms
Graſp'd all that's lovely to his Heart,
Rejoyc'd o'er his dear *ANNA*'s Charms;
But not expecting ſoon to part:
When rigid Fate, for Reaſons known above,
Snatch'd from his Breaſt the Object of his Love.

AH *GARLIES!* once the happieſt Man,
Than e'er before *BRIGANTINE* Chief,
Now ſever'd from your lovely *ANNE*,
'Tis hard indeed to ſtem your Grief:
Yet mind what you might often from her hear,
What Heaven deſigns, ſubmiſſive we ſhould bear.

OH! ne'er forget that tender Care,
Thoſe Heaven-born Thoughts ſhe did employ,
To point thoſe Ways how you may ſhare
Above with her immortal Joy.
Such a bright Pattern of what's Good and Great,
Even Angels need not bluſh to imitate.

THE

THE

Lovely Laſs and the Mirror.

A NYMPH, with ilka Beauty grac'd,
Ae Morning by her Toilet plac'd,
Where the leal-hearted *Looking-glaſs*
With *Truths* addreſt the lovely *Laſs*; ---
To do ye Juſtice, heavenly Fair,
Amaiſt in Charms ye may compare
With *Venus* ſell. --- But mind *amaiſt*:
For tho' you're happily poſſeſt
Of ilka Grace which claims Reſpect,
Yet I ſee Faults ye ſhould correct;
I own they only Trifles are;
Yet of Importance to the Fair.
What ſignifies that Patch o'er braid,
With which your roſie Cheek's o'erlaid?
Your natural Beauties you beguile,
By that too much affected Smile:
Saften that Look, --- move ay with Eaſe,
And you can never fail to pleaſe.

THOSE

THOSE kind Advices ſhe approv'd,
And mair her Monitor ſhe lov'd;
Till in came Viſitants a Threave:
To entertain them, ſhe maun leave
Her *Looking-glaſs*. ---- They fleetching praiſe
Her Looks, --- her Dreſs, --- and a' ſhe ſays,
Be't right or wrang; ſhe's hale compleat,
And fails in naithing fair or ſweet.
Sae much was ſaid, the *bonny Laſs*
Forgat her faithfu' *Looking-glaſs*.

CLARINDA, this dear Beauty's *You*,
The *Mirror* is, Ane *good* and *wiſe*,
Wha, by his Counſels juſt, can ſhew
How Nobles may to Greatneſs riſe.
GOD bleſs the Wark: ---- If you're oppreſt
By Paraſites with fauſe Deſign,
Then will ſic faithfu' *Mirror's* beſt
Theſe Underplotters countermine.

JU-

JUPITER's *Lottery*.

ANES *JOVE*, bay ae great Act of Grace,
Wad gratify his humane Race,
And order'd *Hermes*, in his Name,
With Tout of Trumpet to proclaim
A Royal Lott'ry frae the Skies,
Where ilka Ticket was a Prize.
Nor was there Need for *Ten per Cent*,
To pay Advance for Money lent:
Nor Brokers nor Stockjobbers here
Were thol'd to cheat Fowk of their Gear.
The firſt-rate Benefits were, *Health*,
Pleaſures, *Honours*, *Empire and Wealth*;
But happy he to whom wad fa'
Wiſdom, the higheſt Prize of a':
Hopes of attaining Things the beſt,
Made up the maiſt feck of the reſt.

Now

Now ilka Ticket ſald with Eaſe,
At Altars for a Sacrifice;
JOVE a' receiv'd, Ky, Gates and Ews,
Moor-cocks, Lambs, Dows or Bawby-rows;
Nor wad debar e'en a poor Droll,
Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his Parol.
Sae kind was he no to exclude
Poor Wights for want of Wealth or Blood;
Even whiles the Gods, as Record tells,
Bought ſeveral Tickets for themſells.
When Fou and Lots put in the Wheel,
Aft were they turn'd, to mix them well;
Blind Chance to draw *JOVE* order'd ſyne,
That nane with Reaſon might repine:
He drew, and *Mercury* was Clark,
The Number, Prize and Name to mark.
Now *Hopes* by Millions faſt came forth,
But ſeldom Prizes of mair Worth,
Sic as Dominion, wealth and State,
True Friends, and Lovers fortunate.
Wiſdom, at laſt, the greateſt Prize,
Comes up: --- Aloud Clark *Hermes* crys, ---

Number Ten thouſand, — Come, let's ſee
The Perſon bleſt. — Quoth *Pallas*, *ME*. —
Then a' the Gods for Blythneſs ſang,
Throw Heaven glad Acclamations rang;
While Mankind grumbling laid the wyte
On them, and ca'd the hale a Byte.
Yes! cry'd ilk ane, with ſobing Heart,
Kind *JOVE* has play'd a Parent's Part,
Wha did this Prize to *Pallas* ſend,
While we're ſneg'd off at the Wob End.

SOON to their Clamours *JOVE* took tent,
To puniſh which, to wark he went,
He ſtraight with *Follies* fill'd the Wheel,
In *Wiſdom*'s Place they did as well;
For ilka ane wha *Folly* drew,
In their Conceit, a' *Sages* grew:
Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,
And ilka Fool himſelf admir'd.

The Miſer and Minos.

SHORT ſyne there was a wretched Miſer,
With pinching had ſcrap'd up a Treaſure;
Yet frae his Hoords he doughtna take
As much wou'd by a Mutton-ſtake,
Or take a Glaſs to comfort Nature;
But ſcrimply fed on Crumbs and Water:
In ſhort, he famiſh'd 'midſt his Plenty;
Which made ſurviving Kindred canty,
Wha ſcarcely for him pat on Black,
And only in his Loof a Plack,
Which even they grudg'd: Sic is the Way
Of them wha fa' upon the Prey;
They'll ſcarce row up the Wretch's Feet,
Sae ſcrimp they make his Winding-ſheet,
Tho' he ſhou'd leave a vaſt Eſtate,
And Heaps of Gowd like *Arthur*'s Seat.

WELL, down the ſtarving Ghaiſt did ſink,
Till it fell on the *Stygian* Brink;

Where

Where auld *Van Charon* ſtood and raught
His wither'd Loof out for his Fraught;
But them that wanted wherewitha',
He dang them back to ſtand and blaw.
The *Miſer* lang being us'd to ſave,
Fand this, and wadna Paſſage crave,
But ſhaw'd the *Ferry-man* a Knack,
Jumpt in, — ſwam o'er, — and hain'd his Pack.
Charon might damn, and ſink and rore;
But a' in vain, — he gain'd the Shore, —
Arriv'd: — The three pow'd Dog of Hell
Gowl'd terrible a treeple Yell;
Which rouz'd the ſnaky *Siſters three*,
Wha furious on this Wight did flie,
Wha'd play'd the Smugler on their Coaſt,
By which *Pluto* his Dues had loſt:
Then brought him for this Trick ſae hainous
Afore the Bench of Juſtice *Minos*.

THE Caſe was new, and very kittle,
Which puzzl'd a' the Court ha little;
Thought after Thought with unco' Speed
Flew round within the Judge's Head,

To find what Puniſhment was due
For ſic a daring Crime and new.
Shou'd he the Plague of *Tantal* feel,
Or ſtented be on *Ixion's* Wheel,
Or ſtung wi' bauld *Prometheus'* Pain,
Or help *Syſiph* to row his Stane,
Or ſent amang the wicked Rout
To fill the Tub that ay rins out?
No, no, continues *Minos*, no,
Weak are our Puniſhments below,
For ſic a Crime; — he maun be hurl'd
Straight back again into the World.
I ſentence him to ſee and hear,
What Uſe his Friends make of his Gear.

The Ape and the Leopard.

THE *Ape* and *Leopard*, Beaſts for Show,
The firſt a Wit, the laſt a Beau;
To make a Penny at a Fair,
Advertis'd a' their Parts ſae rare.

The tane gae out with meikle Wind,
His Beauty 'boon the brutal Kind;
Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,
Even Kings are pleas'd when I appear;
And when I yield my vital Puff,
Queens of my Skin will make a Muff;
My Fur ſae delicate and fine,
With various Spots does ſleekly ſhine.

Now Lads and Laſſes faſt did rin
To ſee the Beaſt with bonny Skin:
His Keeper ſhaw'd him round about;
They ſaw him ſoon, and ſoon came out.

But Maſter *Monky* with an Air
Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the Fair:
Come, Gentlemen, and Ladies bonny,
I'll give ye Paſtime for your Money:
I can perform, to raiſe your wonder,
Of pawky Tricks mae than a hunder.
My Couſin *Spottie*, true he's braw,
He has a curious Suit to ſhaw,
And nathing mair. — But frae my Mind
Ye ſhall blyth Satisfaction find.

Some-

Sometimes I'll act a Cheil that's dull,
Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my Scull;
Then mimick a light-headed Rake,
When on a Tow my Houghs I thake:
Sometime, like modern Monks, I'll feem
To make a Speech, and nathing mean.
But come away, ye needna fpeer
What ye're to pay; I'fe no be dear:
And if ye grudge for want of Sport,
I'll give it back t' ye at the Port.
The *Ape* ſucceeded, in Fowk went,—
Stay'd long,—and came out well content.
Sae much will Wit and Spirit pleaſe,
Beyond our Shape, and braweſt Claiths.
How mony, ah! of our fine Gallants
Are only Leopard in their Talents!

The

The Aſs and Brock.

UPON a time a ſolemn *Aſs*,
Was dand'ring throw a narrow Paſs,
Where he forgether'd with a *Brock*,
Wha him ſaluted frae a Rock;
Speer'd how he did, — how Markets gade, —
What's a' ye'r News, — and how is Trade, —
How does *Jock Stot* and Lucky *Nad*,
Tam Tup, and *Bucky* honeſt Lad?
Reply'd the *Aſs*, and made a Heel,
E'en a' the better that ye'r weel.
But *Jackanapes* and ſnarling *Fitty*
Are grown ſae wicked, (ſome ca's't witty)
That we wha ſolid are and grave,
Nae Peace on our ain Howms can have;
While we are buſy gathering Gear,
Upon a Brae they'll ſit and ſneer.
If ane ſhou'd chance to breathe behin',
Or ha'e ſome Slaver at his Chin,

Or 'gainſt a Tree ſhou'd rub his Arſe;
That's Subject for a winſome *Farce*!
There draw they *me*, as void of thinking,
And *you*, my Dear, famous for ſtinking;
And the bauld birſy *Bair* your Frien',
A Glutton dirty to the Een,
By laughing *Dogs* and *Apes* abus'd,
Wha is't can thole to be ſae us'd!

DEAR me! heh! wow!—and ſay ye ſae,—
Return'd the *Brock*, —I'm unko wae,
To ſee this Flood of Wit break in,
O ſcour about, and ca't a Sin;
Stout are your Lungs, your Voice is loud;
And ought will paſs upon the Crowd.

THE *Aſs* thought this Advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his Might;
Stood on a Know amang the Cattle,
And furiouſly 'gainſt Wit did rattle;
Pour'd out a Deluge of dull Phraſes,
While *Dogs* and *Apes* leugh, and made Faces.
Thus a' the angry *Aſs* held forth,
Serv'd only to augment their Mirth.

The

The Fox and Rat.

THE *Lyon* and the *Tyger* lang maintain'd
A bloody Weir; — at laſt the *Lyon* gain'd.
The Royal Victor ſtrak the Earth with Aw,
And the four-footed World obey'd his Law:
Frae ilka Species *Deputies* were ſent,
To pay their Homage due, and compliment
Their Sovereign *Liege*, wha'd gart the Rebels cour,
And own his Royal Right, and Princely Power.
After Diſpute, the monieſt Votes agree,
That *Reynard* ſhould addreſs his Majeſty,
Ulyſſes like, in Name of a' the Lave;
Wha thus went on, — " O *Prince*, allow thy Slave
" To rooſe thy brave Atchievments and Renown;
" Nane but thy daring Front ſhou'd wear the Crown,
" Wha art like *Jove*, whaſe Thunderbowt can make
" The Heavens be huſh, and a' the Earth to ſhake;
" Whaſe very Gloom, if he but angry nods,
" Commands a Peace, and flegs the inferior Gods.

" Thus thou, great King, haſt by thy conqu'ring Paw,
" Gi'en Earth a Shog, and made thy Will a Law:
" Thee a' the Animals with Fear adore,
" And tremble if thou with Diſpleaſure rore;
" O'er a' thou canſt us eith thy Sceptre ſway,
" As *Badrans* can with cheeping *Rottans* play."

THIS Sentence vex'd the Envoy *Rottan* ſair;
He threw his Gab, and girn'd; but durſt nae mair.
The *Monarch* pleas'd with *Lowry*, wha durſt gloom?
A Warrant's order'd for a good round Sum,
Which *Dragon*, Lord Chief Treaſurer, muſt pay
To ſly-tongu'd *Fleechy* on a certain Day;
Which Secretary *Ape* in Form wrote down,
Sign'd *Lyon*, and a wee beneath, *Baboon*.
'Tis given the *Fox*. -- Now *Bobtail* tap o' Kin,
Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bind;
He dreams of nought, but Pleaſure, Joy and Peace,
Now bleſt with Wealth, to purchaſe Hens and Geeſe.
Yet in his Loof he hadna tell'd the Gowd,
And yet the *Rottan*'s Breaſt with Anger glow'd;
He vow'd Revenge, and watch'd it Night and Day,
He took the Tid, when *Lowry* was away,

And

And throw a Hole into his Cloſet ſlips,
There chews the Warrant a' in little Nips.
Thus what the *Fox* had for his Flatt'ry gotten,
Ev'n frae a *Lyon*, was made nought by an offended *Rottan*.

The Caterpillar and the Ant.

A Penſy *Ant*, right trig and clean,
Came ae Day whiding o'er the Green;
Where to advance her Pride, ſhe ſaw
A *Caterpillar* moving ſlaw:
Good-e'en t'ye, Miſtreſs *Ant*, ſaid he,
How's a' at hame? I'm blyth to s'ye. —
The ſawcy *Ant* view'd him with Scorn,
Nor wad Civilities return;
But gecking up her Head, quoth ſhe,
Poor Animal, I pity thee,
Wha ſcarce can claim to be a Creature,
But ſome Experiment of Nature,
Whaſe ſilly Shape diſpleas'd her Eye,
And thus unfiniſh'd was flung by.

For me, I'm made with better Grace,
With active Limbs, and lively Face;
And cleverly can move with Eaſe
Frae Place to Place where e'er I pleaſe:
Can foot a Minuet or Jig,
And ſnoov't like ony Whirly-gig;
Which gars my Jo aft grip my Hand
'Till his Heart pitty-pattys, and —
But laigh my Qualities I bring,
To ſtand up claſhing with a *Thing*,
A *creeping Thing*, the like of thee,
Not worthy of a Farewell t'ye.
The airy *Ant* ſyne turn'd awa,
And left him with a proud Gaffa.
The *Caterpillar* was ſtruck dumb,
And never anſwer'd her a Mum:
The humble *Reptile* fand ſome Pain
Thus to be banter'd with Diſdain.

BUT tent neiſt time the *Ant* came by
The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly*;
Tranſparent were his Wings and fair,
Which bare him flightering throw the Air:

Upon

Upon a Flower he ſtapt his Flight,
And thinking on his former Slight,
Thus to the *Ant* himſell addreſt,
Pray, Madam, will ye pleaſe to reſt,
And notice what I now adviſe,
Inferiors ne'er too much deſpiſe;
For Fortune may gi'e ſic a Turn,
To raiſe aboon ye what ye ſcorn:
For inſtance, now I ſpread my Wing
In Air, while you're a *creeping Thing.*

The twa Cats and the Cheeſe.

TWA *Cats* anes on a *Cheeſe* did light,
To which baith had an equal Right;
But Diſputes, ſic as aft ariſe,
Fell out a ſharing of the Prize.
Fair Play, ſaid ane, ye bite o'er thick,
Thae Teeth of your's gang wonder quick:
Let's part it, elſe lang or the Moon
Be chang'd, the *Kebuck* will be done.

But wha's to do't; — they're Parties baith,
And ane may do the other Skaith,
Sae with Conſent away they trudge,
And laid the *Cheeſe* before a Judge:
A *Monkey* with a campſho Face,
Clerk to a Juſtice of the Peace,
A Judge he ſeem'd in Juſtice skill'd,
When he his Maſter's Chair fill'd;
Now Umpire choſen for Diviſion,
Baith ſware to ſtand by his Deciſion.
Demure he looks. — The *Cheeſe* he pales, —
He prives it good, — Ca's for the Scales;
His Knife whops throw't, — in twa it fell;
He puts ilk haff in either Shell:
Said he, We'll truly weigh the Caſe,
And ſtricteſt Juſtice ſhall have Place;
Then lifting up the Scales, he fand
The tane bang up, the other ſtand:
Syne out he took the heavieſt haff,
And ate a Knooſt o't quickly aff,
And try'd it ſyne; — it now prov'd light:
Friend Cats, ſaid he, we'll do ye right.

Then

Then to the ither haff he fell,
And laid till't teughly Tooth and Nail,
Till weigh'd again it lighteſt prov'd.
The Judge wha this ſweet Proceſs lov'd,
Still weigh'd the Caſe, and ſtill ate on,
'Till Clients baith were weary grown,
And tenting how the Matter went,
Cry'd, Come, come, Sir, we're baith content.
Ye Fools, quoth he, and *Juſtice* too,
Maun be content as well as you.
Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,
Till baith the Haves were near hand done:
Poor *Pouſies* now the Daffine ſaw
Of gawn for Nignyes to the Law;
And bill'd the Judge, that he wad pleaſe
To give them the remaining Cheeſe:
To which his Worſhip grave reply'd,
The Dues of Court maun firſt be paid.
Now Juſtice pleas'd: — What's to the fore
Will but right ſcrimply clear your Score;
That's our Decreet; — gae hame and ſleep,
And thank us ye're win aff ſae cheap.

The Chamaeleon.

TWA Travellers, as they were wa'king,
'Bout the *Chamaeleon* fell a ta'king,
(Sic think it ſhaws them mettl'd Men,
To ſay I've ſeen, and ought to ken;)
Says ane, 'Tis a ſtrange Beaſt indeed,
Four-footed, with a Fiſh's Head;
A little Bowk, with a lang Tail,
And moves far ſlawer than a Snail;
Of Colour like a Blawart blue; —
Reply'd his Nibour, *That's no true;*
For well I wat his Colour's Green,
If ane may true his ain twa Een;
For I in Sun-ſhine ſaw him fair,
When he was dining on the Air. —
Excuſe me, ſays the ither Blade,
I ſaw him better in the Shade,
And he is Blue. — *He's Green I'm ſure.* —
Ye lied. — *And ye're the Son of a Whore.* —

Frae Words there had been Cuff and Kick,
Had not a Third come in the Nick,
Wha tenting them in this rough Mood,
Cry'd, Gentlemen, what! are ye wood?
What's ye'r Quarrel, and't may be ſpeer't?
Truth, ſays the tane, Sir, ye ſhall hear't:
The *Chamaeleon*, I ſay, he's Blue;
He threaps he's Green. — Now, what ſay you?
Ne'er faſh ye'r ſells about the Matter,
Says the ſagacious Arbitrator,
He's Black. — Sae nane of you are right,
I view'd him well with Candle-light;
And have it in my Pocket here,
Row'd in my Napkin hale and feer.
Fy! ſaid ae Cangler, *What d'ye mean?*
I'll lay my Lugs on't, that he's Green.
Said th' ither, were I gawn to Death,
I'd ſwear he's Blue with my laſt Breath.
He's Black, the Judge maintain'd ay ſtout;
And to convince them, whop'd him out:
But to Surpriſe of ane and a',
The *Animal* was White as Snaw,

And thus reprov'd them, " Shallow Boys,
" Away, away, make nae mair Noiſe;
" Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right,
" But learn to own your Nibours Sight
" As good as yours. — Your Judgment ſpeak,
" But never be ſae daftly weak
" T' imagine ithers will by Force
" Submit their Sentiments to yours;
" As things in various Lights ye ſee,
" They'll ilka ane reſemble me."

The twa Lizards.

BENEATH a Tree, ae ſhining Day,
On a Burn-bank twa *Lizards* lay
Beeking themſells now in the Beams,
Then drinking of the cauller Streams.
Waes me, ſays ane of them to th' ither,
How mean and ſilly live we, Brither?
Beneath the Moon is ought ſae poor,
Regarded leſs, or mair obſcure!

We breathe indeed, and that's juſt a';
But forc'd by Deſtiny's hard Law
On Earth like Worms to creep and ſprawl:
Curſt Fate to ane that has a Saul!
Forby, gin we may trow Report,
In *Nilus* Giant *Lizards* ſport,
Ca'd *Crocodiles*: — Ah! had I been
Of ſic a Size, upon the Green,
Then might I had my Skair of Fame,
Honour, Reſpect, and a great Name;
And *Man* with gaping Jaws have ſhor'd,
Syne like a Pa-god been ador'd.

AH Friend! replies the ither *Lizard*,
What makes this grumbling in thy Gizzard?
What Cauſe have ye to be uneaſy?
Cannot the Sweets of Freedom pleaſe ye?
We free frae Trouble, Toil or Care,
Enjoy the Sun, the Earth and Air,
The Cryſtal Spring, and Green-Wood Shaw,
And beildy Holes, when Tempeſts blaw.
Why ſhou'd we fret, look blae or wan,
Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty Man?

If ſae, let's in Return be wiſe,
And that proud Animal deſpiſe.

O fy! returns th' ambitious Beaſt,
How weak a Fire now warms thy Breaſt?
It breaks my Heart to live ſae mean;
I'd like t'attract the Gazer's Een,
And be admir'd. --- What ſtately Horns
The *Deer*'s majeſtick Brow adorn!
He claims our Wonder and our Dread,
Where e'er he heaves his haughty Head.
What Envy a' my Spirit fires,
When he in cleareſt Pools admires
His various Beauties with Delyte;
I'm like to drown my ſell with Spite.
Thus he held forth, --- when ſtraight a Pack
Of *Hounds*, and *Hunters* at their Back,
Ran down a *Deer* before their Face,
Breathleſs and wearied with the Chace.
The Dogs upon the Victim ſeiſe,
And Bougles ſound his Obſequies.
But neither *Men* nor Dogs took tent
Of our wee *Lizards* on the Bent,

While hungry *Bawty*, *Buff* and *Tray*,
Devour'd the Paunches of the Prey.

SOON as the bloody Deed was paſt,
The *Lizard* wiſe the Proud addreſt,
Dear Couſin, now pray let me hear
How wad ye like to be a *Deer* ?

OHON! quoth he, convinc'd and wae,
Wha wad have thought it anes a Day!
Well, be a private Life my Fate,
I'll never envy mair the Great:
That we are little Fowk, that's true;
But ſae's our Cares and Dangers too.

Mercury *in Queſt of Peace.*

THE Gods cooſt out, as Story gaes,
Some being Friends, ſome being Faes,
To Men in a beſieged City;
Thus ſome frae Spite, and ſome frae Pity,
Stood to their Point with canker'd Strictneſs,
And leftna ither in Dogs Likeneſs.

Juno

Juno ca'd *Venus* Whore and Bawd,
Venus ca'd *Juno* ſcauldin Jad,
E'en cripple *Vulcan* blew the Low,
Apollo ran to bend his Bow,
Dis ſhook his Fork, *Pallas* her Shield,
Neptune his Grape began to wield.
What Plague, crys *Jupiter*, Heh hoy!
Maun this Town prove anither *Troy*?
What, will you ever be at odds,
Till Mankind think us fooliſh Gods?

HEY! Miſtris *Peace*, make haſte, — appear. —
But Madam was nae there to hear:
Come, *Hermes*, wing thy Heels and Head,
And find her out with a' thy Speed:
Trowth this is bonny Wark indeed.

HERMES obeys, and ſtaptna ſhort,
But flys directly to the *Court*;
For ſure, thought he, ſhe will be found,
On that fair complimenting Ground,
Where Praiſes and Embraces ran
Like current Coin 'tween Man and Man.

But

But ſoon, alake! he was beguil'd,
And fand that Courtiers only ſmil'd,
And with a formal Flat'ry treat ye,
That they mair ſickerly might cheat ye:
Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell,
Where hidden Envy makes a Hell.

NIEST to the Ha', where Juſtice ſtands
With Sword and Ballance in her Hands,
He flew; --- no that he thought to find her
Between th' Accuſer and Defender;
But ſure he thought to find the Wench
Amang the Fowk that fill the Bench;
Sae muckle Gravity and Grace
Appear'd in ilka Judge's Face:
Even here he was deceiv'd again,
For ilka Judge ſtack to his ain
Interpretation of the Law,
And vex'd themſells with *Had* and *Draw*.

FRAE thence he flew ſtraight to the *Kirk*:
In this he prov'd as daft a Stirk,
To look for Peace, where never three
In ev'ry Point cou'd e'er agree;

Ane

Ane his ain Gate explain'd a Text,
Quite contrair to his Neighbour next,
And teughly toolied Day and Night,
To gar Believers trow them right.

THEN ſair he ſigh'd, — where can ſhe be? —
Well thought, — the Univerſity,
Science is ane theſe maun agree.
There did he bend his Strides right clever,
But is as far miſtane as ever:
For here Contention and ill Nature
Had runkl'd ilka learned Feature;
Ae Party ſtood for ancient Rules,
Anither ca'd the Ancients Fools;
Here ane wad ſet his Shanks aſpar,
And rooſe the *Man* ſang *Troy* War,
Anither ca's him *Robin Kar.*

WELL, ſhe's no here; — away he flies
To ſeek her amangſt Families.
Tout, what ſhou'd ſhe do there I wonder?
Dwells ſhe with matrimonial Thunder,
Where Mates, ſome greedy, ſome deep Drinkers,
Contend with thriftleſs Mates or Jinkers?

This

This ſays, 'tis Black; and that, wi' Spite,
Stifly maintains and threeps 'tis White.

WEARY'D at laſt, quoth he, Let's ſee
How Branches with their Stocks agree:
But here he fand ſtill his Miſtake;
Some Parents cruel were, ſome weak;
While Bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wiſh'd their Parents in the Grave.

HAS *Jove* then ſent me amang thir Fowk,
Cry'd *Hermes*, here to hunt the Gowk?
Well, I have made a waly Round,
To ſeek what is na to be found.
Juſt on the Wing, — towards a Burn
A wee Piece aff his Looks did turn;
There Miſtris *Peace* he chanc'd to ſee,
Sitting beneath a Willow Tree:
And have I found ye at the laſt?
He cry'd aloud, and held her faſt.
Here I reſide, quoth ſhe, and ſmil'd,
With an auld *Hermite* in this Wild.
Well, Madam, ſaid he, I perceive,
That ane may lang your Preſence crave,

And miſs ye ſtill; — but this ſeems plain,
To have ye, ane maun be alane.

The Spring and the Syke.

FED by a living *Spring*, a Rill
Flow'd eaſily adown a Hill;
A thouſand Flowers upon its Bank
Flouriſh'd fu' fair, and grew right rank:
Near to its Courſe a *Syke* did ly,
Whilk was in Simmer aften dry,
And ne'er recover'd Life again,
But after ſoaking Showers of Rain;
Then wad he ſwell, look big and ſpruſh,
And o'er his Margine proudly guſh.
Ae Day, after great Waughts of Weet,
He with the Chryſtal Current met,
And ran him down with unco' Din,
Said he, How poorly does thou rin?
See with what State I daſh the Brae,
Whilſt thou canſt hardly make thy Way.

THE *Spring*, with a ſuperior Air,
Said, Sir, your Brag gives me nae Care;
For ſoon's ye want your foreign Aid,
Your paughty Cracks will ſoon be laid.
Frae my ain Head I have Supply;
But you muſt borrow, elſe rin dry.

The Daft Bargain.

A TALE.

AT Market anes, I watna how,
Twa Herds between them coft a Cow:
Driving her hame, the needfu' *Hacky*
But Ceremony chanc'd to k----.
Quoth *Rab* right ravingly to *Raff*,
Gin ye'll eat that digeſted Draff
Of *Crummy*, I ſhall quat my Part. ---
A Bargain be't, with a' my Heart.
Raff ſoon reply'd, and lick'd his Thumb,
To gorble't up without a Gloom:

Syne till't he fell, and ſeem'd right yap
His Mealtith quickly up to gawp;
Haff done, his Heart began to ſcunner,
But lootna on till *Rab* ſtrak under;
Wha fearing Skair of Cow to tine,
At his *daft Bargain* did repine.
Well, well, quoth *Raff*, tho' ye was raſh,
I'll ſcorn to wrang ye, ſenſeleſs Haſh;
Come fa' to Wark, as I ha'e done,
And eat the ither haff as ſoon,
Ye's ſave ye'r Part. — Content, quoth *Rab*. —
And ſlerg'd the reſt o't in his Gab:
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly ſeen. — My Story's done. —
Yet frae this Tale confed'rate States may learn
To ſave their Cow, and yet no eat her Sharn.

The twa Cut-Purſes.

A TALE.

IN Borrows-town there was a Fair,
And mony a Landart Coof was there:
Baith Lads and Laſſes busked brawly,
To glowr at ilka Bonny-waly,
And lay out ony ora Bodles
On ſma' Gimcracks that pleas'd their Nodles;
Sic as a Jocktaleg, or Sheers,
Confeckit Ginger, Plums or Pears.

THESE gaping Gowks twa Rogues ſurvey,
And on their Caſh this Plot they ſay;
The tane, leſs like a Knave than Fool,
Unbidden clam the high Cockſtool,
And pat his Head and baith his Hands
Throw Holes where the Ill-Doer ſtands.
Now a' the Crowd with Mouth and Een
Cry'd out, *What does the Idiot mean?*

They

They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a Trick,
Till he beneath had done his Job,
By tooming Poutches of the Mob;
Wha now poſſeſt of Rowth of Gear,
Scour'd aff as lang's the Coſt was clear.

BUT wow? the Ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty Fobs they rang'd;
Some girn'd, and ſome look'd blae wi' Grief,
While ſome cry'd ont, *Fy had the Thief.*
But ne'er a Thief or Thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the Fair.
The Jip wha ſtood aboon them a',
His Innocence began to ſhaw;
Said he, my Friends, I'm very ſorry
To hear your melancholy Story;
But ſure whate'er your Tinſel be,
Ye canna lay the Wyte on me.

EPI-

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT YARDE of *Devonſhire*, Eſquire.

FRAE Northern Mountains clad with Snaw,
Where whiſtling Winds inceſſant blaw,
In time now when the Curling-ſtane
Slides murm'ring o'er the icy Plain,
What ſprightly Tale in Verſe can *Yarde*
Expect frae a cauld *Scottiſh* Bard,
With Broſe and Bannocks poorly fed,
In Hoden Gray right haſhly cled,
Skelping o'er frozen Hags with Pingle,
Picking up Peets to beet his Ingle,
While Sleet that freezes as it fa's,
Theeks as with Glaſs the Divot Waws
Of a laigh Hut, where ſax thegither,
Ly Heads and Thraws on Craps of Heather?

THUS,

THUS, Sir, of us the Story gaes,
By our mair dull and ſcornfu' Faes:
But let them tauk, and Gowks believe,
While we laugh at them in our Sleeve;
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
Ne'er want good Wine to warm our Blood,
Have Tables crown'd, --- and hartſome Biels,
And can in *Cumin*'s, *Don*'s or *Steil*'s,
Be ſerv'd as plenteouſly and civil,
As you in *London* at the Devil.
You, Sir, your ſelf wha came and ſaw,
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',
To make us as content a Nation,
As any is in the Creation.

THIS Point premis'd, my canty Muſe
Cocks up her Creſt without Excuſe,
And ſcorns to ſcreen her natural Flaws,
With *If*'s and *But*'s, and dull *Becauſe*;
She pukes her Pens, and aims a Flight
Throu' Regions of internal Light,
Frae Fancy's Field, theſe Truths to bring
That you ſhou'd hear, and ſhe ſhou'd ſing.

LANG-

LANGSYNE, when Love and Innocence
Were humane Nature's beſt Defence,
E'er Party-jars made Lateth leſs,
By cleathing't in a Monkiſh Dreſs;
Then POETS ſhaw'd theſe evenly Roads,
That lead to Dwellings of the Gods.
In theſe dear Days, well ken'd to Fame,
Divini Vates was their Name:
It was, and is, and ſhall be ay,
While they move in fair Vertue's Way.
Tho' rarely we to Stipends reach,
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

BELIEVE me, Sir, the neareſt Way
To Happineſs, is to be gay;
For Spleen indulg'd will baniſh Reſt
Far frae the Boſoms of the beſt;
Thouſands a-year's no worth a Prin,
When e'er this faſhous Gueſt gets in:
But a fair competent Eſtate
Can keep a Man frae looking blate,
Sae eithly it lays to his Hand
What his juſt Appetites demand.

Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow!
How ſmoothly may his Minutes flow?
A Youth thus bleſt with manly Frame,
Enliven'd with a lively Flame,
Will ne'er with ſordid Pinch controul
The Satisfaction of his Soul.
Poor is that Mind, ay diſcontent,
That canna uſe what GOD has lent;
But envious girns at a' he ſees,
That are a Crown richer than he's;
Which gars him pitifully hane,
And Hell's Aſe-middings rake for Gain;
Yet never kens a blythſome Hour,
Is ever wanting, ever ſowr.

YET ae Extreme ſhou'd never make
A Man the gowden Mien forſake.
It ſhaws as much a ſhallow Mind,
And ane extravagantly blind,
If careleſs of his future Fate,
He daftly waſte a good Eſtate,
And never thinks till Thoughts are vain,
And can afford him nought but Pain.

Thus will a Joiner's Shavings bleez,
Their Low will for ſome Seconds pleaſe;
But ſoon the glaring Leam is paſt,
And cauldrife Darkneſs follows faſt:
While ſlaw the Fagots large expire,
And warm us with a laſting Fire.
Then neither, as I ken ye will,
With idle Fears your Pleaſures ſpill,
Nor with neglecting prudent Care,
Do Skaith to your ſucceeding Heir.
Thus ſteering cannily throw Life,
Your Joys ſhall laſting be and rife:
Give a your Paſſions room to reel,
As lang as Reaſon guides the Wheel.
Deſires, tho' ardent, are nae Crime,
When they harmonioufly keep Time:
But when they ſpang o'er Reaſon's Fence,
We ſmart for't at our ain Expence
To recreate us we're allow'd,
But gaming deep boils up the Blood,
And gars ane at Groomporters ban
The Being that made him a Man,

When his fair Gardens, Houſe and Lands,
Are fa'n amongſt the Sharpers Hands.
A chearfu' Bottle ſooths the Mind,
Gars Carles grow canty, free and kind;
Defeats our Care, and hales our Strife,
And brawly oyls the Wheels of Life:
But when juſt Quantums we tranſgreſs,
Our Bleſſing turns the quite Reverſe.

To love the bonny ſmiling Fair,
Nane can their Paſſions better ware;
Yet Love is kittle and unruly,
And ſhou'd move tently and hooly:
For if it get o'er meikle Head,
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:
O'er ilka Hedge it wildly bounds,
And grazes on forbidden Grounds;
Where conſtantly, like Furies, range,
Poortith, Diſeaſes, Death, Revenge:
To toom anes Pouch to Dunty clever,
Or have wrang'd Husband prob ane's Liver,
Or void ane's Saul out throw a Shanker;
In faith 'twad any Mortal canker.

THEN wale a Virgin worthy you,
Worthy your Love and nuptial Vow:
Syne frankly range o'er a' her Charms,
Drink deep of Joy within her Arms;
Be ſtill delighted with her Breaſt,
And on her Love with Rapture feaſt.

MAY ſhe be blooming, ſaft and young,
With Graces melting from her Tongue;
Prudent and yielding to retain
Your Love, as well as you her ain.

THUS with your Leave, Sir, I've made free
To give Advice to ane can gi'e
As good again. — But as Meſs *John*
Said, when the Sand tald Time was done,
" Ha'e Patience, my dear Friends a wee,
" And take ae ither Glaſs frae me;
" And if ye think there's Doublets due,
" I ſhanna bauk the like frae you. "

THE

THE LAST

SPEECH

OF A

Wretched Miser.

O Dool! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear Siller ſee,
That glanc'd ſae ſweetly in my Eye!
It breaks my Heart;
My Gowd! my Bands! alackanie!
That we ſhou'd part.

FOR you I labour'd Night and Day,
For you I did my Friends betray,
For you on ſtinking Caff I lay,
And Blankets thin;
And for your Sake fed mony a Flea
Upon my Skin.

LIKE

LIKE *Tantalus* I lang have stood
Chin deep into a Siller Flood,
Yet ne'er was able for my Blood,
But Pain and Strife,
To ware ae Drap on Claiths or Food,
To cherish Life.

OR like the wissen'd beardless Wights,
Wha herd the Wives of Eastern Knights,
Yet ne'er enjoy the saft Delights
Of Lasses bony;
Thus did I watch lang Days and Nights
My lovely Money.

ALTHO' my Annuabrents could feed
Thrice forty Fowk that stood in Need,
I grudg'd my sell my daily Bread:
And if frae hame,
My Pouch produc'd an Ingan Head,
To please my Wame.

NOR

TO

To keep you cosie in a Hoord,
This Hunger I with Eaſe endur'd;
And never dought a Doit afford
To ane of Skill,
Wha for a Dollar might have cur'd
Me of this Ill.

I never wore my Claiths with bruſhing,
Nor wrung away my Sarks with waſhing;
Nor ever ſat in Taverns daſhing
Away my Coin,
To find out Wit or Mirth by claſhing
O'er dearthfu' Wine.

ABIET my Pow was bald and bare,
I wore nae frizl'd Limmer's Hair,
Which takes of Flower to keep it fair
Frae reeſting free,
As meikle as wad dine and mair
The like of me.

NOR kept I Servants, Tales to tell,
But toom'd my Coodies a' my ſell;
To hane in Candle I had a Spell
Baith cheap and bright,
A Fiſh-head, when it 'gins to ſmell,
Gives curious Light.

WHAT Reaſon can I ſhaw, quo' ye,
To ſave and ſtarve, to cheat and lie,
To live a Beggar, and to die
Sae rich in Coin?
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
Tho' *Belzie* join.

SOME ſaid my Looks were groff and ſowr,
Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dowr:
I own it was na in my Power,
My Fears to ding;
Wherefore I never cou'd endure
To laugh or ſing.

I ever hated bookiſh reading,
And muſical or dancing breeding,
And what's in either Face or Cleading,
Of painted things;
I thought nae Pictures worth the heeding,
Except the King's.

NOW of a' them the Eard e'er bure,
I never Rhimers cou'd endure,
They're ſic a ſneering Pack, and poor,
I hate to ken 'em;
For 'gainſt us thrifty Sauls they're ſure
To ſpit their Venom.

BUT waſter Wives, the warſt of a',
Without a Youk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw
Our Siller Spungs,
For this and that, to make them braw,
And lay their Tongues.

SOME loo the Courts, ſome loo the Kirks,
Some loo to keep their Skins frae Lirks,
Some loo to woo beneath the Birks
Their Lemans bony;
For me, I took them a' for Stirks
That loo'd na Money.

THEY ca'd me Slave to Uſury,
Squeez, cleave the Hair, and peel the Flee,
Clek, flae the Flint, and Penury,
And ſauleſs Wretch;
But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,
Gin I grew rich.

ON Profit a' my Thoughts were bent,
And mony Thouſands have I lent,
But ſickerly I took good tent,
That double Pawns,
With a Cudeigh, and ten *per Cint*
Lay in my Hands.

WHEN Borrow'rs brak, the Pawns were Rug,
Rings, Beads of Pearl, or Siller Jug,
I ſald them aff, ne'er faſh'd my Lug
With Girns or Curſes,
The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
My ſwelling Purſes.

SOMETIMES I'd ſigh, and ape a Saint,
And with a lang Rat-rhime of Cant,
Wad make a Mane for them in want;
But for ought mair,
I never was the Fool to grant
Them ony Skair.

I thought ane freely might pronounce
That Chiel a very ſilly Dunce,
That cou'd not Honeſty renounce,
With Eaſe and Joys,
At ony time, to win an Ounce
Of yellow Boys.

WHEN young I ſome Remorſe did feel,
And liv'd in Terror of the Deel,
His Furnace, Whips, and racking Wheel;
But by Degrees,
My Conſcience grown as hard as Steel,
Gave me ſome Eaſe.

BUT Fears of Want, and carking Care
To ſave my Stock, --- and Thirſt for mair,
By Night and Day oppreſt me ſair,
And turn'd my Head;
While Friends appear'd like Harpies Gare,
That wiſh'd me dead.

FOR fear of Thieves I aft lay waking
The live lang Night till Day was breaking,
Syne throu' my Sleep, with Heart ſair aking,
I've aften ſtarted,
Thinking I heard my Windows cracking,
When *Elſpa* f-----.

O Gear! I held ye lang thegither;
For you I ſtarv'd my good auld Mither,
And to *Virginia* ſald my Brither,
And cruſh'd my Wife;
But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
To leave my Life.

My Life! my God! my Spirit earns,
Not on my Kindred, Wife or Bairns,
Sic are but very laigh Concerns,
Compar'd with thee!
When now this mortal Rotle warns
Me I maun die.

It to my Heart gaes like a Gun,
To ſee my Kin and graceleſs Son,
Like Rooks already are begun
To thumb my Gear,
And Caſh that has not ſeen the Sun
This fifty Year.

OH, oh! that ſpendthrift Son of mine,
Wha can on roaſted Moorfowl dine,
And like Dub-water skink the Wine,
And dance and ſing;
He'll ſoon gar my dear Darlings dwine
Down to nathing.

TO that ſame Place, where e'er I gang,
O cou'd I bear my Wealth alang!
Nae Heir ſhou'd e'er a Farthing fang,
That thus carouſes,
Tho' they ſhou'd a' on Woodies hang,
For breaking Houſes.

PERDITION! *Sathan!* is that you!
I ſink! — am dizzy! — Candle blue.
Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,
But with a Rair,
Away his wretched Spirit flew,
It makſna where.

OH,

Tit

Tit for Tat.

BE-SOUTH our Channel, where 'tis common
To be Prieſt-ridden, Man and Woman;
A Father, anes in grave Proceſſion,
Went to receive a Wight's Confeſſion,
Whaſe Sins, lang-gather'd, now began
To burden ſair his inner Man.
But happy they that can with Eaſe
Sling aff ſic Laids when e'er they pleaſe.
Lug out your Sins, and eke your Purſes,
And ſoon your kind ſpiritual Nurſes
Will eaſe you of theſe heavy Turſes.

CRIES *Hodge*, and ſighs, Ah! Father Ghoſtly,
I lang'd anes for ſome Jewels coſtly,
And ſtaw them frae a ſneaking Miſer,
Wha was a wicked cheating Squeezer,
And much had me and others wrang'd,
For which I aften wiſh'd him hang'd.

The

The Father ſays, I own, my Son,
To rob or pilfer is ill done;
But I can eith forgive the Faut,
Since it is only *Tit for Tat.*

THE ſighing Penitent gade furder,
And own'd his anes deſigning Murder;
That he had lent ane's Guts a Skreed,
Wha had gi'en him a broken Head.
Replies the Prieſt, My Son, 'tis plain
That's only *Tit for Tat* again.

BUT ſtill the Sinner ſighs and ſobs,
And cries, Ah! theſe are venial Jobs
To the black Crime that yet behind
Lyes like *Auld Nick* upon my Mind:
I dare na name't; I'd lure be ſtrung
Up by the Neck, or by the Tongue,
As ſpeak it out to you: Believe me,
The Faut you never wad forgive me.
The haly Man, with pious Care,
Intreated, pray'd, and ſpake him fair,
Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for Heaven,
To tell his Crime, and be forgiven.

WELL then, ſays *Hodge*, if it maun be,
Prepare to hear a Tale frae me,
That when 'tis tald, I'm unko feard
Ye'll wiſh it never had been heard.
Ah me! your Reverence's *Siſter*,
Ten times I carnally have —— kiſt her.
All's fair, returns the Reverend *Brother*,
I've done *the ſamen* with your *Mother*.
Three times as aft; and ſae for that
We're on a Level, *Tit for Tat*.

EPISTLE

From Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT

Teacher of Mathematicks at Straban *in* Ireland.

AE windy Day laſt Owk, I'll ne'er forget,
I think I hear the Hailſtanes rattling yet;
On *Crochan* Buſs my Hirdſell took the Lee,
As ane wad wiſh, juſt a' beneath my Ee;

I in the Beild of yon auld Birk-tree Side,
Poor cauldrife *Coly* whing'd aneath my Plaid,
Right tozylie was ſet to eaſe my Stumps,
Well hap'd with Bountith-hoſe and twa ſoll'd Pumps;
Syne on my Four-hours Luntion chew'd my Cude,
Sic Kilter pat me in a merry Mood:
My Whiſtle frae my Blanket-nook I drew,
And lilted owre thir twa three Lines to You.

BLAW up my Heart-ſtrings ye *Pierian* Quines,
That ga'e the *Grecian* Bards their bony Rimes,
And learn'd the *Latin* Lowns ſic Springs to play,
As gars the Warld gang dancing to this Day.

IN vain I ſeek your Help; 'tis bootleſs Toil
With ſic dead Aſe to muck a Moorland Soil,
Give me the Muſe that calls paſt Ages back,
And ſhaws proud Southren Sangſters their Miſtake,
That frae their *Thames* can fetch the Laurel North,
And big *Parnaſſus* on the Frith of *Forth*.

THY Breaſt alane this gladſome Gueſt does fill
With Strains, that warm our Hearts like Cannel Gill,

And learns thee in thy umquhile Gutcher's Tongue,
The blytheſt Lilts that e'er my Lugs heard ſung.
RAMSAY! for ever live: For wha like you
In deathleſs Sang ſic Life-like Pictures drew?
Not he wha whilome with his Harp cou'd ca'
The dancing Stanes to big the *Theban* Wa';
Nor he (ſhamefa's Fool Head) as Stories tell
Could whiſtle back an auld dead Wife frae Hell;
Nor e'en the loyal Brooker of *Bell-Trees*,
Wha ſang with hungry Wame his want of Fees;
Nor *Haby*'s Dron cou'd with thy Wind-pipe pleaſe,
When in his well kend Clink thou manes the Death
Of Lucky *Wood* and *Spence* (a matchleſs Skaith
To *Canigate*) ſae gaſh thy Gab-trees gang,
The Carlines live for ever in thy Sang.

OR when the Country Bridal thou purſues,
To redd the Regal Tulzie ſets thy Muſe,
Thy ſoothing Sangs bring canker'd Carles to Eaſe,
Some lowps to *Lutter*'s Pipe, ſome birls Bawbies.

BUT gin to graver Notes thou tunes thy Breath,
And ſings poor *Sandy*'s Grief for *Edie*'s Death,

Or *Matthew*'s Loſs; the Lambs in Conſort mae,
And laneſome *Ringwood* youls upon the Brae.

GOOD God! what tuneleſs Heart-ſtrings wadna twang,
When Love and Beauty animates thy Sang?
Skies echoe back, when thou blaws up thy Reed,
In *Burchet*'s Praiſe, for clapping of thy Head:
And when thou bids the paughty *Czar* ſtand yon,
The Wandought ſeems beneath thee on his Throne.
Now, be my Saul, and I have nought behin,
And weil I wat fauſe Swearing is a Sin,
I'd rather have thy Pipe, and twa three Sheep,
Than a' the Gold the Monarchs Coffers keep.

COLY, look out, the few we have's gane wrang,
This ſe'nteen Owks I have not play'd ſae lang;
Ha, *Grummy*, ha --- trowth I maun quat my Sang.
But, Lad, neiſt Mirk we'll to the Haining drive,
When in freſh Lizar they get Spleet and rive;
The Royts will reſt, and gin ye like my Play,
I'll whiſtle to thee all the live lang Day.

To Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT, *on receiving the above Epiſtle.*

FRAE fertile Fields, where nae curs'd Ethers creep,
To ſtang the Herds that in Raſh-buſſes ſleep;
Frae where Saint *Patrick*'s Bleſſing freed the Bogs
Frae Taids, and Asks, and ugly creeping Frogs;
Welcome to me's the Sound of *STARRAT*'s Pipe,
Welcome, as Weſtlen Winds, or Berries ripe,
When ſpeeling up the Hill, the *Dog-days* Heat
Gars a young thirſty Shepherd pant and ſweat:
Thus while I climb the Muſes Mount with Care,
Sic friendly Praiſes give refreſhing Air.
O! may the Laſſes loo thee for thy Pains,
And may thou lang breathe healſome o'er the Plains:
Lang mayſt thou teach, with round and nooked Lines,
Subſtantial Skill, that's worth rich Siller Mines;
To ſhaw how Wheels can gang with greateſt Eaſe,
And what Kind Barks ſails ſmootheſt o'er the Seas;

How

How Wind-mills ſhou'd be made, -- and how they work
The Thumper that tells Hours upon the Kirk:
How Wedges rive the Aik; -- How Pullieſes
Can lift on higheſt Roofs the greateſt Trees;
Rug frae its Roots the Craig of *Edinburgh* Caſtle,
As eaſily as I cou'd break my Whiſtle. --
What Pleughs fits a wet Soil, and whilk the dry;
And mony a thouſand uſeful Things forby.

I own 'tis cauld Encouragement to ſing,
When round ane's Lugs the blatran Hailſtanes ring;
But feckfu' Folk can front the bauldeſt Wind,
And ſlonk thro' Moors, and never faſh their Mind.
Aft have I wid throu' Glens with chorking Feet,
When neither Plaid nor Kelt cou'd fend the Weet;
Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the Brae,
And ſtend o'er Burns as light as ony Rae,
Hoping the Morn might prove a better Day.
Then let's to Lairds and Ladies leave the Spleen,
While we can dance and whiſtle o'er the Green.
Mankind's Account of Good and Ill's a Jeſt,
Fancy's the Rudder, and Content's a Feaſt.

DEAR

DEAR Friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle rooſe
The lawly Mints of my poor moorland Muſe,
Wha looks but blate, when even'd to either twa,
That lull'd the Deel, or bigg'd the *Theban* Wa';
But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wink
At our ain Fauts, and Praiſes frankly drink:
Fair fa' ye then, and may your Flocks grow rife,
And may nae Elf twin *Crummy* of her Life.

THE Sun ſhines ſweetly, a' the Lift looks blue,
O'er Glens hing hovering Clouds of riſing Dew;
Maggy, the bonnieſt Laſs of a' our Town,
Brent is her Brow, her Hair a curly brown,
I have a Tryſt with her, and maun away,
Then ye'll excuſe me till anither Day,
When I've mair Time; for ſhortly I'm to ſing
Some dainty Sangs, that ſall round *Crochan* ring.

Bonny

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the Simmer green?
Sweet taſte the Peach and Cherry;
Painting and Order pleaſe our Een,
And Claret makes us merry:
But fineſt Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

WHEN wand'ring o'er the flowry Park,
No nat'ral Beauty wanting;
How lightſome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Conſort chanting?
But if my *Chriſty* tunes her Voice,
I'm rapt in Admiration;
My Thoughts with Extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

WHEN e'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly Glance,
I take the happy Omen,
And aften mint to make Advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a Woman.
But dubious of my ain Deſert,
My Sentiments I ſmother,
With ſecret Sighs I vex my Heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

THUS ſang blate *Edie* by a Burn,
His *Chriſty* did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her Favour with a Look,
Which left nae Room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white Minute took,
And flang his Arms about her.

MY *Chriſty!* — witneſs bony Stream,
Sic Joys frae Tears ariſing;
I wiſh this may na be a Dream:
O Love the maiſt ſurpriſing

Time was too precious now for Tauk,
This Point of a' his Wiſhes;
He wadna with ſet Speeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on Kiſſes.

The bonny SCOT,

To the Tune of, *The Boat-man.*

YE Gales that gently waive the Sea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot* — Man.
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands;
Yet may not this diſcover,
While Parents rate
A large Eſtate,
Before a faithfu' Lover.

BUT I loor chuſe in *Highland* Glens
To herd the Kid and Goat --- Man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little Ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot* --- Man.
Wae worth the Man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous Faſhion,
Frae greedy Views,
Love's Art to uſe,
While Strangers to its Paſſion.

FRAE foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the Word,
Then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot* --- Man.

Love inviting Reaſon.

A SONG to the Tune of, *I am aſleep, do not waken me.*

WHEN innocent Paſtime our Pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree,
E'er *Annie* became a fine Lady in Town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe!
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jee;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

DOES the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the Spleen?
Can tyning of Trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears frae theſe Een,
That look with Indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

AH!

AH! ſhou'd a new Gown, or a *Flanders* Lace Head,
Or yet a wee Coatie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his Heart bleed,
That anes had ſome Hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer ye'r Fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true Lover that doats upon thee.

SHALL a *Paris* Edition of new fangle *Sany*,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
And aim at theſe Benniſons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka ſweet Hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
E'er Squirrels, or Beaus, or Fopery had Power,
To rival my Love, and impoſe upon thee.

Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And let thy Deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob of Dunblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,
And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;
For Fainneſs, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane*.
Haſte ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in Time, if leading of Monkies,
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dunblane*.

BE frank, my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my Word and Offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it miekle,
Ye did na accept of the *Bob of Dunblane*.

The

The Dinner, the Piper and Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane.*

Throw the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
Thy Preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When nathing can pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or throw the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.

THO' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are clear,
While Lavrocks are ſinging,
And Primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my Eye or my Ear,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

THAT I am forſaken, ſome ſpare no to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning:
Their jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander my ſell.

THEN ſtay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
But quick as an Arrow,
Haſte here to thy Marrow,
Wha's living in Langour till that happy Day;
When throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

ANN thou were my ain Thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

LIKE Bees that ſuck the Morning Dew
Frae Flowers of ſweeteſt Scent and Hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.
Ann thou were, &c.

SAE lang's I had the Uſe of Light,
I'd on thy Beauties feaſt my Sight,
Syne in ſaft Whiſpers through the Night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

HOW fair and ruddy is my *Jean!*
She moves a Goddeſs o'er the Green:
Were I a King, thou ſhou'd be Queen,
Nane but my ſell aboon thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

I'D graſp thee to this Breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like Ivy, or the Vine,
Around my ſtronger Limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

TIME's on the Wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining Youth let's make our Hay,
Since Love admits of no Delay,
O! let na Scorn undo thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

WHILE Love does at his Altar ſtand,
Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
And with ilk Smile thou ſhalt command
The Will of him wha loves thee.

Ann thou were, &c,

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt *May*, let Love incline thee
T'accept a Heart which he deſigns thee,
And as your conſtant Slave regard it,
Syne for its Faithfulneſs reward it;
'Tis Proof a-ſhot to Birth or Money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny:
Receive it then with a Kiſs and a Smily,
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

HOW tempting ſweet theſe Lips of thine are!
Thy Boſom white, and Legs ſae fine are,
That when in Pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my Heart between 'em.

I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a Mountain;
Tho' Kith and Kin, and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

ALANE through flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks, leſt they ſhou'd wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear Laſſie, it is but Daffin
To had thy Woer up ay niſt naffin:
That Na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely;
O ſay, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

The Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland Lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that gracefu' Mein,
And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?

O

O my bonny, bonny Highland Laddie,
My handſome charming Highland Laddie:
May Heaven ſtill guard, and Love reward
Our Lawland Laſs and her Highland Laddie.

IF I were free at Will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blew, and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

THE braweſt Beau in Borrows-town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'ER benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady;
Frae Winter's Cauld and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad
Behind a Buſh in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

FEW Compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland Laſs:
Syne rows me in his Highland Plaidy
O my bonny, &c.

NAE greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him; which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerve my Highland Laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

The Coalier's bonny Laſſie.

THE Coalier has a Daughter,
And O ſhe's wonder bonny;
A Laird he was that ſought her,
Rich baith in Lands and Money.

The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honeſt Lover:
But Love is like the Ocean;
Wha can its Depth diſcover?

He had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His Airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Coalier's bonny Laſſie:
Fair as the new blown Lilly,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Poſſeſſion;
His Life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt Flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny Coalier's Daughter,
Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis not your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever make me loſe ye;
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

To L. L. *in Mourning.*

To the Tune of, *Where Helen lyes.*

AH! why thoſe Tears in *Nelly*'s Eyes?
To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
The Gods ſtand liſt'ning from the Skies,
Pleas'd with thy Piety.
To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a Care,
Who views thee as an Angel fair,
Or ſome Divinity.

O be leſs graceful or more kind,
And cool this Fever of my Mind,
Cauſed by the Boy ſevere and blind,
Wounded I ſigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a Height, by *Hymen*'s Tyes,
To lay me down where *Helen* lyes,
And with thy Charms be free.

THEN muſt I hide my Love and die,
When ſuch a ſovereign Cure is by?
No, ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my Fate may be.
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright Eyes;
With thoſe dear Agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the Truth, when Tongues tell Lies,
The leaſt believ'd by me.

AN

ODE,

With a Paſtoral Recitative *on the Marriage of the Right Honourable,* James *Earl of* Wemyſs *and Mrs.* Janet Charteris.

RECITATIVE.

LAST Morn young *Roſalind,* with laughing Een,
Met with the ſinging Shepherd on the Green;
Armyas height, wha us'd with tunefu' Lay
To pleaſe the Ear, when he began to play:
Him with a Smile the blooming Laſs addreſt;
Her chearfu' Look her inward Joy confeſt.

ROSALIND.

DEAR Shepherd, now exert your wonted Fire,
I'll tell you News that ſhall your Thoughts inſpire.

ARMYAS.

OUT wi' them, bonny Laſs, and if they'll bear,
But Ceremony you a SANG ſhall hear.

ROSA

ROSALIND.

THEY'LL bear, and do invite the blytheſt Strains,
The beauteous *CHARTERISSA* of theſe Plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us ſae wae,
When we heard tell ſhe was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartſome Fields, her native Land,
Now's ta'en in time, and fixt by *Hymen*'s Band.

ARMYAS.

TO whom? Speak faſt; -- I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

NO, no, my Dear, 'tis true, as we ſtand here.
The THANE of Fife, wha lately wi' his *Flane*,
And *Vizy* leel, made the BLYTH BOWL his ain:
He, the Delight of baith the Sma' and Great,
Wha's bright Beginning ſpae his ſonſy Fate,
Has gain'd her Heart; and now their mutual Flame
Retains the Fair, and a' her Wealth, at Hame.

ARMYAS.

NOW *Roſalind*, may never Sorrow twine
Sae near your Heart, as Joys ariſe in mine.
Come kiſs me, Laſſie, and you's hear me ſing
A Bridal SANG that thro' the Woods ſhall ring.

ROSALIND.

YE'R ay ſae daft, come take it, and hae done;
Let a' the Lines be ſaft, and ſweet the Tune.

ARMYAS *Sings.*

COME, Shepherds, a' your Whiſtles join,
And ſhaw your blytheſt Faces;
The NYMPH that we were like to tine,
At hame her Pleaſure places.
Lilt up your Notes baith loud and gay,
Yet ſweet as *Philomella*'s,
And yearly ſolemnize the Day
When this good Luck befell us,
HAIL to the THANE deſcended frae
MACDUFF renown'd in Story,
Wha *Albion*, frae tyrannick Sway,
Reſtor'd to ancient Glory:
His early Bloſſoms loud proclaim,
That frae this Stem he riſes,
Whaſe Merit gives him Right to Fame,
And to the higheſt Prizes.
HIS lovely COUNTESS ſing, ye Swains,
Nae Subject can be ſweeter;
The beſt of Blood flows in her Veins,
Which makes ilk Grace compleater:

Bright are the Beauties of her Mind,
Which frae her Dawn of Reaſon,
With a' the Rays of Wit hath ſhin'd,
Which Vertue ſtill did ſeaſon.

STRAIGHT as the Plane her Features fair,
And bonny to a Wonder;
Were *Jove* rampaging in the Air,
Her Smiles might ſtap his Thunder.

Rejoice in her then, HAPPY YOUTH;
Her innate Worth's a Treaſure;
Her Sweetneſs a' your Cares will ſooth,
And furniſh endleſs Pleaſure.

LANG may ye live t' enjoy her Charms,
And lang lang may they bloſſom,
Securely ſcreen'd within your Arms,
And lodged in your Boſom.

Thrice happy PARENTS, juſtly may
Your Breaſts with Joy be fired,
When you the darling PAIR ſurvey,
By a' the Warld admired.

On seeing the ARCHERS diverting themselves at the *Buts* and *Rovers*, &c.

At the Desire of Sir William Bennet.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.
APOLLO aft flings by his Bows,
And plays the *Broom of Cowden-knows*;
He sometimes drinks, ——

His Demand.

" THE *Rovers* and the *Buts* you saw,
" And him who gives Despotick Law;
" In Numbers sing what you have seen
" Both in the Garden and the Green,
" And how with Wine they clos'd the Day
" In harmless Toasts, both blyth and gay:
" This to remember be't thy Care,
" How they did Justice to the Fair."

The

The Answer.

SIR, I with much Delight beheld
The Royal *Archers* on the Field;
Their Garb, their Manner and their Game,
Wakes in the Mind a martial Flame.
To ſee them draw the bended Yew,
Brings bygane Ages to our View,
When burniſh'd Swords and whizzing Flanes
Forbade the *Norwegens* and *Danes*,
Romans and *Saxons*, to invade
A Nation of nae Faes afraid;
Whoſe Virtue and true Valour ſav'd
Them bravely from their being enſlav'd:
eſteeming't greater not to be,
Than loſe their darling *Liberty*.
How much unlike! — But mum for that,
Some Beaus may ſnarl if we ſhould prat.
When Av'rice, Luxury and Eaſe,
A Tea-fac'd Generation pleaſe,
Whaſe pithleſs Limbs in Silks o'erclad,
Scarce bear the Lady-handed Lad

Frae's

Frae's Looking-glaſs into the Chair,
Which bears him to blaſlum the Fair,
Wha by their Actions come to ken
Sic are but in appearance Men.
Theſe ill cou'd bruik, without a Beild,
To ſleep in Boots upon the Field;
Yet riſe as glorious as the Sun,
To end what greatly they begun.
Nor cou'd it ſuit their Taſte and Pride
To eat an Ox boild in his Hide;
Or quaff pure Element, ah me!
Without Ream, Sugar and Bohee.

HAIL noble Ghoſts of each brave Sire!
Whoſe Sauls glow'd with a God-like Fire!
If you're to Guardian Poſts aſſign'd,
And can with Greatneſs warm the Mind;
Breathe manly Ardours in your Race,
Communicate that martial Grace,
By which through Ages you maintain'd
The *Caledonian* Rights unſtain'd;
That when our Nation makes Demands,
She may ne'er want brave Hearts and Hands.

HERE

HERE, Sir, I muſt your Pardon ask,
If I have ſtarted from my Task;
For when the Fancy takes a Flight,
We ſeldom ken where it will light.

BUT we return to view the Band,
Under the regular Command
Of * ane wha arbitrarly ſways,
And makes it Law whate'er he ſays:
Him Honour and true Reaſon rule,
Which makes Submiſſion to his Will
Nae Slav'ry, but a juſt Delight,
While he takes care to keep them right;
Wha never lets a Cauſe depend
Till the Purſuer's Power's at End;
But, like a Miniſter of Fate,
He ſpeaks, and there's no more Debate:
Beſt Government, were Subjects ſure
To find a Prince fit for ſic Pow'r.

BUT drop we Caſes not deſir'd,
To paint the *Archers*, now retir'd

* Mr. David Drummond Preſident of the Council.

From healthfu' Sport, to chearfu' Wine,
Strength to recruit, and Wit refine;
Where innocent and blythſome Tale
Permits nae Sourneſs to prevail:
Here, Sir, you never fail to pleaſe,
Wha can in Phraſe adapt with Eaſe,
Draw to the Life a' kind of Fowks,
Proud Shaups, dull Coofs, and gabbling Gowks,
Gielaingers, and each greedy Wight,
You place them in their proper Light;
And when true Merit comes in view,
You fully pay them what's their due.

WHILE circling wheels the hearty Glaſs,
Well flavour'd with ſome lovely LASS,
Or with the bonny fruitfu' Dame,
Wha brightens in the nuptial Flame.

MY Lord, your Toaſt, the Præſes crys:
To Lady *Charlotte*, he replys.
Now, Sir, let's hear your Beauty bright:
To Lady *Jean*, returns the Knight.
To *Hamilton* a Health gaes round,
And one to *Eglinton* is crown'd.

How

How ſweet they taſte! — Now, Sir, you ſay:
Then drink to her that's far away,
The lov'd *Southesk*. Neiſt, Sir, you name:
I give you *Baſil*'s handſome Dame.
Is't come to me? — then toaſt the Fair
That's fawn, O *Cockburn*, to thy Skair.
How hearty went theſe Healths about!
How blythly were they waughted out!
To a' the Stately, Fair and Young,
Frae *Haddington* and *Hoptoun* ſprung,
To *Lithgow*'s Daughter in her Bloom,
To dear *Mackay*, and comely *Home*,
To *Creightons* every way divine,
To *Haldane* ſtraight as any Pine.
O how delicious was the Glaſs
Which was perfum'd with lovely *Beſs*!
And ſae theſe Rounds were flowing gi'en,
To Siſters *Nisbet*, *Nell* and *Jean*.
To ſweet *Montgomery* ſhining fair,
To *Prieſtfield* Twins, delightfu' Pair.
To *Katies* Four of beauteous Fame,
Stuart and *Cochran* Lady claim,
Third *Hamilton*, Fourth *Ardreſs* Name.

To *Peggies Pentland*, *Bang* and *Bell*,
To *Minto*'s Mate, and lively *Nell*:
To *Gordons* raviſhingly ſweet,
To *Maule* in whom the Graces meet,
To *Hepburn* wha has Charms in ſtore,
To *Pringle* Harmony all o'er,
To the polite *Kinloch* and *Hay*,
To *Wallace* beautifu' and gay,
To *Campbell*, *Skeen* and *Rutherfoord*,
To *Maitland* fair the much ador'd,
To *Lockhart* with the ſparkling Een,
To bonny *Crawford* ever green,
To *Stuarts* mony a dazling Bairn,
Of *Invernytie* and *Denairn*.
To gracefu' *Sleigh*, and *Oliphant*,
To *Naſmith*, *Baird*, *Scot*, *Grier* and *Grant*,
To *Clerk*, *Anſtruther*, *Frank* and *Graham*,
To *Deans* agreeing with her Name.
Where are we now——. Come, to the beſt
In *Chriſtendom*, and a' the reſt.
(Dear Nymphs unnam'd, lay not the Blame
On us, or on your want of Fame,

That in this Liſt you do not ſtand;
For Heads gave way: — But there's my Hand,
The neiſt time we have ſic a Night,
We'll not neglect to do ye Right.)

THUS Beauties rare, and Virgins fine,
With blooming Belles enliven'd our Wine,
Till a' our Noſes 'gan to ſhine.

THEN down we look'd upon the Great,
Who're plagu'd with guiding of the State,
And pity'd each ſlegmatick Wight,
Whoſe creeping Sauls ken nae Delight,
But keep themſells ay on the Gloom,
Startled with Fears of what's to come.
Poor Paſſion! ſure by Fate deſign'd
The Mark of an inferior Mind.
To Heaven a filial Fear we awe,
But Fears nane elſe a Man ſhou'd ſhaw.

LADS, cock your Bonnets, bend your Bows,
And, or in earneſt, or in mows,
Be ſtill ſucceſsful, ever glad,
In *Mars*'s or in *Venus*' Bed;

Sae

Sae Bards aloud ſhall chant your Praiſe,
And Ladies ſhall your Spirits raiſe.

THUS, Sir, I've ſung what you requir'd,
As *Mars* and *Venus* have inſpir'd.
While they inſpire, and you approve,
I'll ſing brave Deeds, and ſafter Love;
Till great *Apollo* ſay well done,
And own me for his native Son.

Wrote on Lady Somervile's *Book of* Scots *Sangs*.

GAE, canty Book, and win a Name;
Nae Lyricks e'er ſhall ding thee:
Hope large Eſteem, and laſting Fame,
If *SOMERVILLA* ſing thee.
If ſhe thy ſinleſs Faults forgive,
Which her ſweet Voice can cover,
Thou ſhalt in ſpite of Criticks live
Still grateful to each Lover.

THE

THE NUPTIALS,

A MASQUE on the Marriage of his Grace* JAMES *Duke of* Hamilton *and* Brandon, *&c.*

Calliope, playing upon a *Violencello*, ſings,

JOY to the Bridegroom, Prince of *Clyde*,
Lang may his Bliſs and Greatneſs bloſſom;
Joy to his virtuous charming Bride,
Who gains this Day his Grace's Boſom.

APPEAR,

* An unknown ingenious Friend did me the Honour of the following Introduction to the London Edition of this Maſque; and being a Poet, my Vanity will be pardoned for inſerting of it here.

" The preſent Poem being a Revival of a good old Form of Poetry, in high Repute with us, it " may not be amiſs to ſay ſomething of a Diverſion once ſo agreeable, and ſo long interrupted, or " diſuſed. The Original of *Maſques* ſeems to be an Imitation of the *Interludes* of the Ancients, " preſented on Occaſion of ſome Ceremony performed in a great and noble Family. The Actors " in this kind of *Half-Dramatic* Poetry have formerly been even *Kings*, *Princes*, and the firſt Perſonages of the Kingdom; and in private Families, the nobleſt and neareſt Branches. The *Machinery* was of the greateſt Magnificence; very ſhewy, coſtly, and not uncommonly contrived by " the ableſt *Architects*, as well as the beſt *Poets*. Thus we ſee in *Ben. Johnſon* the Name of *Inigo Jones*, and the ſame in *Carew*; whether as the Modeller only, or as Poet in Conjunction with " them, ſeems to be doubtful, there being nothing of our *Engliſh Vitruvius* left (that I know of) " that places him in the Claſs of Writers. Theſe Shews we trace backwards as far as *Henry* VIII. " from thence to Q. *Elizabeth*, and her Succeſſor K. *James*, who was both a great Encourager and " Admirer of them. The laſt Maſque, and the beſt ever written, was that of *Milton*, preſented at " *Ludlow Caſtle*, in the Praiſe of which no Words can be too many: And I remember to have " heard the late excellent Mr. *Addiſon* agree with me in that Opinion. *Coronations*, *Princely Nuptials*, *Public Feaſts*, the *Entertainment* of *foreign Quality*, were the uſual Occaſions of this Performance, and the beſt Poet of the Age was courted to be the Author. Mr. *Ramſay* has made a " noble and ſucceſsful Attempt to revive this kind of Poeſy, on a late celebrated Account. And tho' " he is often to be admired in all his Writings, yet, I think, never more than in his preſent Compoſition. A particular Friend gave it a Second Edition in *England*, *which*, I fancy, the Public " will agree that it deſerved."

APPEAR, great Genius of his Line,
And bear a Part in the Rejoicing;
Behold your Ward, by Powers Divine,
Join'd with a Mate of their ain chooſing.

FORSAKE a while the *Cyprian* Scene,
Fair Queen of Smiles and ſaft Embraces,
And hither come, with a' your Train
Of Beauties, Loves, and Sports, and Graces.

COME, *Hymen*, bleſs their Nuptial Vow,
And them with mutual Joys inſpire.
Deſcend, *Minerva*, for 'tis you
With Virtue beets the haly Fire.

At the Cloſe of this Song, enters the *Genius* of the Family, clad in a Scarlet Robe, with a Duke's Coronet on his Head, a Shield on his left Arm, with the proper Bearing of *Hamilton*.

GENIUS.

FAIR Miſtris of harmonious Sounds, we hear
Thy Invitation grateful to the Ear;
Of a' the *Gods*, who from the *Olympian* Height
Bow down their Heads, and in thy Notes delight,
Jove keeps this Day in his Imperial Dome,
And I to lead th' invited *Gueſts* am come.

Enter

Enter *Venus*, attended by three *Graces*, with *Minerva* and *Hymen*, all in their proper Dreſſes.

CALLIOPE.

'WÆLCOME, ye bright *Divinities*, that guard
The Brave and Fair, and faithfu' Love reward;
All hail, immortal Progeny of *Jove*,
Who plant, preſerve and proſper ſacred Love.

GENIUS.

BE ſtill auſpicious to th' united Pair,
And let their pureſt Pleaſures be your Care;
Your Stores of genial Bleſſings here employ,
To crown th' *Illuſtrious Youth* and *Fair-ane*'s Joy.

VENUS.

I'LL breathe eternal Sweets in ev'ry Air;
HE ſhall look always Great, SHE ever Fair;
Kind Rays ſhall mix the Sparkles of his Eye,
Round her the Loves in ſmiling Crowds ſhall fly,
And bear frae ilka Glance, on douny Wings,
Into his raviſh'd Heart the ſafteſt Things:
And ſoon as *Hymen* has perform'd his Rites,
I'll ſhow'r on them my hale *Idalian* Sweets
They ſhall poſſeſs,
In each Careſs,
Delights ſhall tire
The Muſes Sire,
In higheſt Numbers to expreſs.

HYMEN.

I'LL busk their Bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing Wiſh with Raptures crown;
The gloomy Nights ſhall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the ſilent Scenes of Love.
The Sun at Morn ſhall dart his kindeſt Rays,
To chear and animate each dear Embrace:
Fond of the FAIR, he falds her in his Arms;
She bluſhes ſecret, conſcious of her Charms.
Rejoice, brave YOUTH,
In ſic a Fouth
Of Joys the Gods for thee provide;
The roſy Dawn,
The flow'ry Lawn,
That Spring has dreſs'd in a' its Pride,
Claim nae Regard
When they're compar'd
With blooming Beauties of thy BRIDE.

MINERVA.

FAIREST of a' the Goddeſſes, and thou
That links the Lovers to be ever true,
The Gods and Mortals awn your mighty Power,
But 'tis not you can make their Sweets ſecure:

That

That be my Task, to make a Friendſhip riſe,
Shall raiſe their Loves aboon the vulgar Size.
Thoſe near related to the brutal Kind,
Ken nathing of the Wedlock of the Mind;
'Tis I can make a Life a hinny Moon,
And mould a Love ſhall laſt like that aboon.
A' theſe ſma' Springs, whence cauld Reſerve and Spleen
Take their firſt Riſe, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I ſhall diſcover in a proper View,
To keep their Joys unmix'd, and ever new.
Nor Jealouſy, nor envious Mouth,
Shall dare to blaſt their Love;
But Wiſdom, Conſtancy and Truth,
Shall ev'ry Bliſs improve.

GENIUS.

THRICE happy Chief, ſae much the Care
Of a' the Family of *Jove*,
A thouſand Bleſſings wait the Fair,
Who is found worthy of his Love.
Lang may the fair Attractions of her Mind
Make Her ſtill lovelier, Him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

THE Anceſtors of mightieſt Chiefs and Kings,
Nae higher can derive than humane Springs;
Yet frae the common Soil each wondrous Root,
Aloft to Heaven their ſpreading Branches ſhoot:
Bauld in my Aid, theſe triumph'd over Fate,
Fam'd for unbounded Thought or ſtern Debate,
Born high upon an undertaking Mind,
Superior raiſe, and left the Crowd behind.

GENIUS.

FRAE theſe deſcending, laurel'd with Renown,
My *Charge* throw Ages draws his Lineage down.
The Paths of ſic *Forbeers* lang may He trace,
And She be *Mother* to as fam'd a Race.

WHEN blew Diſeaſes fill the drumly Air,
And red het Bowts throw Flaughts of Lightning rair,
Or madning Faction ſhakes the ſanguine Sword,
With watchfu' Eye I'll tent my darling Lord,
And his lov'd Mate, --- tho' Furies ſhou'd break looſe,
Awake or ſleeping, ſhall enjoy Repoſe.

I. *GRACE.*

WHILE Gods keep Haly-day, and Mortals ſmile,
Let Nature with Delights adorn the Iſle:

Be

Be huſh, bauld North, *Favonius* only blaw,
And ceaſe, bleak Clouds, to ſhed or Weet or Snaw;
Shine bright, thou radiant Ruler of the Year,
And gar the Spring with earlier Pride appear.

II. *GRACE.*

THY Month, great Queen of Goddeſſes, make gay,
Which gains new Honours frae this Marriage Day.
On *Glotta*'s Banks, ye healthfu' Hynds, reſort,
And with the Landart Laſſes blythly ſport.

III. *GRACE.*

WEAR your beſt Faces and your *Sunday*'s Weeds,
And rouſe the Dance with your maiſt tunefu' Reeds;
Let tunefu' Voices join the rural Sound,
And wake reſponſive Echo all around.

I. *GRACE.*

SING your great Maſter, *Scotia*'s eldeſt Son,
And the lov'd Angel that his Heart has won;
Come, Siſters, let's frae Arts hale Stores collect
Whatever can her native Beauties deck,
That in the Day ſhe may eclipſe the Light,
And ding the Conſtellations of the Night.

VENUS.

VENUS.

CEASE, buſy Maids, your artfu' Buskings raiſe,
But ſmall Addition to her genuine Rays;
Tho' ilka Plain and ilka Sea combine
To make her with their richeſt Product ſhine,
Her Lip, her Boſom, and her ſparkling Een,
Excel the Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond ſheen:
Theſe leſſer Ornaments, illuſtrious Bride,
As Bars to ſafter Bleſſings, fling aſide,
Steal frae them ſweetly to your Nuptial Bed,
As frae its Body ſlides the fainted Shade;
Frae loath'd Reſtraint to Liberty above,
Where all is Harmony, and all is Love:
Haſte to theſe Bleſſings, --- kiſs the Night away,
And make it ten times pleaſanter than Day.

HYMEN.

THE Whiſper and Careſs ſhall ſhorten Hours,
While kindly as the Beams on dewy Flowers;
Thy *Sun*, like him who the freſh Bevrage ſips,
Shall feaſt upon the Sweetneſs of thy Lips:
My haly Hand maun chaſtly now unlooſe
That *Zone* which a' thy Virgin Charms encloſe:

That

That *Zone* ſhou'd be leſs grateſu' to the Fair
Than eaſy Bands of ſafter Wedlock are.
That lang unbuckled grows a hateſu' thing,
The langer *Theſe* are bound, they mair of Honour bring.

MINERVA.

YES, happy Pair, what e'er the Gods inſpire,
Purſue, and gratify each juſt Deſire:
Enjoy your Paſſions, with full Tranſports mixt;
But ſtill obſerve the Bounds by Vertue fixt.

Enter BACCHUS.

WHAT brings *Minerva* here this rantin Night?
She's good for nathing but to preach or fight:
Is this a Time for either! —— Swith away,
Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

MINERVA.

PEACE, *Theban Roarer*, while the milder Powers
Give Entertainment, there's nae need of yours;
The pure Reflection of our calmer Joys
Has mair of Heaven than a' thy flaſhy Noiſe.

BACCHUS.

YE canna want it, Faith! You that appear
Anes at a Bridal but in twenty Year:

A Ferly 'tis your Dortiſhip to ſee;
But where was e'er a Wedding without me?
Blew Een, remember, I'm baith Hap and Saul
To *Venus* there, but me ſhe'd ſtarve o' Caul.

VENUS.

WE awn the Truth, — *Minerva*, ceaſe to check
Our jolly Brother with your Diſreſpect;
He's never abſent at the Treats of *Jove*,
And ſhou'd be preſent at this Feaſt of Love.

GENIUS.

MAIST welcome Power, that chears the vital Streams,
When *Pallas* guards thee frae thy wild Extremes;
Thy roſy Viſage at theſe ſolemn Rites,
My generous Charge with open Smiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I'M nae great Dab at Speeches that maun clink,
But there's my Paw I ſhall fou tightly drink
A hearty Health to thir ſame lovely *Twa*,
That are ſae meikle dauted by you a';
Then with my Juice a reeming Bicquor crown,
I'll gi'e the Toaſt, and ſee it fairly round.

Enter

Enter *Ganymed*, with a Flagon in one Hand, and a Glaſs in the other, —— ſpeaks.

To you, blyth Beings, the benign Director
Of Gods and Men, --- to keep your Sauls in tift, ---
Has ſent you here a Preſent of his Nectar,
As good as e'er was browen aboon the Lift.

BACCHUS.

Ha, *Gany!* Come, my dainty Boy,
Skink't up, and let us prive;
Without it Life wad be a Toy:
Here, gi'e me't in my Nive.
[Takes the Glaſs.] Good Health to *Hamilton*, and his
Lov'd Mate: --- O Father *Jove*, we crave
Thou'lt grant them a lang Tack of Bliſs,
And Rowth of bonny Bairns and brave.
Pour on them, frae thy endleſs Store,
A' Benniſons that are divine,
With as good Will as I waught o'er
This flowing Glaſs of heav'nly Wine.

[Drinks, and cauſes all the Company to drink round.]

Come, ſee't about, and ſyne let's all advance,
Mortals and Gods be Pairs, and tak a Dance;

A Ferly 'tis your Dortiſhip to ſee;
But where was e'er a Wedding without me?
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[Drinks, and cauſes all the Company to drink round.]

Come, ſee't about, and ſyne let's all advance,
Mortals and Gods be Pairs, and tak a Dance;

Minerva mim, for a' your Morals ſtoor,
Ye ſhall with Billy *Bacchus* fit the Floor:
Play up there, Laſſie, ſome blyth *Scottiſh* Tune,
Syne a' be blyth, when Wine and Wit gae round.

The Health about, Muſick and Dancing begin. —— The Dancing over before her Grace retires with the Ladies to be undreſs'd; *Calliope* ſings the

EPITHALAMIUM.

BRIGHT is the Low of lawfu' Love,
Which ſhining Sauls impart;
It to Perfection mounts above,
And glows about the Heart.
It is the Flame gives laſting Worth,
To Greatneſs, Beauty, Wealth and Birth, ----
On You, illuſtrious youthfu' Pair,
Who are high Heavens Delight and Care;
The bleſsfu' Beam darts warm and fair,
And ſhall improve the reſt
Of a' theſe Gifts baith great and rare,
Of which ye are poſſeſt.

BACCHUS, bear off your dinſome Gang,
Hark, frae yon Howms the rural Thrang
Invite you now away;
While ilka Hynd,
And Maiden kind,
Dance in a Ring,
While Shepherds ſing
In Honour of the Day;
Gae drink and dance
Till Morn advance,
And ſet the twinkling Fires,
While we prepare
To lead the Fair
And Brave to their Deſires.

GAE, Loves and Graces, take your Place,
Around the Nuptial Bed abide;
Fair *Venus* heighten each Embrace,
And ſmoothly make their Minutes ſlide.
Gae, *Hymen*, put the Couch in Caſe,
Minerva thither lead the Bride;
Neiſt, all attend his youthfu' Grace,
And lay him ſweetly by her Side.

ODE

On the Marriage of the Right Honourable George *Lord* Ramſay *and Lady* Jean Maule.

HAIL to the brave apparent Chief,
Boaſt of the *RAMSAYS Claniſh* Name,
Whoſe Anceſtors ſtood the Relief
Of *SCOTLAND*, Ages known to Fame.

HAIL to the lovely She, whoſe Charms,
Complete in Graces, meets His Love;
Adorn'd with all that Greatneſs warms,
And makes Him grateful bow to *Jove*.

BOTH from a Line of Patriots riſe,
Chiefs of *DALHOUSIE* and *PANMURE*,
Whoſe loyal Fames ſhall Stains deſpiſe,
While Ocean flows and Orbs endure.

THE *RAMSAYS! Caledonia*'s Prop;
The *MAULES!* ſtruck ſtill her Foes with Dread:
Now joyn'd; we, from the Union, hope
A Race of Heroes ſhall ſucceed.

LET

LET meaner Souls tranſgreſs the Rules
That's fix'd by Honour, Love and Truth,
While little Views proclaim them Fools,
Unworthy Beauty, Senſe and Youth.

WHIL'ST You, bleſt Pair, belov'd by all
The Powers above, and Beſt below,
Shall have Delights attend Your Call,
And laſting Pleaſures on You flow.

WHAT Fate has fix'd, and Love has done,
The Guardians of Mankind approve:
Well may they finiſh what's begun,
And from Your Joys all Cares remove.

WE wiſh'd, ---- When ſtraight a heavenly Voice
Inſpir'd, ---- we heard the Blew-ey'd Maid
Cry, *Who dare quarrel with the Choice?*
The Choice is mine, be mine their Aid.

BE thine their Aid, O wiſeſt Power,
And ſoon again we hope to ſee
Their Plains return, ſplendid their Tower,
And bloſſom broad the * *Edge-well-Tree.*

WHIL'ST

* See Note Vol. 1. p. 276.

WHILST He with manly Merits ſtor'd,
Shall riſe the Glory of His Clan;
She for Celeſtial Sweets ador'd,
Shall ever charm the graceful Man.

SOON may their * *Royal Bird* extend
His ſable Plumes, and Lordſhips claim,
Which to His valiant SIRES pertain'd,
E'er Earls in *Albion* were a Name.

YE Parents of the happy Pair,
With gen'rous Smiles conſenting, own
That they deſerve Your kindeſt Care:
Thus with the Gods their Pleaſure crown.

HASTE, ev'ry *Grace*, each *Love* and *Smile*,
From fragrant *Cyprus* ſpread the Wing;
To deck their Couch, exhauſt your Iſle
Of all the Beauties of the Spring.

ON them attend with Homage due.
In Him are *Mars* and *Phœbus* ſeen;
And in the Noble NYMPH you'll view
The Sage *Minerva*, and your *Queen*.

ODE

* The Spread Eagle Sable, on a Field Argent, is the Arms of the Earl of Dalhouſie.

ODE

On the Birth of the Moſt Honourable

Marquis of DUMLANRIG.

HELP me, ſome God, with ſic a Muſe
As *Pope* and *Granvile* aft employ,
That I may flowing Numbers chuſe,
To hail the welcome PRINCELY BOY.

BUT, bred up far frae ſhining Courts,
In Moorland Glens, where nought I ſee,
But now and then ſome Landart Laſs,
What Sounds polite can flow frae me?

YET my blyth Laſs, amang the lave,
With honeſt Heart her Homage pays;
Tho' no ſae nice ſhe can behave,
Yet always as ſhe thinks ſhe ſays.

A-

ARISE, ye Nymphs, on *Nytha*'s Plains,
And gar the Craigs and Mountains ring;
Rouſe up the Sauls of a' the Swains,
While you the lovely INFANT ſing.

KEEP Haly-day on ilka Howm,
With Gowan Garlands gird your Brows;
Out o'er the Dales in Dances roam,
And ſhout around the jovial News.

BY the good Benniſon of Heaven,
To free you frae the future Fright
Of foreign Lords, a BABE is given,
To guard your Int'reſt and your Right.

WITH Pleaſure view your PRINCE, who late
Up to the ſtate of Manhood run,
Now, to complete his happy Fate,
Sees his ain Image in a SON.

A SON, for whom be this your Pray'r,
Ilk Morning ſoon as Dawn appears,
GOD grant him an unmeaſur'd Skair
Of a' that grac'd his great Forbeers:

THAT

THAT his Great SIRE may live to ſee,
Frae his delightfu' INFANT ſpring,
A wiſe and ſtalwart Progeny,
To fence their Country and their King.

STILL bleſs her GRACE frae whom he ſprung,
With blythſome Heal her Strength renew,
That throw lang Life ſhe may be young,
And bring forth Cautioners enow.

WATCH well, ye Tenants of the Air,
Wha hover round our Heads unſeen;
Let dear *DUMLANRIG* be your Care,
Or when he lifts or ſteeks his Een.

YE hardy *Heroes*, whaſe brave Pains
Defeated ay th' invading Rout,
Forſake a wee th' *Eliſian* Plains,
View, ſmile and bleſs your lovely SPROUT.

YE Fair, wha've kend the Joys of Love,
And glow with chearfu' Heal and Youth,
Sic as of auld might nurſe a *Jove*,
Or lay the Breaſt t' *Alcide*'s Mouth;

THE beſt and bonnieſt of ye a'
Take the ſweet Babie in your Arms;
May he nought frae your Boſoms draw,
But Nectar to nurſe up his Charms.

HARMONIOUSLY the Notes expreſs,
When ſinging you his Dumps debar,
That Diſcord never may impreſs
Upon his blooming Mind a Jar.

SOUND a' the *Poet* in his Ears,
E'en while he's hanging at the Breaſt:
Thus moulded, when he comes to Years,
With an exalted Guſt he'll feaſt

ON Lays immortal, which forbid
The Death of *DOUGLAS* doughty Name,
Or in Oblivion let ly hid
The *HYDES* their Beauty and their Fame.

EPI-

EPISTLE

To Mr. JOHN GAY, *Author of the* Shepherd's Week, *on hearing her Grace Dutchess of* Queensberry *commend some of his Poems.*

DEAR Lad, wha linkan o'er the Lee,
Sang *Blowzalind* and *Bowzybee*,
And, like the Lavrock, merrily
Wak'd up the Morn,
When thou didst tune, with heartsome Glee,
Thy Bog-reed-horn.

TO thee, frae Edge of *Pentland* Height,
Where Fawns and Fairies take Delight,
And revel a' the live lang Night,
O'er Glens and Braes,
A Bard that has the second Sight
Thy Fortune spaes.

NOW, lend thy Lug, and tent me, *GAY*,
Thy Fate appears like Flow'rs in *May*,
Freſh flowriſhing, and laſting ay,
Firm as the Aik,
Which envious Winds, when Criticks bray,
Shall never ſhake.

COME, ſhaw your Loof. --- Ay, there's the Line
Fortells thy Verſe ſhall ever ſhine;
Dawted whilſt living by the Nine,
And a' the Beſt,
And be, when paſt the mortal Line,
Of Fame poſſeſt.

IMMORTAL *Pope*, and skilfu' * *John*,
The learned *Leach* frae *Callidon*,
With mony a witty Dame and Don,
O'er lang to name,
Are of your Roundels very fon,
And found your Fame.

AND

* Dr. Arbuthnot.

AND ſae do I, wha rooſe but few,
Which nae ſma' Favour is to you:
For to my Friends I ſtand right true,
With Shanks a ſpar;
And my good Word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unko far.

HERE mettled Men my Muſe mantain,
And ilka Beauty is my Friend;
Which keeps me canty, brisk and bein,
Ilk wheeling Hour,
And a ſworn Fae to hatefu' Spleen,
And a' that's ſour.

BUT bide ye Boy, the main's to ſay,
Clarinda bright as riſing Day,
Divinely Bonny, Great and Gay,
Of thinking even,
Whaſe Words and Looks, and Smiles diſplay
Full Views of Heaven.

To rumage Nature for what's braw,
Like Lillies, Roſes, Gems and Snaw;
Compar'd with her's, their Luſtre fa',
And bauchly tell
Her Beauties: She excels them a',
And's like her ſell.

As fair a Form as e'er was bleſt,
To have an Angel for a Gueſt;
Happy the Prince who is poſſeſt
Of ſic a Prize,
Whoſe Vertues place her with the beſt
Beneath the Skies.

O ſonſy *GAY*! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry Grace ſtrives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy Lays with Scorn;
Then bend thy Knees,
And bleſs the Day that ye was born
With Arts to pleaſe.

SHE ſays, Thy Sonnet ſmoothly ſings,
Sae ye may craw and clap your Wings,
And ſmile at *Ether-capite* Stings
With careleſs Pride,
When ſae much Wit and Beauty brings
Strength to your Side.

LILT up your Pipes, and riſe aboon
Your *Trivia* and your Moorland Tune,
And ſing *Clarinda* late and ſoon,
In touring Strains,
Till gratefu' Gods cry out, Well done,
And praiſe thy Pains.

EXALT thy Voice, that all around,
May echo back the lovely Sound,
Frae *Dover* Cliffs, with Samphire crown'd,
To *Thule*'s Shore,
Where Northward no more *Britains*, found
But Seas that rore.

THUS

THUS ſing, — whil'ſt I frae *Arthur*'s Height,
O'er *Chiviot* glowr with tyr'd Sight,
And langing wiſh, like raving Wight,
To be ſet down,
Frae Coach and ſax, baith trim and tight,
In *London* Town.

BUT lang I'll gove and bleer my Ee,
Before, alake! that Sight I ſee;
Then, beſt Relief, I'll ſtrive to be
Quiet and content,
And ſtreek my Limbs down eaſylie
Upon the Bent.

THERE ſing the Gowans, Broom and Trees,
The Cryſtal Burn and Weſtlin Breez,
The bleeting Flocks, and biſy Bees,
And blythſome Swains,
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit Dees,
O'er Moſſy Plains.

FAREWELL;—— but, e'er we part, let's pray,
GOD save *Clarinda* Night and Day,
And grant her a' she'd wish to ha'e,
Withoutten End! —
Nae mair at present I've to say,
But am your Friend.

ODE

To the Right Honourable

GRACE Countess of *Aboyn*,

On her Marriage Day.

IN Martial Fields the Heroe toils,
And wades throw Blood to purchase Fame;
O'er dreadful Waves, from distant Soils,
The Merchant brings his Treasures hame.

BUT Fame and Wealth no Joys bestow,
If plac'd alane they Cyphers stand;
'Tis to the Figure *Love* they owe
The real Joys that they command.

BLEST He who Love and Beauty gains,
Gains what conteſting Kings might claim,
Might bring brave Armies to the Plains,
And loudly ſwell the Blaſt of Fame.

HOW happy then is young *ABOYN!*
Of how much Heaven is he poſſeſt!
How much the Care of Pow'rs divine,
Who lyes in lovely *LOCKHART*'s Breaſt!

GAZING in Raptures on thy Charms,
Thy ſparkling Beauty, Shape and Youth,
He graſps all Softneſs in his Arms,
And ſips the Nectar from thy Mouth.

IF ſympathetick Likeneſs crave
Indulgent Parents to be kind,
Each Pow'r ſhall guard the Charm they gave,
Venus thy Face, *Pallas* thy Mind.

O Muſe, we could, — but ſtay thy Flight;
The Field is ſacred as 'tis ſweet;
Who dares to paint the ardent Night,
When raviſh'd Youth and Beauty meet?

HERE

HERE we muſt draw a Veil between,
And ſhade thoſe Joys too dazling clear,
By ev'ry Eye not to be ſeen,
Not to be heard by ev'ry Ear.

STILL in her Smiles, ye *Cupids*, play;
Still in her Eyes your Revels keep;
Her Pleaſure be your Care by Day,
And whiſper Sweetneſs in her Sleep.

BE baniſh'd, each ill natur'd Care,
Baſe Offspring of fantaſtick Spleen;
Of Acceſs here you muſt deſpair,
Her Breaſt for you is too ſerene.

MAY Guardian Angels hover round
Thy Head, and ward aff all Annoy;
Be all thy Days with Raptures crown'd,
And all thy Nights be bleſt with Joy.

EPIGRAM.

M*INERVA* wandring in a Myrtle Grove,
Accoſted thus the ſmiling Queen of Love,
Revenge your ſelf, you've Cauſe to be afraid,
Your boaſted Pow'r yields to a *Britiſh* Maid:
She ſeems a Goddeſs, all her Graces ſhine;
Love leads her Beauty, which eclipſes thine.
Each Youth, I know (ſays *Venus*) thinks ſhe's me;
Immediately ſhe ſpeaks, they think ſhe's thee:
Good *Pallas*, thus you're foil'd as well as I.
Ha, ha! (crys *Cupid*) that's my *MALT SLEIGH.*

***

FROM eaſy Labours of the Day
Each Pair to Leafy Bowers retir'd;
Contentment kept them ever gay,
While kind connubial Sweets conſpir'd,
With ſmiling Quiet and balmy Health throu' Life,
To make the happy Husband and the Wife.

OUR modern Wits in Wiſdom leſs,
With Spirits weak, and wavering Minds,
Void of Reſolve, poorly confeſs
They cannot reliſh aught that binds.
Let Libertines of Taſte ſae wond'rous nice,
Deſpiſe to be confin'd in Paradiſe.

WHILE *BRODIE* with his beauteous *SLEIGH*,
On pureſt Love can ſafely feaſt,
Quaff Raptures from her ſparkling Eye,
And judge of Heaven within her Breaſt:
No dubious Cloud to gloom upon his Joy,
Poſſeſſing of what's Good can never cloy.

HER Beauty might for ever warm,
Altho' her Soul were leſs divine,
The Brightneſs of her Mind could charm,
Did leſs her graceful Beauties ſhine:
But both united, with full Force inſpire
The warmeſt Wiſh, and the moſt laſting Fire.

IN your accompliſh'd Mate, young *Thane*,
Without Reſerve ye may rejoice;
The Heavens your Happineſs ſuſtain,
And all that think, admire your Choice.
Around your Treaſure circling Arms entwine,
Be all thy Pleaſure her's, and her's be thine.

REJOICE, dear *MARY*, in thy Youth,
The firſt of his brave ancient Clan,
Whoſe Soul delights in Love and Truth,
And view'd in every Light a Man
To whom the Fates with liberal Hand have given
Good Senſe, true Honour, and a Temper even.

WHEN

WHEN Love and Reaſon thus unite,
An equal Pair in ſacred Ties,
They gain the humane Bliſs complete,
And Approbation from the Skies.
Since You approve, kind Heaven, upon them pour
The beſt of Bleſſings to their lateſt Hour.

To you who rule above the Sun,
To you who fly in fluid Air,
We leave to finiſh what's begun,
Still to reward and watch the *Pair*.
Thus far the Muſe, who did an Anſwer wait,
And heard the Gods name Happineſs their Fate.

To JOSIAH BURCHET *Eſq;*

On his being choſen Member of Parliament.

MY *BURCHET*'s Name! well pleas'd, I ſaw
Amang the choſen Leet,
Wha are to give *Britannia* Law,
And keep her Rights complete.

O may the reſt wha fill the Houſe
Be of a Mind with thee,
And *Britiſh* Liberty eſpouſe,
We glorious Days may ſee.

THE Name of PATRIOT is mair great
Than Heaps of ill win Gear:
What boots an opulent Eſtate,
Without a Conſcience clear?

WHILE ſneaking Sauls for Caſh wad troke
Their Country, GOD and KING,
With Pleaſure we the Villain mock,
And hate the worthleſs thing.

WITH a' your Pith, the like of you,
Superior to what's mean,
Shou'd gar the truckling Rogues look blew,
And cow them laigh and clean.

DOWN with them, ---- down with a' that dare
Oppoſe the Nation's Right;
Sae may your Fame like a fair Star
Throu' future Times ſhine bright.

SAE may kind Heaven propitious prove,
And grant what e'er ye crave;
And him a Corner in your Love,
Wha is your humble Slave.

The General Miſtake:

A SATYRE.

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable Lord Erskine.

THE finiſh'd Mind in all its Movements bright,
Surveys the ſelf-made Sumph in proper Light,
Allows for native Weakneſs, but diſdains
Him who the Character with Labour gains:
Permit me then, *my Lord* (ſince you ariſe
With a clear Saul aboon the common Size)
To place the following Sketches in your View;
The Warld will like me, if I'm roos'd by You.

Is there a Fool, frae *Senator* to *Swain*?
Take ilk ane's Verdict for himſell, —— there's nane.

A thouſand other Wants make thouſands fret,
But nane for want of *Wiſdom* quarrels Fate.
Alas! how gen'ral prove the great Miſtake,
When others throu' their Neighbours Failings rake?
Detraction then, by Spite, is born too far,
And repreſents Men warſe than what they are.
Come then, *Impartial Satyre*, fill the Stage
With Fools of ilka Station, Sex and Age;
Point out the Folly, hide the Perſon's Name,
Since Obduration follows publick Shame:
Silent Conviction calmly can reform,
While open Scandal rages to a Storm.

PROCEED, but in the Liſt, poor things forbear,
Who only in the humane Form appear,
Scarce animated with that heavenly Fire
Which makes the Soul with boundleſs Thoughts aſpire;
Such move our Pity, — Nature is to blame —
'Tis Fools, in ſome things wiſe, that Satyre claim:
Such as *Nugator*, mark his ſolemn Mien,
Stay'd are his Features, ſcarcely move his Een,
Which deep beneath his knoted Eye-brows ſink,
And he appears as ane wad gueſs to think;

Even

Even ſae he does, and can exactly ſhaw
How mony Beans make five, take three awa!
Deep read in *Latin Folio's*, four Inch thick,
He probs your crabit Points into the quick;
Delights in dubious things to give Advice,
Admires your Judgment, if you think him wiſe:
And ſtifly ſtands by what he anes thought right,
Altho' oppos'd with Reaſon's cleareſt Light.
On him ilk Argument is thrown away,
Speak what ye will, he tents not what you ſay:
He hears himſell, and currently runs o'er
All on the Subject he has ſaid before;
'Till glad to eaſe his Jaws and tired Tongue,
Th' Opponent reſts, — *Nugator* thinks him dung.
Thou ſolemn Trifler, — ken thou art deſpis'd,
Thy ſtiff Pretence to Wiſdom, nathing priz'd
By ſic as can their Notions fauſe decline,
When Truth darts on them with convicting ſhine.
How hateful's dull Opinion! prop'd with Words,
That nought to any ane of Senſe affords,
But tireſome Jargon. — Learn to laugh, at leaſt,
That Part of what thou ſays may paſs for Jeſt.

NOW turn your Eye to ſmooth *Chicander* next,
In whom good Senſe ſeems with good Humour mixt;
But only ſeems:---For Envy, Malice, Guile,
And ſic baſe Vices, crowd behind his Smile.
Nor can his Thoughts beyond mean Quirks extend,
He thinks a Trick nae Crime that gains his End:
A Crime! No, 'tis his Brag; he names it *Wit*,
And triumphs o'er a better Man he 'as bit.
Think ſhame *Chicander* of your creeping Slights,
True Wiſdom in Sincerity delights;
The ſumphiſh Mob of Penetration ſhawl,
May gape and ferly at your cunning Saul,
And make ye fancy that there is Deſert
In thus employing a' your ſneaking Art.
But do not think that Men of clearer Senſe
Will e'er admit of ſic a vile Pretence,
To that which dignifies the humane Mind,
And acts in Honour with the bright and blind.

REVERSE of this fauſe Face, obſerve yon Youth,
A ſtrict plain Dealer, aft o'er ſtretching Truth;
Severely ſowr, he's ready to reprove
The leaſt wrang Step in thoſe who have his Love:

Yet

Yet what's of Worth in them he over-rates;
But much they're to be pitied whom he hates.
Here his Miſtake, his weakeſt Side appears,
When he a Character in Pieces tears;
He gives nae Quarter, nor to great or ſma',
Even Beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'.
This Humour, aften flowing o'er due Bounds,
Too deeply mony a Reputation wounds;
For which he's hated by the ſuffering Crowd,
Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
And as much ſhun his Sight and bitter Tongue,
As they wad do a Waſp that had them ſtung.
Cenſorious learn ſometimes at Faults to wink,
The wiſeſt ever ſpeak leſs than they think;
Tho' thus ſuperior Judgment you may vaunt,
Yet this proud Worm-wood ſhow o't, ſpeaks a Want:
A Want in which your Folly will be ſeen,
Till you increaſe in Wit, and have leſs Spleen.

MAKE Way there, — when a mortal God appears!
Why do ye laugh? King *Midas* wore ſic Ears —
How wiſe he looks? Well, wad he never ſpeak,
People wad think him neither dull nor weak:

But

But ah! he fancies, 'cauſe he's choſen a Tool,
That a furr'd Gown can free him frae the Fool;
Straight he, with paughty Mien, and lordly Glooms,
A vile affected Air, not his, aſſumes;
Stawks ſtifly by, when better Men ſalute,
Diſcovering leſs of Senator than Brute.
Yet, is there e'er a wiſer Man than he?
Speer at himſell; and, if he will be free,
He'll tell you, *Nane*.— Will Judges tell a Lie?

BUT let him paſs, and with a Smile obſerve
Yon tatter'd Shadow, almaiſt like to ſtarve;
And yet he ſtrutes, proud of his vaſt Ingine,
He is an Author, writes exquiſite fine:
Sae fine, in Faith! that every vulgar Head
Cannot conceive his Meaning while they read.
He hates the World for this; --- with bitter Rage
He damns the ſtupid Dulneſs of the Age.
The Printer is unpaid. — Bookſellers ſwear,
Ten Copies will not ſell in ten lang Year:
And wad not that fair fret a learned Mind,
To ſee thoſe ſhou'd be Patrons prove ſae blind,

Not

Not to approve of what coſt meikle Pains,
Neglect of Bus'neſs, Sleep, and waſte of Brains?
And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd,
As Pages are whilk Buyers have refus'd.
Ah! Fellow Lab'rers for the Preſs, take heed,
And force nae Fame that Way, if ye wad ſpeed:
Mankind muſt be (we have nae other) Judge,
And if they are diſpleas'd, why ſhould we grudge?
If happily you gain them to your Side,
Then bauldly mount your *Pegaſus*, and ride:
Value your ſell only what they deſire;
What does not take, commit it to the Fire.

NEXT him a Penman with a bluffer Air,
Stands 'tween this twa beſt Friends that lull his Care,
Nam'd *Money in baith Pouches* --- with three Lines
Yclipt a Bill, he digs the *Indian* Mines,
Jobs, changes, lends, extorſes, cheats and grips,
And no ae Turn of gainfu' Us'ry ſlips,
Till he has won, by wiſe Pretence and ſnell,
As meikle as may drive his Bairns to Hell,
His ain lang Hame. — This Sucker thinks nane wiſe,
But him who can to immenſe Riches riſe:

Lear,

Lear, Honour, Vertue, and ſic heavenly Beams,
To him appear but idle airy Dreams,
Nor fit for Men of Buſineſs to mind,
That are for great and golden Ends deſign'd.
Send for him, Deel! — till then, good Men, take care
To keep at Diſtance frae his Hook and Snare;
He has nae Rewth, if Coin comes in the play,
He'll draw, indorſe, and horn to Death his Prey.

NOT thus *Macſomno* puſhes after Praiſe,
He treats, and is admir'd in all he ſays;
Caſh well beſtow'd, which helps a Man to paſs
For wiſe in his ain thinking, that's an Aſs:
Poor Skybalds, curs'd with leſs of Wealth than Wit,
Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, ſit
With Look attentive, ready all about,
To give the Laugh when his dull Joke comes out;
Accuſtom'd with his Converſation bright,
They ken as by a Watch the time of Night,
When he's at ſic a Point of ſic a Tale,
Which to theſe Paraſites grows never ſtale,
Tho' often tald. --- Like *Lethe*'s Stream, his Wine
Makes them forget! --- that he again may ſhine.

" Fy!

" Fy! Satyre hald thy Tongue, thou art too rude
" To jeer a Character that ſeems ſae good:
" This Man may beet the Poet bare and clung,
" That rarely has a Shilling in his Spung."
Hang him! — there's Patrons of good Senſe enew
To cheriſh and ſupport the tuneful few,
Whoſe Penetration's never at a Loſs
In right diſtinguiſhing of Gold frae Droſs:
Employ me freely, if thou'd Laurels wear,
Experience may teach thee not to fear.

BUT ſee anither gives mair Cauſe for Dread,
He thraws his Gab, and aft he ſhakes his Head;
A Slave to Self-conceit, and a' that's ſowr,
T' acknowledge Merit, is not in his Power:
He reads, — but ne'er the Author's Beauties minds,
And has nae Pleaſure where nae Faults he finds.
Much hated Gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle Rules,
To be a Wirry-kow to writing Fools,
Thy ſell the greateſt, only learn'd in Words,
Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.
Dar'ſt thou of a' thy Betters ſlighting ſpeak,
That have na grutten ſae meikle learning *Greek*;

Thy Depths well kend, and a' thy ſilly Vaunts,
To ilka ſolid Thinker ſhaw thy Wants.
Thus Cowards deave us with a thouſand Lies
Of dangerous Vict'ries they have won in Pleas.
Sae ſhallow Upſtarts ſtrive with Care to hide
Their mean Deſcent (which inly gaws their Pride)
By counting Kin, and making endleſs Faird,
If that their Grany's Uncle's Oye's a Laird.
Scar-crows, Hen-hearted, and ye meanly born,
Appear juſt what ye are, and dread nae Scorn;
Labour in Words, --- keep hale your Skins: Why not?
Do well, and nane your laigh Extract will quote,
But to your Praiſe. ---- Walk aff, till we remark

YON little coxy Wight, that makes ſic Wark
With Tongue and Gate: How crouſly does he ſtand?
His Taes turn'd out, on his left Haunch his Hand;
The right beats Time a hundred various Ways,
And points the *Pathos* out in a' he ſays.
Wow! but he's proud! when almaiſt out of Breath,
At ony time he clatters a Man to Death,
Wha is oblig'd ſometime t' attend the Sot,
To ſave the captiv'd Buttons of his Coat.

Thou

Thou dinſome Jack-daw, ken 'tis a Diſeaſe
This Palſy in thy Tongue that ne'er can pleaſe;
Of a' Mankind, thou art the maiſt miſtane
To think this Way the Name of *Sage* to gain.

NOW, leſt I ſhou'd be thought too much like thee,
I'll give my Readers leave to breathe a wee;
If they allow my Pictur's like the Life,
Mae ſhall be drawn; Originals are rife.

The Phœnix and the Owl.

PHOENIX the firſt, th' *Arabian* Lord,
And Chief of all the feather'd Kind,
A hundred Ages had ador'd
The Sun, with Sanctity of Mind.

YET, mortal, he maun yield to Fate,
He heard the Summons with a Smile,
And unalarm'd, without Regret,
He form'd himſell a Fun'ral Pile.

A *Howlet*, Bird of mean Degree,
Poor, doſen'd, lame, and doited auld,
Lay lurking in a neighb'ring Tree,
Curſing the Sun loot him be cauld.

SAID *Phœnix*, Brother, why ſo griev'd,
To ban the Being gives thee Breath?
Learn to die better than thou'ſt liv'd;
Believe me, there's nae Ill in Death.

BELIEVE ye that? the *Owl* reply'd;
Preach as ye will, Death is an Ill:
When young I-ilka Pleaſure try'd,
But now I die againſt my Will.

FOR you, a Species by your ſell,
Near Eeldins with the Sun your God,
Nae Ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

IT ſhou'd be ſae; for had I been
As lang upon the Warld as ye,
Nae Tears ſhou'd e'er drap frae my Een,
For Tinſel of my hollow Tree.

AND what, return'd the *Arabian* Sage,
Have ye t' obſerve ye have not ſeen?
Ae Day's the Picture of an Age,
'Tis ay the ſame thing o'er again.

COME, let us baith togither die:
Bow to the Sun that gave thee Life;
Repent thou frae his Beams did flee,
And end thy Poortith, Pain and Strife.

THOU wha in Darkneſs took Delight,
Frae Twangs of Guilt could'ſt ne'er be free:
What won thou by thy ſhunning Light? —
But Time flees on; — I haſte to die.

YE'R Servant, Sir, reply'd the *Owl*,
I likena in the Dark to lowp:
The Byword ca's that Cheil a Fool,
That ſlips a Certainty for Hope.

THEN ſtraight the zealous feather'd King
To 's Aromatick Neſt retir'd,
Collected Sun-beams with his Wing,
And in a ſpicy Flame expir'd.

MEAN time there blew a Weſtlin Gale,
Which to the *Howlet* bore a Coal;
The Saint departed on his Pile,
But the Blaſphemer in his Hole.

HE died for ever, — fair and bright;
The *Phœnix* frae his Aſhes ſprang.
Thus wicked Men ſink down to Night,
While juſt Men join the glorious Thrang.

To the Honourable Sir John Clerk *of* Pennycuik *Baronet, one of the Barons of Exchequer, on the Death of his moſt accompliſhed Son* John Clerk *Eſq; who died the 20th Year of his Age.*

IF Tears can ever be a Duty found,
'Tis when the Deaths of dear Relations wound;
Then you muſt weep, you have too juſt a Ground.

A SON whom all the Good and Wiſe admir'd,
Shining with ev'ry Grace to be deſir'd;
Rais'd high your joyful Hopes, and then retir'd.

NA-

NATURE muſt yield, when ſuch a weighty Load
Rouzes the Paſſions, and makes Reaſon nod:
But who may contradict the Will of GOD!

BY his Great Author, Man was ſent below,
Some Things to learn, great Pains to undergo,
To fit him for what further he's to know.

THIS End obtain'd, without regarding Time,
He calls the Soul home to its native Clime,
To Happineſs and Knowledge more ſublime.

THUS ſome in Youth like Eagles mount the Steep,
Which leads to Man, and fathom Learning's Deep;
Others thro' Age with reptile Motion creep.

LIKE lazy Streams which fill the Fenny Strand,
In muddy Pools they long unactive ſtand,
Till ſpent in Vapour, or immers'd in Sand.

BUT down its flinty Channel, without Stain,
The Mountain Rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full Tide, its Origine the Main.

THUS

THUS your lov'd *Youth*, whoſe bright aſpiring Mind
Could not to lazy Minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the Stream of Life before the Wind.

PERFORM'D the Task of Man, ſo well, ſo ſoon,
He reach'd the Sea of Bliſs before his Noon,
And to his Memory laſting Laurels won.

WHEN Life's tempeſtuous Billows ceas'd to rore,
And e'er his broken Veſſel was no more,
His Soul ſerenely view'd the heavenly Shore.

BRAVELY reſign'd, obeying Fate's Command,
He fix'd his Eyes on the immortal Land,
Where crowding Seraphs reach'd him out the Hand.

SOUTHESKA's ſmiling Cherub * firſt appear'd,
With *GARLIES*' Conſort †, who vaſt Pleaſures ſhar'd,
Conducting him where Vertue finds Reward.

THINK in the World of Sp'rits, with how much Joy
His tender *Mother* would receive her Boy,
Where Fate no more their Union can deſtroy.

HIS

* James Lord Carnegie. See p. 46.
† Lady Garlies, p. 49. both his near Relations.

HIS good *Grandſire*, who lately went to Reſt,
How fondly would he graſp him to his Breaſt,
And welcome him to Regions of the Bleſt!

FROM us, 'tis true, his youthful Sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our Weakneſs, when we moan;
The Loſs indeed is ours, he can have none.

THUS Sailors with a crazy Veſſel croſt,
Expecting every Minute to be loſt,
With weeping Eyes behold a Sunny Coaſt.

WHERE happy Land-men ſafely breathe the Air,
Bask in the Sun, or to cool Shades repair,
They longing ſigh, and wiſh themſelves were there.

BUT who would after Death to Bliſs lay Claim,
Muſt, like your *Son*, each vicious Paſſion tame,
Fly from the Crowd, and at Perfection aim.

THEN grieve no more, nor vex your ſelf in vain,
To lateſt Age the Character maintain
You now poſſeſs, you'll find your *Son* again.

On receiving a Letter to be preſent at the Burial of Mr. Robert Alexander *of* Blackhouſe.

THOU ſable border'd Sheet be gone,
Harbour to thee I muſt refuſe;
Sure thou canſt Welcome find from none,
Who carries ſuch ungrateful News.

WHO can attend thy mournful Tale,
And ward his Soul from piercing Woe?
In viewing thee, Grief muſt prevail,
And Tears from guſhing Eyes o'erflow

FROM Eyes of all that knew the Man,
And in his Friendſhip had a Share;
Who all the World's Affections won,
By Vertues that all natural were.

HIS Merits dazle, while we view,
His Goodneſs is a Theme ſo full,
The Muſe wants Strength to pay what's due,
While Eſtimation prompts the Will.

BUT

BUT ſhe endeavours to make known
To fareſt down Poſterity,
That good *BLACKHOUSE* was ſuch an one
As every one ſhould wiſh to be.

The Fair Aſſembly:
A POEM.

AWAKE, *Thalia*, and defend,
With chearfu' carrolling,
Thy bonny Care, ---- thy Wings extend,
And bear me to your Spring;
That Harmony full Force may lend
To Reaſons that I bring: --
Now *Caledonian* Nymphs attend,
For 'tis to you I ſing.

As lang as Minds maun Organs wear,
Compos'd of Fleſh and Blood,
We ought to keep them hale and clear,
* With Exerciſe and Food.

* *The Wiſe for Health on Exerciſe depend,*
GOD never made his Works for Man to mend. Dryd.

Then, but Debate, it will appear
That Dancing muſt be good,
It ſtagnant Humours ſets a ſteer,
And fines the purple Flood.

DISEASES, Heavineſs and Spleen,
And ill things mony mae,
That gar the Lazy fret and grane,
With Viſage dull and blae.
'Tis Dancing can do mair alane,
Than Drugs frae far away,
To ward aff theſe, make nightly Pain,
And ſowr the ſhining Day.

HEALTH is a Prize;--- yet meikle mair
In Dancing we may find;
It adds a Luſtre to the Fair,
And, when the Fates unkind
Cloud with a blate and aukward Air
A Genius right refin'd,
* The ſprightly Art helps to repair
This Blemiſh on the Mind.

HOW

* Since nothing appears to me to give Children ſo much becoming Confidence and Behaviour, and ſo raiſe them to the Converſation of thoſe above their Age, as Dancing; I think they

How mony do we daily ſee,
* Right ſcrimp of Wit and Senſe,
Wha gain their Aims aft eaſily
By well bred Confidence?
Then what e'er helps to qualifie
A ruſtick Negligence,
Maun without doubt a Duty be,
And ſhou'd give nae Offence.

Hell's Doctrine's dung, when equal Pairs
Together join their Hands,
And vow to ſooth ilk other's Cares,
In haly Wedlock Bands:
Sae when to dance the Maid prepares,
And fluſh'd with Sweetneſs ſtands,
At her the wounded Lover ſtares,
And yields to Heaven's Commands.

The

they ſhould be taught to dance aſſoon as they are capable of learning it. For tho' this conſiſts only in outward Gracefulneſs of Motion; yet I know not how, it gives manly Thoughts and Carriage more than any thing. *Lock.*

* It is certain, that for want of a competent Knowledge in this Art of Dancing, which ſhould have been learned when young, the Publick loſes many a Man of exquiſite Intellectuals and unbyaſs'd Probity, purely for Want of that ſo neceſſary Accompliſhment, Aſſurance; while the preſſing Knave or Fool ſhoulders him out, and gets the Prize. Mr. *Weaver.*

THE firſt Command * he ſoon obeys,
While Love inſpires ilk Notion;
His wiſhing Look his Heart diſplays,
While his lov'd Mate's in Motion:
He views her with a blyth Amaze,
And drinks with deep Devotion
That happy Draught, that throu' our Days
Is own'd a cordial Potion.

THE Cordial which conſerves our Life,
And makes it ſmooth and eaſy:
Then, ilka Wanter, wale a Wife,
E'er Eild and Humdrums ſeize ye,
Whaſe Charms can ſilence Dumps or Strife,
And frae the Rake releaſe ye,
Attend th' *Aſſembly*, where there's Rife
Of vertuous Maids to pleaſe ye.

THESE modeſt Maids inſpire the Muſe,
In flowing Strains to ſhaw
Their Beauties, which ſhe likes to rooſe,
And let the Envious blaw:

That

* *Dixit eis Deus, Fœtificate, augeſcite & implete terram.*

That Task ſhe canna well refuſe,
Wha ſinle ſays them Na. ---
To paint *Bellinda* firſt we chuſe,
With Breaſts like driven Snaw.

LIKE Lilly-banks ſee how they riſe,
With a fair Glen between,
Where living Streams, blew as the Skies,
Are branching upward ſeen,
To warm her Mouth, where Rapture lyes,
And Smiles, that baniſh Spleen,
Wha ſtrikes with Love and ſaft Surpriſe,
Where e'er ſhe turns her Een.

ISABELLA gracefully complete,
Straight as the Mountain Pine,
Like Pearl and Rubies ſet in Jet,
Her lovely Features ſhine:
In her the Gay and Solid meet,
And blended are ſae fine,
That when ſhe moves her Lips or Feet,
She ſeems ſome Power Divine.

O *Daphne!* ſweeter than the Dawn,
When Rays glance on the Height,
Diffuſing Gladneſs o'er the Lawn,
With Strakes of riſing Light.
The dewy Flowers when newly blawn,
Come ſhort of that Delight,
Which thy far freſher Beauties can
Afford our joyfu' Sight.

HOW eaſy ſits ſweet *Celia*'s Dreſs,
Her Gate how gently free;
Her Steps, throu'out the Dance, expreſs
The juſteſt Harmony:
And when ſhe ſings, all muſt confeſs,
Wha're bleſt to hear and ſee,
They'd deem't their greateſt Happineſs
T' enjoy her Company.

AND wha can ca' his Heart his ain,
That hears *Aminta* ſpeak?
Againſt Love's Arrows, Shields are vain,
When he aims frae her Cheek;

Her

Her Cheek, where Roſes free from Stain,
In Glows of Youdith beek:
Unmingl'd Sweets her Lips retain;
Theſe Lips ſhe ne'er ſhou'd ſteek,

UNLESS when fervent Kiſſes cloſe
That Av'new of her Mind,
Thro' which true Wit in Torrents flows,
As ſpeaks the Nymph deſign'd:
The Brag and Toaſt of Wits and Beaus,
And Wonder of Mankind;
Whaſe Breaſt will prove a bleſt Repoſe
To him with whom ſhe'll bind.

SEE with what Gayety, yet Grave,
Serena ſwims alang;
She moves a Goddeſs 'mang the lave,
Diſtinguiſh'd in the Thrang.
Ye Sourocks, hafflines Fool, haf Knave,
Wha hate a Dance or Sang,
To ſee this ſtately Maid behave,
'Twad gi'e your Hearts a 'Twang.

YOUR Hearts! ſaid I, trowth I'm to blame,
I had amaiſt forgotten,
That ye to nae ſic Organ claim;
Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.
A Saul with ſic a thowleſs Flame,
Is ſure a ſilly Sot ane:
Ye ſcandalize the humane Frame,
When in our Shape begotten.

THESE Lurdanes came juſt in my Light,
As I was tenting *Chloe*,
With jet black Een that ſparkle bright,
She's all o'er form'd for Joy;
With Neck and Waiſt, and Limbs as tight
As her's wha drew the Boy,
Frae feeding Flocks upon the Height,
And fled with him to *Troy*.

NOW *Myra* dances; mark her Mien,
Sae diſengag'd and gay,
Mixt with that Innocence that's ſeen
In bonny Ew-bught *May*,

Wha wins the Garland on the Green
Upon ſome Bridal-Day;
Yet ſhe has Graces for a Queen,
And might a Scepter ſway.

WHAT Lays, *Caliſta*, can commend
The Beauties of thy Face!
Whaſe Fancy can ſae touring ſtend,
Thy Merits a' to trace!
Frae 'boon the Starns, ſome Bard, deſcend,
And ſing her ev'ry Grace,
Whaſe wondrous Worth may recommend
Her to a God's Embrace.

A Seraph wad our *Aikman* paint,
Or draw a lively Wit;
The Features of a happy Saint,
Say, art thou fond to hit?
Or a *Madona* compliment,
With Lineaments maiſt fit?
Fair Copies thou need'ſt never want,
If bright *Caliſta* ſit.

MELLA the heavieſt Heart can heez,
And ſowreſt Thoughts expell,
Her Station grants her Rowth and Eaſe,
Yet is the ſprightly *Belle*
As active as the eydent Bees,
Wha rear the Waxen Cell;
And, place her in what Light you pleaſe,
She ſtill appears herſell.

BEAUTIES on Beauties come in view
Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I ſhall not pay to Ilk their Due,
Till *Phœbus* lend mair Aid:
But this in gen'ral will had true,
And may be ſafely ſaid,
There's ay a Something ſhining new
In ilk delicious Maid.

SIC as againſt th' *Aſſembly* ſpeak,
The rudeſt Sauls betray,
When *Matrons* noble, wiſe and meek,
Conduct the healthfu' Play:

Where they appear, nae Vice dare keek,
But to what's good gives way,
Like Night, ſoon as the Morning Creek
Has uſher'd in the Day.

DEAR *Ed'nburgh*, ſhaw thy Gratitude,
And of ſic Friends make ſure,
Wha ſtrive to make our Minds leſs rude,
And help our Wants to cure;
Acting a gen'rous Part and good,
In Bounty to the Poor:
Sic Vertues, if right underſtood,
Shou'd ev'ry Heart alure.

A

On

On the Royal Company of Archers, ſhooting for the Bowl, *July* 6th, 1724.

On which Day his Grace JAMES ***Duke of*** Hamilton ***was choſen their Captain General; and*** *Mr.* David Drummond ***their Præſes won the Prize.***

AGAIN the Year returns the Day,
That's dedicate to Joy and Play,
To *Bonnets*, *Bows* and *Wine*.
Let all who wear a ſullen Face,
This Day meet with a due Diſgrace,
And in their Sowrneſs pine;
Be ſhun'd as Serpents, that wad ſtang
The Hand that gi'es them Food:
Sic we debar frae laſting Sang,
And all their grumbling Brood.

WHILE, to gain Sport and halesome Air,
The blythsome Spirit draps dull Care,
And starts frae Bus'ness free:
Now to the Fields the *Archers* bend,
With friendly Minds the Day to spend,
In manly Game and Glee;
First striving wha shall win the Bowl,
And then gar't flow with Wine:
Sic manly Sport refresh'd the Soul
Of stalwart Men lang syne.

E'ER Parties thrawn, and Int'rest vile
Debauch'd the Grandeur of our Isle,
And made ev'n Brethren Faes:
Syne Truth frae Friendship was lexil'd,
And fause the honest Hearts beguil'd,
And led them in a Maze
Of Politicks; --- with cunning Craft,
The *Issachars* of State,
Frae haly Drums first dang us daft,
Then drown'd us in Debate.

DRAP this unpleaſing Thought, dear Muſe;
Come, view the Men thou likes to rooſe;
To *Bruntsfield* Green let's hy,
And ſee the Royal *Bowmen* ſtrive,
Wha far the feather'd Arrows drive,
All ſoughing thro' the Sky;
Ilk ettling with his utmoſt Skill,
With artfu' Draught and ſtark,
Extending Nerves with hearty Will,
In hopes to hit the Mark.

SEE *HAMILTON*, wha moves with Grace,
Chief of the *Caledonian* Race
Of Peers; to whom is due
All Honours, and a' fair Renown;
Wha lays aſide his Ducal Crown,
Sometime to ſhade his Brow
Beneath St. *Andrew*'s Bonnet blew,
And joins to gain the Prize:
Which ſhaws true Merit match'd by few,
Great, affable and wiſe.

THIS Day, with univerſal Voice,
The *Archers* Him their Chiftain choſe;
Conſenting Powers divine,
They bleſt the Day with general Joy,
By giving him a princely Boy,
To beautify his Line;
Whoſe Birth-day, in immortal Sang
Shall ſtand in fair Record,
While bended Strings the *Archers* twang,
And Beauty is ador'd.

NEXT *DRUMMOND* view, who gives their Law;
It glads our Hearts to ſee him draw
The Bow, and guide the *Band*;
He, like the Saul of a' the lave,
Does with ſic Honour ſtill behave,
As merits to command.
Blyth be his Hours, heal be his Heart,
And lang may he preſide:
Lang the juſt Fame of his Defert
Shall unborn *Archers* read.

HOW on this fair propitious Day,
With Conqueſt leal he bore away
The *Bowl* victoriouſly;
With following Shafts in Number four,
Succeſs the like ne'er kend before,
The Prize to dignify.
Haſte to the Garden then bedeen,
The Roſe and Laurel pow,
And plet a Wreath of white and green,
To buſk the Victor's Brow.

THE Victor crown, who with his Bow,
In Spring of Youth and am'rous Glow,
Juſt fifty Years ſinſyne,
The Silver Arrow made his Prize,
Yet ceaſes not in Fame to riſe,
And with new Feats to ſhine.
May every *Archer* ſtrive to fill
His Bonnet, and obſerve
The Pattern he has ſet with Skill,
And Praiſe like him deſerve.

On the Royal Company of Archers, marching under the Command of his Grace Duke of Hamilton, *in their proper Habits, to ſhoot for the Arrow at* Muſſelburgh, Auguſt 4, 1724.

APOLLO, *Patron of the Lyre,*
And of the valiant Archers Bow,
Me with ſic Sentiments inſpire,
As may appear from thee they flow,
When, by thy ſpecial Will, and high Command,
I ſing the Merits of the ROYAL BAND.

NOW like themſells again the *Archers* raiſe
The Bow, in brave Aray, and claim our Lays.
Phœbus well pleas'd, ſhines from the blew Serene,
Glents on the Stream, and guilds the checquer'd Green.
The Winds ly huſh in their remoteſt Caves,
And *Forth* with gentle Swell his Margin leaves.

See to his Shore, the gathering Thouſands roll,
As if one gen'ral Sp'rit inform'd the whole.
The bonnieſt Fair of a' *Great Britain*'s Iſle,
From Chariots and the crowded Caſements ſmile;
Whilſt Horſe and Foot promiſcuous form a Lane,
Extending far along the deſtin'd Plain,
Where, like *Bellona*'s Troops, or Guards of Love,
The *Archers* in their proper Habits move.

THEIR Guardian Saint, from yon etherial Height,
Diſplays th' auſpicious Croſs of blazing Light;
While on his Care he chearfully looks down,
The pointed Thiſtle wears his ruby Crown,
And ſeems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,
No Man unpuniſh'd ſhall provoke my Rage.
Well pleas'd the rampant *Lyon* ſmooths his Mane,
And gambols gay upon his golden Plain.

LIKEAS the Sun, when wintry Clouds are paſt,
And fragrant Gales ſucceed the ſtormy Blaſt,
Shines on the Earth, the Fields look freſh and gay;
So ſeem the *Archers* on this joyful Day:
Whilſt with his graceful Mien, and Aſpect kind,
Their *Leader* raiſes every Follower's Mind,

Who

Who love the Conduct of a Youth, whoſe Birth
To nothing yields, but his ſuperior Worth;
And happier is with his ſelected Train,
Than *Philip*'s Son who ſtrove a World to gain.
That *Prince* whole Nations to Deſtruction drove,
This PRINCE delights his Country to improve.
A Monarch rais'd upon a Throne may nod,
And paſs amongſt the Vulgar for a God;
Whilſt Men of Penetration juſtly blame
Thoſe who hang on their Anceſtors for Fame;
But own the Dignity of high Deſcent,
When the Succeſſor's Spirit keeps the Bent,
Which through revolving Ages grac'd the Line,
With all thoſe Qualities that brighteſt ſhine:
The *Archers* Chiftain thus with active Mind,
In all that's worthy never falls behind.
Theſe noble Characters, from whom he ſprung,
In Hiſt'ry fam'd: Whom ancient Bards have ſung.
See, from his ſteady Hand, and aiming Eye,
How ſtraight in equal Lengths the Arrows fly:
Both at one End cloſe by the Mark they ſtand,
Which points him worthy of his brave Command;

That

That as they to his num'rous Merits bow,
This Victory makes Homage fully due.

SAGE *Drummond* next, the Chief, with Counſel grave,
Becomes his Poſt, inſtructing all that's brave:
So *Pallas* ſeem'd, who *Mentor*'s Form put on,
To make a Heroe of *Ulyſſes*' Son.

EACH Officer his Character maintains,
While Love and Honour gratify their Pains.
No View interior brings them to the Field,
To whom great Chiefs of Clans with Pleaſure yield.

NO hidden Murmure ſwells the *Archer*'s Heart,
While each with Gladneſs acts his proper Part.
No factious Strife, nor Plots, the Bane of States,
Give Birth to Jealouſies or dire Debates:
Nor leſs their Pleaſure who Obedience pay,
Good Order to preſerve, as thoſe who ſway.
O ſmiling Muſe, full well thou knows the Fair;
Admire the Courteous, and with Pleaſure ſhare
Their Love with him that's generous and brave,
And can with manly Dignity behave;

Then

Then haſte to warn thy tender Care with Speed,
Leſt by ſome Random-ſhaft their Hearts may bleed.
Yon dangerous Youths both *Mars* and *Venus* arm,
While with their double Darts they threat and charm;
Thoſe at their Side forbid invading Foes,
With vain Attempt true Courage to oppoſe;
While Shafts mair ſubtile, darted from their Eye,
Thro' ſofter Hearts with ſilent Conqueſt fly.

To the Right Honourable Earl of Hartford, *Lord* Peircy, *Preſident, and the reſt of the Honourable Members of the Society of* British *Antiquarians.*

A Scots Ode.

TO *HARTFORD* and his learned Friends,
Whaſe Fame for Science far extends,
A *Scottiſh* Muſe her Duty ſends,
From *Pictiſh* Towers:
Health, Length of Days, and happy Ends,
Be ever yours.

YOUR

YOUR generous Cares make Light arise
From things obscure to vulgar Eyes,
Finding where hidden Knowledge lies,
T' improve the Mind;
And most delightfully surprise,
With Thoughts refin'd.

WHEN you the broke Inscription read,
Or amongst antique Ruins tread,
And view Remains of Princes dead,
In Funeral Piles,
Your Penetration seems decreed
To bless these Isles,

WHERE *Romans* form'd their Camps of old,
Their Gods and Urns of curious Mold,
Their Medals struck of Brass or Gold,
'Tis you can show,
And Truth of what's in Story told,
To you we owe.

How beneficial is the Care,
That brightens up the Claſſick Lere!
When you the Documents compare,
With Authors old,
You raviſh, when we can ſo fair
Your Light behold.

Without your Comments, each old Book
By all the World would be forſook:
For who of Thought wou'd deign to look,
On doubtful Works,
'Till by your skilful Hands they're ſtruck
With Sterling Marks?

By this your Learning Men are fir'd
With Love of Glory, and inſpir'd
Like ancient Heroes, who ne'er tir'd
To win a Name;
And, by their God-like Acts, aſpir'd
T'immortal Fame.

YOUR uſeful Labours ſhall endure,
True Merit ſhall your Fame ſecure,
And will Poſterity allure,
To ſearch about
For Truth, by Demonſtration ſure,
Which leaves no Doubt.

THE Muſe forſees brave *HARTFORD*'s Name
Shall to all Writers be a Theme,
To laſt while Arts and Greatneſs claim
Th' Hiſtorian's Skill,
Or the chief Inſtroment of Fame,
The Poet's Quill.

PEMBROKE's a Name to *Britain* dear,
For Learning and brave Deeds of Wier;
The Genius ſtill continues clear
In him whoſe Art,
In your rare Fellowſhip can bear
So great a Part.

BARDS

BARDS yet unborn ſhall tune their Lays,
And Monuments harmonious raiſe
To *WINCHELSEA* and *DEVON*'s Praiſe,
Whoſe high Deſert,
And Vertues bright, like genial Rays,
Can Life impart.

NOR want we *Caledonian*'s Sage,
Who read the painted Vellum Page,
No Strangers to each antique Stage,
And *Druids* Cells,
And ſacred Ruins of each Age,
On Plains and Fells.

AMONGST all thoſe of the firſt Rate,
Our learned * *CLERK* bleſt with the Fate
Of thinking right, can beſt relate
Theſe Beauties all,
Which bear the Marks of ancient Date,
Be-north the Wall.

* Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Baronet.

THE Wall which *Hadrian* firſt begun,
And bold *Severus* carried on,
From Riſing to the Setting Sun,
On *Britain*'s Coaſt,
Our Anceſtors fierce Arms to ſhun,
Which gall'd them moſt.

BUT now no need of Walls or Towers,
Ag'd Enmity no more endures,
Brave *Britain* joins her warlike Powers,
That always dare,
To open and to ſhut the Doors
Of Peace and War.

ADVANCE, great Men, your wiſe Deſign,
And proſper in the Task divine;
Draw from Antiquity's deep Mine,
The precious Ore,
And in the *Britiſh* Annals ſhine,
Till Time's no more.

On the Marquis of Annandale's *conveying me a Preſent of Guineas in my Snuff-mill, after he had taken all the Snuff.*

THE *Chief* requir'd my Snifhing-mill,
And well it was beſtow'd;
The *Patron*, by the rareſt Skill,
Turn'd all the Snuff to Gowd.

GOWD ſtampt with Royal *Anna*'s Face,
Piece after Piece came forth;
The Pictures ſmil'd, gi'en with ſuch Grace,
By ane of ſo much Worth.

SURE thus the patronizing *Roman*
Made *Horace* ſpread the Wing;
Thus *Dorſet*, by kind Deeds uncommon,
Rais'd *Prior* up to ſing.

THAT there are Patrons yet for me,
Here's a convincing Proof,
Since *ANNANDALE* gives Gowd as free,
As I can part with Snuff.

The

****

The Monk and the Miller's Wife.

A TALE.

NOW lend your Lugs, ye Benders fine,
Wha ken the Benefit of Wine;
And you wha laughing ſcud brown Ale,
Leave Jinks a wee, and hear a Tale.

AN honeſt *Miller* wond in *Fife*,
That had a young and wanton Wife,
Wha ſometimes thol'd the Pariſh Prieſt
To mak her Man a twa-horn'd Beaſt:
He paid right mony Viſits till her;
And to keep in with *Hab* the Miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,
Where e'er he kend the Ale was nappy.
Sic Condeſcenſion in a Paſtor,
Knit *Halbert*'s Love to him the faſter;
And by his Converſe, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The Wife well ſerv'd, the Men well eas'd.

This

This ground his Corns, and that did cheriſh
Himſell with dining round the Pariſh.
Beſs the Good-wife thought it nae Skaith,
Since ſhe was able to ſerve them baith.

WHEN equal is the Night and Day,
And *Ceres* gives the Schools the Play,
A Youth ſprung frae a gentle *Pater*,
Bred at Saint *Andro*'s *Alma Mater*,
Ae Day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the Gate:
To ly without, Pit-mirk did ſhore him;
He coudna ſee his Thumb before him:
But, Clack, — clack, — clack, he heard a Mill,
Whilk led him be the Lugs theretill.
To tak the threed of Tale alang,
This Mill to *Halbert* did belang.
Not leſs this Note your Notice claims,
The Scholar's Name was Maſter *James*.

NOW, ſmiling Muſe, the Prelude paſt,
Smoothly relate a Tale ſhall laſt
As lang as *Alps* and *Grampian* Hills,
As lang as Wind or Water-mills.

IN

IN enter'd *James*, *Hab* ſaw and kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With ſic good Chear as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain and Father's Sake.
The Scholar thought himſell right ſped,
And gave him Thanks in Terms well bred.
Quoth *Hab*, I canna leave my Mill
As yet; — but ſtep ye weſt the Kill
A Bow-ſhot, and ye'll find my Hame:
Gae warm ye, and crack with our Dame,
Till I ſet aff the Mill; ſyne we
Shall tak what *Beſſy* has to gi'e.
James, in Return, what's handſome ſaid,
O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade.
Out of the Houſe ſome Light did ſhine,
Which led him till't as with a Line:
Arriv'd, he knock'd; for Doors were ſteekit;
Straight throw a Window *Beſſy* keekit,
And cries, "Wha's that gi'es Fowk a Fright
"At ſic untimous time of Night!"
James with good Humour, maiſt diſcreetly,
Tald her his Circumſtance completely.

"I

" I dinna ken ye, quoth the Wife,
" And up and down the Thieves are rife:
" Within my lane, I'm but a Woman;
" Sae I'll unbar my Door to nae Man.
" But ſince 'tis very like, my Dow,
" That all ye're telling may be true,
" Hae there's a Key, gang in your Way
" At the neiſt Door, there's braw Ait Strae;
" Streek down upon't, my Lad, and learn,
" They're no ill lodg'd that get a Barn."
Thus after meikle Clitter-clatter,
James fand he coudna mend the Matter;
And ſince it might not better be,
With Reſignation took the Key,
Unlockt the Barn, —— clam up the Mou,
Where was an Opening near the Hou,
Throw whilk he ſaw a Glent of Light,
That gave Diverſion to his Sight:
By this he quickly cou'd diſcern
A thin Wa' ſeparate Houſe and Barn,
And throw this Rive was in the Wa',
All done within the Houſe he ſaw;

He ſaw (what ought not to be ſeen,
And ſcarce gave Credit to his Een)
The Pariſh Prieſt of reverend Fame
In active Courtſhip with the Dame.
To lengthen out Deſcription here,
Wou'd but offend the modeſt Ear,
And beet the lewder youthfu' Flame,
That we by Satyre ſtrive to tame.
Suppoſe the wicked Action o'er,
And *James* continuing ſtill to glowre;
Wha ſaw the Wife, as faſt as able,
Spread a clean Servite on the Table,
And ſyne, frae the Ha' Ingle, bring ben
A pyping het young roaſted Hen,
And twa good Bottles ſtout and clear,
Ane of ſtrong Ale, and ane of Beer.

BUT wicked Luck, juſt as the Prieſt
Shot in his Fork in Chucky's Breaſt,
Th' unwelcome Miller ga'e a Roar,
Cry'd, *Beſſy, haſte ye open the Door.* ——
With that the haly Letcher fled,
And darn'd himſell behind a Bed;

While

While *Beſſy* huddl'd a' things by,
That nought the Cuckold might eſpy;
Syne loot him in;—but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the Mill ſae ſoon,
I come, ſaid he, *as Manners claims,*
To crack and wait on Maſter James,
Whilk I ſhou'd do, tho' ne'er ſae biſſy:
I ſent him here, Goodwife, where is he?
" Ye ſent him here! (quoth *Beſſy*, grumbling;)
" Kend I this *James!* A Chiel came rumbling:
" But how was I aſſur'd, when dark,
" That he had been nae thieviſh Spark,
" Or ſome rude Wencher, gotten a Doſe,
" That a weak Wife cou'd ill oppoſe?"
And what came of him? ſpeak nae langer,
Crys *Halbert* in a Highland Anger.
" I ſent him to the Barn," quoth ſhe.
Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.

JAMES was brought in;—the *Wife* was bawked;
The *Prieſt* ſtood cloſe;—the *Miller* cracked:—
Then ask'd his ſunkan gloomy Spouſe,
What Supper had ſhe in the Houſe,

That might be ſuitable to gi'e,
Ane of their Lodger's Qualitie?
Quoth ſhe, " Ye may well ken, Goodman,
" Your Feaſt comes frae the Pottage-Pan:
" The Stov'd or Roaſted we afford,
" Are aft great Strangers on our Board."
Pottage, quoth *Hab*, *ye ſenſeleſs Tawpie!*
Think ye this Youth's a Gilly-gawpy;
And that his gentle Stamock's maſter
To worry up a Pint of Plaiſter,
Like our Mill Knaves that lift the Laiding,
Whaſe Kytes can ſtreek out like raw Plaiding.
Swith roaſt a Hen, or fry ſome Chickens,
And ſend for Ale frae Maggy Pickens.
" Hout I, quoth ſhe, ye may well ken,
" 'Tis ill brought butt that's no there ben;
" When but laſt Owk, nae farder gane,
" The Laird got a' to pay his Kain."

THEN *James*, wha had as good a Gueſs
Of what was in the Houſe as *Beſs*,
With pawky Smile, this Plea to end,
To pleaſe himſell, and eaſe his Friend,

Firſt open'd with a ſlee Oration
His wond'rous Skill in Conjuration.
Said he, " By this fell Art I'm able
" To whop aff any great Man's Table
" What e'er I like, to make a Mail of,
" Either in part, or yet the haill off;
" And if ye pleaſe, I'll ſhaw my Art. —"
Crys *Halbert*, *Faith with a' my Heart!*
Beſs ſain'd herſelf, — cry'd, *LORD be here!*
And near hand fell a ſwoon for Fear.
James leugh, and bade her nathing dread,
Syne to his Conjuring went with Speed;
And firſt he draws a Circle round,
Then utters mony a magick Sound,
Of Words part *Latin*, *Greek* and *Dutch*,
Enow to fright a very Witch;
That done, he ſays, *Now, now 'tis come,*
And in the Boal beſide the Lum:
Now ſet the Board; Goodwife, gae ben,
Bring frae yon Boal a roaſted Hen.
She wadna gang, but *Haby* ventur'd;
And ſoon as he the Ambrie enter'd,

It ſmell'd ſae well, he ſhort time ſought it,
And, wondring, 'tween his Hands he brought it.
He view'd it round, and thrice he ſmell'd it,
Syne with a gentle Touch he felt it.
Thus ilka Senſe he did conveen,
Leſt Glamour had beguil'd his Een:
They all, in an united Body,
Declar'd it a fine fat How-towdy.
Nae mair about it, quoth the Miller,
The Fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her.
Sae be't, ſays *James*; and in a doup,
They ſnapt her up baith Stoup and Roup.

" NEIST, O! crys *Halbert*, cou'd your Skill,
" But help us to a Waught of Ale,
" I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my Life,
" And offer to the Deel my Wife,
" To ſee if he'll diſcreeter make her,
" But that I'm fleed he winna take her."
Said *James*, *Ye offer very fair*;
The Bargain's hadden, ſay nae mair.

THEN thrice he ſhook a Willow Wand,
With kittle Words thrice gave Command;

That

That done, with Look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, *Now ye'll get what ye wad have;*
Twa Bottles of as nappy Liquor,
As ever ream'd in Horn or Bicquor,
Behind the Ark that hads your Meal,
Ye'll find twa ſtanding corkit well.
He ſaid, and faſt the Miller flew,
And frae their Neſt the Bottles drew;
Then firſt the Scholar's Health he toaſted,
Whaſe Art had gart him feed on roaſted;
His Father's neiſt, — and a' the reſt
Of his good Friends that wiſh'd him beſt,
Which were o'er langſome at the time,
On a ſhort Tale to put in Rhime.

THUS while the *Miller* and the *Youth*,
Were blythly ſlock'ning of their Drowth,
Beſs fretting ſcarcely held frae greeting,
The *Prieſt* enclos'd ſtood vex'd and ſweating.

O wow! ſaid *Hab*, *if ane might ſpeer,*
Dear Maſter James, *who brought our Cheer?*
Sic Laits appear to us ſae awfu',
We hardly think your Learning lawfu'.

" To bring your Doubts to a Concluſion,
" Says *James*, ken I'm a *Roſiecrucian*,
" Ane of the Set that never carries
" On traffick with black Deels or Fairies:
" There's mony a Sp'rit that's no a Deel,
" That conſtantly around us wheel.
" There was a Sage call'd *Albumazor*,
" Whaſe Wit was gleg as ony Razor.
" Frae this great Man we learn'd the Skill,
" To bring theſe Gentry to our Will;
" And they appear when we've a mind,
" In ony Shape of humane Kind:
" Now, if you'll drap your fooliſh Fear,
" I'll gar my *Pacolet* appear."

HAB fidg'd and leugh, his Elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd and fond a Sp'rit to view:
At laſt his Courage wan the Day,
He to the Scholar's Will gave way.

BESSY be this began to ſmell
A Rat, but kept her Mind to'r ſell:
She pray'd like Howdy in her Drink,
But mean time tipt young *James* a Wink.

James

James frae his Eye an Anſwer ſent,
Which made the Wife right well content.
Then turn'd to *Hab*, and thus advis'd,
" What e'er ye ſee, be nought ſurpriz'd;
" But for your Saul move not your Tongue,
" And ready ſtand with a great Rung;
" Syne as the Sp'rit gangs marching out,
" Be ſure to lend him a ſound Rout.
" I bidna this be way of Mocking;
" For nought delytes him mair than Knocking."

HAB got a Kent, --- ſtood by the Hallan;
And ſtraight the wild miſchievous Callan,
Cries, " *Radamanthus Husky Mingo,*
" *Monk-horner, Hipock, Finko, Fingo,*
" Appear in Likeneſs of a Prieſt,
" No like a Deel in Shape of Beaſt,
" With gaping Chafts to fleg us a'.
" Wauk forth; the Door ſtands to the Wa'."

THEN frae the Hole where he was pent,
The Prieſt approach'd right well content,
With ſilent Pace ſtrade o'er the Floor,
Till he was drawing near the Door;

Then, to eſcape the Cudgel, ran;
But was not miſs'd by the Goodman,
Wha lent him on the Neck a Lounder,
That gart him o'er the Threſhold founder.
Darkneſs ſoon hid him frae their Sight;
Ben flew the Miller in a Fright:
I trow, quoth he, *I laid well on*;
But wow he's like our ain Meſs John!

Advice to Mr. ----- on his Marriage.

ALL Joy to you and your *Amelie*,
May ne'er your Purſe nor Vigour fail ye;
But have a Care how you employ
Them baith; and tutor well your Joy.
Frae me an auld Dab tak Advice,
And hane them baith, if ye be wiſe;
For Warld's Waſters, like poor Cripples,
Look blunt with Poverty and Ripples:
There an auld Saw to ilk ane *notum*,
Better to ſave at Braird than Bottom;

Which

Which means, your Purſe and Perſon uſe,
As canny Poets do their Muſe;
For Whip and Spurring never prove
Effectual, or in Verſe or Love.

SAE far, my Friend, in merry Strain,
I've given a douſe Advice and plain,
And honeſtly diſcharg'd my Conſcience
In Lines (tho' hamely) far frae Nonſenſe.
Some other Chiel may daftly ſing,
That kens but little of the thing,
And blaw ye up with windy Fancies
That he has thigit frae Romances,
Of endleſs Raptures, conſtant Glee,
That never was, or ne'er will be.
Alake! poor Mortals are not Gods,
And therefore often fall at Odds;
But little Quarrels now and than
Are nae great Faults 'tween Wife and Man:
Theſe help right aften to improve
His Underſtanding and her Love.
Your Rib and you, 'bout Hours of drinking,
May chance to differ in your thinking;

But that's juſt like a Shower in *May*,
That gars the Sun-blink ſeem mair gay.
If e'er ſhe tak the Pet, or fret,
Be calm, and yet maintain your State;
And ſmiling, ca' her little Foolie,
Syne with a Kiſs evite a Toolie.
This Method's ever thought the braver,
Than either Cuffs, or Cliſh-ma-claver.
It ſhaws a Spirit low and common,
That with ill Nature treats a Woman:
They're of a Make ſae nice and fair,
They muſt be manag'd with ſome Care;
Reſpect them, they'll be kind and civil,
But diſregarded, prove the Devil.

To Mrs. M. M. *on her Painting.*

TO paint his *Venus*, auld *Apelles*
Wal'd a' the bonny Maids of *Greece*:
Thou needs nae mair, but paint *thy ſell*, Laſs,
To ding the *Painter* and his *Piece*.

The LURE: A TALE.

THE Sun juſt o'er the Hills was peeping,
The Hynds ariſing, Gentry ſleeping,
The Dogs were barking, Cocks were crawing,
Night-drinking Sots counting their Lawing;
Clean were the Roads, and clear the Day,
When forth a Falconer took his Way,
Nane with him but his ſhe Knight errant,
That acts in Air the bloody Tyrant;
While with quick Wing, fierce Beek and Claws,
She breaks divine and humane Laws;
Ne'er pleas'd, but with the Hearts and Livers
Of Peartricks, Teals, Moor-powts and Plivers;
Yet is ſhe much eſteem'd and dandl'd,
Clean lodg'd, well fed, and ſafily handl'd.
Reaſon for this need be nae Wonder,
Her Paraſites ſhare in the Plunder.
Thus ſneaking Rooks about a Court,
That make Oppreſſion but their Sport,

Will

Will praiſe a paughty bloody King,
And hire mean Hackney-Poets to ſing
His Glories; while the Deel be lick't
He e'er attempt but what he ſticket.

So, Sir, as I was gawn to ſay,
This Falconer had tane his Way
O'er *Calder*-moor; and gawn the Moſs up,
He there forgather'd with a Goſſip:
And wha was't, trow ye, but the Deel,
That had diſguis'd himſell ſae weel
In humane Shape, ſae ſnug and wylie;
Jude took him for a Burrlie-baillie:
His cloven Cloots were hid with Shoon,
A Bonnet coor'd his Horns aboon:
Nor ſpat he Fire, or Brimſtone rifted,
Nor awſome glowr'd; but cawmly lifted
His Een and Voice, and thus began,
Good Morning t'ye, honeſt Man,
Ye're early out: --- How far gae ye
This Gate? --- I'm blyth of Company ---
What Fowl is that, may ane demand,
That ſtands ſae trigly on your Hand?

Wow

" Wow Man! quoth *Juden*, where won ye?
" The like was never ſpeer'd at me!
" Man, 'tis a *Hawk*, and e'en as good
" As ever flew, or wote a Hood."
Friend, I'm a Stranger, quoth *auld Symmie*,
I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me;
The Ignorant maun ay be ſpeering
Queſtions, till they come to a Clearing.
Then tell me mair --- What do ye wi't?
Is't good to ſing? or good to eat?
" For neither, anſwer'd ſimple *Juden*;
" But helps to bring my Lord his Food in:
" When Fowls ſtart up that I wad hae,
" Straight frae my Hand I let her gae;
" Her Hood tane aff, ſhe is not langſome
" In taking Captives, which I ranſome
" With a Dow's Wing, or Chicken's Leg."
Trowth, quoth the Deel, *that's nice! I beg*
Ye'll be ſae kind, as let me ſee
How this ſame Bird of yours can flee.
"T' oblige ye, Friend, I winna ſtand."--
Syne loos'd the *Falcon* frae his Hand.

Un-

Unhooded, up ſhe ſprang with Birr,
While baith ſtood ſtaring after her.
But how d'ye get her back? ſaid Nick.
" For that, quoth *Jude*, I have a Trick.
" Ye ſee this *Lure*,—— it ſhall command
" Her upon Sight down to my Hand."
Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu—
And ſtraight upon't the *Falcon* flew.
As I'm a Sinner! crys the Deel,
I like this Paſtime wonder weel;
And ſince ye've been ſae kindly free,
To let her at my Bidding flee,
I'll entertain ye in my Gate.—
Mean time it was the Will of Fate,
A hooded Friar (ane of that Clan
Ye have deſcriv'd by Father * *Gawin,*
In *Maſter-keys)* came up; good Saul!
Him *Satan* cleek'd up by the Spaul,
Whip'd aff his Hood, and without mair,
Ga'e him a Toſs up in the Air.

High

* The reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spaniſh Roman Catholick Prieſt, now an Iriſh Proteſtant Miniſter, who hath lately wrote three Volumes on the Tricks and Whoredoms of the Prieſts and Nuns; which Book he names *Maſter-keys to Popery.*

High flew the Son of Saint *Loyola*,
While ſtartled *Juden* gave a *Hola!*
Bumbaz'd with Wonder, ſtill he ſtood,
The Ferly had 'maiſt crudled his Blood,
To ſee a Monk mount like a Facon,
He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin:
Thrice did he rub his Een to clear;
And having maſter'd part o's Fear,
" His Preſence be about us a'!
" *He cries*, the like I never ſaw:
" See, ſee! he like a Lavrock tours ----
" He'll reek the Starns in twa 'r three Hours!
" Is't poſſible to bring him back?

For that, quoth Nick, *I have a Knack*;
To train my Birds, *I want na* Lures,
Can manage them as ye do your's:
And there's ane *coming, hie gate, hither,*
Shall ſoon bring down the haly Brither.

THIS was a freſh young Landwart *Laſs*,
With Cheeks like Cherries, Een like Glaſs;
Few Coats ſhe wore, and they were kilted,
And (*John come kiſs me now*) ſhe lilted.

As ſhe skift o'er the Benty Knows,
Gawn to the Bught to milk the Ews;
Her in his Hand ſlee *Bolzie* hint up,
As eith as ye wad do a Pint-Stoup,
Inverted, wav'd her round his Head:
Whieu, --- *Whieu*, --- he whiſtled, and with Speed
Down, quick as ſhooting Starns, the Prieſt
Came ſouſe upon the Laſs's Breaſt.

THE Moral of this Tale ſhews plainly
That carnal Minds attempt but vainly
Aboon this laigher Warld to mount,
While Slaves to *Satan*.

An Anacreontique *on Love.*

WHEN a' the Warld had clos'd their Een,
Fatigu'd with Labour, Care and Din,
And quietly ilka weary Wight
Enjoy'd the Silence of the Night:
Then *Cupid*, that ill-deedy Get,
With a' his Pith rapt at my Yet.

Surpriz'd,

Surpriz'd, throw Sleep, I cry'd, Wha's that?
Quoth he, *A poor young Wean a' wet;*
Oh! haſte ye apen, --- fear nae Skaith,
Elſe ſoon this Storm will be my Death.

WITH his Complaint my Saul grew wae,
For as he ſaid I thought it ſae;
I took a Light, and faſt did rin
To let the chittering Infant in:
And he appear'd to be nae Kow,
For a' his Quiver, Wings and Bow.
His bairnly Smiles and Looks gave Joy,
He ſeem'd ſae innocent a Boy:
I led him ben but any Pingle,
And beekt him brawly at my Ingle;
Dighted his Face, his Handies thow'd,
'Till his young Cheeks, like Roſes, glow'd.
But ſoon as he grew warm and fain,
Let's try, quoth he, *if that the Rain*
Has wrang'd ought of my ſporting Gear,
And if my Bow-ſtring's hale and fier.
With that his Arch'ry Graith he put
In order, and made me his Butt;

Mov'd back apiece, —— his Bow he drew;
Faſt throw my Breaſt his Arrow flew.
That done, as if he'd found a Neſt,
He leugh, and with unſonſy Jeſt,
Cry'd, *Nibour, I'm right blyth in Mind,*
That in good Tyft my Bow I find:
Did not my Arrow flie right ſmart?
Ye'll find it ſticking in your Heart.

On Mr. Drummond's *being choſen one of the Honourable Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms;*

An Epigram.

THE Good are glad, when Merit meets Reward;
And thus they ſhare the Pleaſure of another,
While little Minds, who only ſelf regard,
Will ſicken at the Succeſs of a Brother.
Hence I am pleas'd to find my ſelf right claſs'd,
Even by this Mark, that's worthy of obſerving;
It gives me Joy, the Patent lately paſs'd
In Favour of dear *DRUMMOND*, moſt deſerving.

The Addreſs of the MUSE,

To the Right Honourable George Drummond *Eſq; Lord Provoſt; and Council of* Edinburgh.

MY Lord, my Patron, good and kind,
Whoſe every Act of generous Care
The Patriot ſhews, and truſty Friend;
While Favours by your Thoughts refin'd,
Both Publick and the Private ſhare.
To You the Muſe her duteous Homage pays,
While *Edinburgh*'s Intereſt animates her Lays.

NOR will the Beſt ſome Hints refuſe:
The narrow Soul, that leaſt brings forth,
To an Advice the rareſt bows;
Which the extenſive Mind allows,
Being conſcious of its genuine Worth,
Fears no Eclipſe; nor with dark Pride declines,
A Ray from Light, that far inferior ſhines.

OUR

OUR Reaſon and Advantage call
Us to preſerve what we eſteem;
And each ſhould contribute, tho' ſmall,
Like Silver Rivulets that fall
In one, and make a ſpreading Stream.
So ſhould a City all her Care unite,
T' engage with Entertainments of Delight.

MAN for Society was made,
His Search of Knowledge has no Bound;
Through the vaſt Deep he loves to wade,
But Subjects ebb, and Spirits fade,
On Wilds and thinly peopl'd Ground.
Then where the World, in Minature, employs
Its various Arts, the Soul its Wiſh enjoys.

SOMETIMES the ſocial Mind may rove,
And trace, with Contemplation high,
The natural Beauties of the Grove,
Pleas'd with the Turtle's making Love,
While Birds chant in a Summer Sky.
But when cold Winter ſnows the naked Fields,
The City then its changing Pleaſure yields.

THEN

THEN you, to whom pertains the Care,
And have the Power to act aright,
Nor Pains, nor prudent Judging ſpare,
The GOOD TOWN's Failings to repair,
And give her Lovers more Delight.
Much you have done, both uſeful and polite;
O never tire! till every Plan's complete.

SOME may object, We Money want,
Of every Project Soul and Nerve.
'Tis true;— but ſure, the Parliament
Will ne'er refuſe frankly to grant
Such Funds as good Deſigns deſerve.
The thriving well of each of *Britain*'s Towns,
Adds to her Wealth, and more her Grandeur crowns.

ALLOW that fifteen thouſand Pounds
Were yearly on Improvements ſpent;
If Luxury produce the Funds,
And well laid out, there are no Grounds
For murmuring, or the leaſt Complaint:
Materials all within our native Coaſt,
The Poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's loſt.

TWO

TWO hundreds, for five Pounds a day,
Will work like *Turkiſh* Galey Slaves;
And, e'er they ſleep, they will repay
Back all the Publick forth did lay,
For ſmall Support that Nature craves.
Thus kept at Work, few Twangs of Guilt they feel,
And are not tempt' by pinching Want to ſteal.

MOST wiſely did our City move,
When * *HOPE*, who judges well and nice,
Was choſen fitteſt to improve,
From ruſhy Tufts the pleaſing Grove,
From Bogs a riſing Paradiſe.
Since Earth's Foundation, to our preſent Day,
The beauteous Plain in Mud neglected lay.

NOW, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd,
Its Verdures pleaſe the Scent and Sight;
And here the FAIR may walk unpain'd,
Her flowing Silks and Shoes unſtain'd,
Round the green *Circus* of Delight:
Which ſhall by ripening Time ſtill ſweeter grow,
And *HOPE* be fam'd while *Scotſmen* draw the Bow.

AH

* Mr. Hope of Rankeilour, who has beautifully planted, hedged and drained Straiton's Meadow, which was formerly the Bottom of a Lake.

AH! while I ſing, the Nothern Air,
Throu' Gore and Carnage gives offence;
Which ſhould not, while a River fair,
Without our Walls flows by ſo near;
Carriage from thence but ſmall Expence:
The uſeful *Corporation* too would find,
By working there, more Health, and Eaſe of Mind.

THEN ſweet our Nothern Flowers would blow,
And ſweet our Nothern Alleys end:
Sweet all the Nothern Springs would flow,
Sweet Nothern Trees and Herbs would grow,
And from the Lake a Field be gain'd:
Where on the Springs green Margent by the Dawn,
Our Maids might waſh, and blanch their Lace and Lawn.

* FORBID a naſty Pack to place
On Stalls unclean their Herbs and Roots,
On the High-ſtreet a vile Diſgrace,
And tempting to our Infant-race,
To ſwallow Poiſon with their Fruits.

* With the more Freedom ſome Thoughts in theſe Stanza's are advanced, becauſe ſeveral Citizens of the beſt thinking, both in and out of the Magiſtracy, incline to, and have ſuch Views, if they were not oppos'd by ſome of groſs old-faſhion'd Notions. Such will tell you, *O! the Street of Edinburgh is the fineſt Garden of Scotland.* And how can it otherwiſe be, conſidering how well 'tis dung'd every Night? But this Abuſe we hope to ſee reform'd ſoon, when the Cart and Warning Bell ſhall leave the lazy Slatern without Excuſe, after Ten at Night.

Give them a Station, where leſs ſpoil'd and ſeen,
The healthful Herbage may keep freſh and clean.

BESIDES, they ſtraiten much our Street,
When thoſe who drive the Hack and Dray,
In drunk and rude Confuſion meet,
We know not where to turn our Feet;
Mortal our Hazard every Way.
Too oft the Ag'd, the Deaf and little Fry,
Hem'd in with Stalls, cruſh'd under Axles ly.

CLEAN Order yields a vaſt Delight,
And Genius's that brighteſt ſhine,
Prefer the Pleaſure of the Sight
Juſtly, to theirs who Day and Night
Sink Health and active Thought in Wine.
Happy the Man that's clean in Houſe and Weed,
Tho' Water be his Drink, and Oats his Bread.

KIND Fate, on them whom I admire
Beſtow neat Rooms and Gardens fair,
Pictures that ſpeak the Painter's Fire,
And Learning which the Nine inſpire,
With Friends that all his Thoughts may ſhare;

A Houſe in *Edinburgh*, when the ſullen Storm
Defaces Nature's joyous fragrant Form.

O! may we hope to ſee a Stage,
Fill'd with the beſt of ſuch as can
Smile down the Follies of the Age,
Correct dull Pride and Party-rage,
And cultivate the growing Man;
And ſhew the Virgin every proper Grace,
That makes her Mind as comely as her Face.

NOR will the moſt devout oppoſe,
When with a ſtrict judicious Care,
The Scenes moſt vertuous ſhall be choſe,
That numerous are, forbidding thoſe
That ſhock the Modeſt, Good and Fair.
The beſt of things may often be abus'd;
That argues not, when right, to be refus'd.

THUS, what our Fathers waſhing Blood,
Of old from the South *Britons* won,
When *Scotland* reach'd to *Humber*'s Flood,
We ſhall regain by Arts leſs rude,
And bring the Beſt and Faireſt down,

From *England*'s Nothern Counties, nigh as far
Diſtant from Court, as we of *Pictland* are.

THUS far inſpir'd with honeſt Zeal,
These Thoughts are offer'd with Submiſſion,
By your own Bard, who ne'er ſhall fail
The Intereſt of the Common-weal;
While you indulge and grant Permiſſion
To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearſe
His honeſt and well-meaning Thoughts in Verſe.

On his Grace the Duke of Hamilton's *ſhooting an Arrow through the Neck of an Eel.*

AS from a Bow a fatal Flane,
Train'd by *Apollo* from the Main,
In Water pierc'd an Eel;
Sae may the PATRIOT's Power and Art,
Sic Fate to ſouple Rogues impart,
That drumble the Common-weal.
Tho' they, as ony Eels, are ſlid,
And thro' what's vile can ſcud,
A Bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid,
They ſculk beneath their Mud.

BETTY *and* KATE;

A Paſtoral Farewell to Mr. Aikman, *when he went for* London.

BETTY.

DEAR *Katie*, *Willy*'s e'en away!
Willy, of Herds the wale,
To feed his Flock, and make his Hay,
Upon a diſtant Dale,
Far to the Southward of this Height
Where now we dowie ſtray;
Ay hartſome when he chear'd our Sight,
And leugh with us a' Day.

KATE.

O *Willy* can Dale Dainties pleaſe
Thee mair than Moorland Ream;
Does *Iſis* flow with ſweeter Eaſe
Than *Fortha*'s gentle Stream?
Or takes thou rather mair Delyt
In the Strae-hatted Maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
Of her that wears the Plaid?

BETTY.

BETTY.

NA, *Kate*, for that ye needna mourn,
He is not gi'en to Change;
But Sauls of ſic a ſhining Turn,
For Honour's like to range:
Our Laird, and a' the Gentry round,
Who mauna be ſaid nay,
Sic Pleaſure in his Art have found,
They winna let him ſtay.
Blyth I have ſtood frae Morn to Een,
To ſee how true and weel
He coud delyt us on the Green
With a piece Cawk and Keel,
On a ſlid Stane, or ſmoother Slate,
He can the Picture draw
Of you or me, or Sheep or Gait,
The likeſt e'er ye ſaw.
Laſs thinkna Shame to eaſe your Mind,
I ſee ye're like to greet;
Let gae theſe Tears, 'tis juſtly kind,
For Shepherd ſae complete.

KATE.

KATE.

FAR, far! o'er far frae *Spey* and *Clyde*,
Stands that great Town of *Lud*,
To whilk our beſt Lads rin and ride;
That's like to put us wood:
For ſindle times they e'er come back,
Wha anes are heftit there.
Sure *Beſs* their Hills are no ſae black,
Nor yet their Howms ſae bare.

BETTY.

OUR Riggs are rich, and green our Heights,
And well our Cares reward;
But yield, nae doubt, far leſs Delights,
In Abſence of our Laird.
But we maun cawmly now ſubmit,
And our ill Luck lament,
And leave't to his ain Senſe and Wit
To find his Heart's Content.
A thouſand Gates he had to win
The Love of auld and young,
Did a' he did with little Din;
And in nae Deed was dung.

KATE.

KATE.

WILLIAM and *MARY* never fail'd
To welcome with a Smile,
And hearten us, when ought we ail'd,
Without deſigning Guile.
Lang may ſhe happily poſſeſs
Wha's in his Breaſt infeft,
And may their bonny Bairns increaſe,
And a' with Rowth be left.
O *William* win your Laurels faſt,
And ſyne we'll a' be fain,
Soon as your wandring Days are paſt,
And you're return'd again.

BETTY.

REVIVE her Joys by your Return,
To whom you firſt gave Pain;
Judge how her Paſſions for you burn,
By theſe you bear your ain.
Sae may your Kirn with Fatneſs flow,
And a' your Ky be ſleek;
And may your Heart with Gladneſs glow,
In finding what ye ſeek.

To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH,

On his Departure from Scotland.

SINCE Fate, with Honour, bids thee leave
Thy Country for a while,
It is nae friendly Part to grieve,
When Powers propitious ſmile.

THE Task aſſign'd thee's great and good,
To cultivate two *GRAHAMS*,
Wha from bauld Heroes draw their Blood
Of brave immortal Names.

LIKE Wax the dawning Genius takes
Impreſſions, thrawin or even;
Then he wha fair the Molding makes,
Does Journey-work for Heaven.

THE ſowr weak Pedants ſpoil the Mind
Of thoſe beneath their Care,
Who think Inſtruction is confin'd
To poor Grammatick Ware.

BUT better kens my Friend, and can
Far nobler Plans deſign,
To lead the Boy up to a Man
That's fit in Courts to ſhine.

FRAE *Grampian* Heights, ſome may object,
Can you ſic Knowledge bring?
But thoſe laigh Thinkers ne'er reflect,
Some Sauls ken ilka thing.

WITH vaſter Eaſe at the firſt Glance,
Than miſty Minds that plod
And threſh for Thought, but ne'er advance
Their Stawk aboon their Clod.

BUT he * that could in tender Strains
Raiſe *Margaret*'s plaining Shade,
And paint Diſtreſs that chills the Veins,
While *William*'s Crimes are red;

SHAWS to the World, cou'd they obſerve,
A clear deſerving Flame ---
Thus I can rooſe without Reſerve,
When Truth ſupports my Theme.

GAE,

* *William and Margaret*, a Ballad in Imitation of the old Manner, wherein the Strength of Thought and Paſſion is more obſerved than a Rant of unmeaning Words.

GAE, Lad, and win a Nation's Love,
By making thoſe in truſt,
Like *WALLACE*'s† *ACHATES* prove,
Wiſe, Generous, Brave and Juſt.

SAE may his Grace, the illuſtrious *Sire*,
With Joy paternal ſee
Their riſing Bleez of manly Fire,
And pay his Thanks to thee.

***

INSCRIPTION on the Tomb-Stone of Mr. Alexander Wardlaw, *late Chamberlain to the Right Honourable Earl of* Wigton, *erected by his Son Mr.* John Wardlaw *in the Church of* Biggar.

HERE lyes a Man, whoſe upright Heart
With Vertue was profuſely ſtor'd,
Who acted well the honeſt Part
Bteween the Tenants and their Lord.

BETWEEN the Sands and flinty Rock
Thus ſteer'd he in the Golden Mean,
While his blyth Countenance beſpoke
A Mind unruffl'd and ſerene.

AS to great *BRUCE* the *FLEMINGS* prov'd
Faithful, ſo to the *FLEMINGS* Heir
WARDLAW behav'd, and was belov'd
For's Juſtice, Candor, Faith and Care.

HIS Merit ſhall preſerve his Fame
To lateſt Ages, free from Ruſt,
'Till the Arch-Angel raiſe his Frame
To join his Soul amongſt the Juſt.

AN

ODE

Sacred to the Memory of her Grace

ANNE *Dutchess of* Hamilton.

WHY founds the Plain with sad Complaint?
Why hides the Sun his Beams?
Why sigh the Winds sae bleak and cauld?
Why mourn the swelling Streams?

WAIL on, ye Heights; ye Glens, complain;
Sun, wear thy cloudy Veil:
Sigh, Winds, frae frozen Caves of Snaw;
Clyde, mourn the rueful Tale.

SHE's dead, the beauteous *ANNA*'s dead;
All Nature wears a Gloom:
Alas! the comely budding Flower,
Is faded in the Bloom.

CLOS'D

CLOS'D in the weeping Marble Vault,
Now cauld and blae ſhe lies;
Nae mair the Smiles adorn her Cheek,
Nae mair ſhe lifts her Eyes.

TOO ſoon, O ſweeteſt, faireſt, beſt,
Young Parent, lovely Mate,
Thou leaves thy LORD and Infant SON,
To weep thy early Fate.

BUT late thy chearfu' Marriage-day,
Gave Gladneſs all around;
But late in thee, the youthful Chief
A Heaven of Bleſſings found.

HIS Boſom ſwells, for much he lov'd;
Words fail to paint his Grief:
He ſtarts in Dream, and graſps thy Shade,
The Day brings nae Relief.

THE fair Illuſion skims away,
And Grief again returns;
Life's Pleaſures make a vain Attempt,
Diſconſolate he mourns.

HE

HE mourns his Loſs, a Nations Loſs,
It claims a Flood of Tears,
When ſic a lov'd illuſtrious Star
Sae quickly diſappears.

WITH Roſes and the Lilly Buds,
Ye Nymphs, her Grave adorn,
And weeping tell, Thus ſweet ſhe was,
Thus early from us torn.

TO ſilent twilight Shades retire,
Ye melancholy Swains,
In melting Notes repete her Praiſe,
In ſighing vent your Pains.

BUT haſte, calm Reaſon, to our Aid,
And paining Thoughts ſubdue,
By placing of the pious FAIR
In a mair pleaſing View:

WHOSE white immortal Mind now ſhines,
And ſhall for ever bright,
Above th' Inſult of Death and Pain,
By the *firſt Spring of Light*:

THERE

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Now cauld and blae ſhe lies;
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By the *firſt Spring of Light*.

THERE

THERE joins the high melodious Thrang,
That ſtrike eternal Strings;
In Preſence of *Omnipotence*,
She now a *Seraph* ſings.

THEN ceaſe, Great *JAMES*, thy flowing Tears,
Nor rent thy Soul in vain:
Frae Bowers of Bliſs ſhe'll ne'er return
To thy kind Arms again,

WITH Goodneſs ſtill adorn thy Mind,
True Greatneſs ſtill improve;
Be ſtill a PATRIOT juſt and brave,
And meet thy SAINT above.

ODE

To the Memory of Sir *ISAAC NEWTON*; *Inſcrib'd to the Royal Society of* London *for the Improving of Natural Knowledge.*

GREAT *NEWTON*'s dead, --- full ripe his Fame;
Ceaſe, vulgar Grief, to cloud our Song:
We thank the *Author* of our Frame,
Who lent him to the Earth ſo long.

THE God-like *Man* now mounts the Sky,
Exploring all yon radiant Spheres;
And with one View can more deſcry,
Than here below in eighty Years:

THO' none, with greater Strength of Soul,
Could riſe to more divine a Height,
Or range the *Orbs* from *Pole* to *Pole*,
And more improve the humane Sight.

NOW with full Joy he can ſurvey
Theſe Worlds, and ev'ry ſhining Blaze,
That countleſs in the *Milky Way*,
Only thro' Glaſſes ſhew their Rays.

THOUSANDS in thouſand Arts excell'd,
But often to one Part confin'd;
While ev'ry Science ſtood reveal'd
And clear to his capacious Mind.

HIS Penetration, moſt profound,
Launch'd far in that extended Sea,
Where humane Minds can reach no Bound,
And never div'd ſo deep as he.

SONS of the Eaſt and Weſtern World,
When on this *Leading Star* ye gaze,
While Magnets guide the Sail unfurl'd,
Pay to his Memory due Praiſe.

THRO' ev'ry Maze he was the Guide;
While others crawl'd, he ſoar'd above:
Yet Modeſty, unſtain'd with Pride,
Increas'd his Merit, and our Love.

HE ſhunn'd the Sophiſtry of Words,
Which only hatch contentious Spite;
His Learning turn'd on what affords
By *Demonſtration* moſt Delight.

BRI-

BRITAIN may honourably boaſt,
And glory in her *matcheſs Son*,
Whoſe Genius has *invented* moſt,
And *finiſh'd* what the reſt begun.

YE *Fellows* of the *Royal Claſs*,
Who honour'd him to be your *Head*,
Erect in fineſt Stone and Braſs
Statues of the *Illuſtrious Dead*.

ALTHO' more laſting than them all,
Or ev'n the *Poet*'s higheſt Strain,
His *Works*, as long as wheels this Ball,
Shall his great Memory ſuſtain.

MAY from your *Learned Band* ariſe
Newtons to ſhine thro' future Times,
And bring down Knowledge from the Skies,
To plant on wild *Barbarian* Climes.

'TILL Nations, few Degrees from Brutes,
Be brought into each proper Road,
Which leads to Wiſdom's happieſt Fruits,
To know their SAVIOUR and their GOD.

To William Somervile *of* Warwickſhire *Eſq;* *on reading ſeveral of his excellent Poems.*

SIR, I have read, and much admire
Your Muſe's gay and eaſy Flow,
Warm'd with that true *Idalian* Fire
That gives the bright and chearful Glow.

I con'd each Line with joyous Care,
As I can ſuch from Sun to Sun;
And like the Glutton o'er his Fare
Delicious, thought them too ſoon done.

THE witty Smile, Nature and Art,
In all your Numbers ſo combine,
As to complete their juſt Deſert,
And grace them with uncommon Shine.

DELIGHTED we your Muſe regard,
When ſhe like *Pindar*'s ſpreads her Wings;
And Vertue being its own Reward,
Expreſſes by the *Siſter Springs*.

EMOTIONS tender croud the Mind,
When with the Royal Bard you go,
To ſigh in Notes divinely kind,
The Mighty ſaln on Mount Gilbo.

MUCH ſurely was the Virgin's Joy,
Who with the *Iliad* had your Lays;
For e'er, and ſince the Siege of *Troy*
We all delight in Love and Praiſe.

THESE Heaven-born Paſſions, ſuch deſire,
I never yet cou'd think a Crime;
But firſt-rate Vertues which inſpire
The Soul to reach at the Sublime.

BUT often Men miſtake the Way,
And pump for Fame by empty Boaſt,
Like your *gilt Aſs*, who ſtood to bray,
Till in a Flame his Tail he loſt.

HIM th' incurious Bencher hits,
With his own Tale, ſo tight and clean,
That while I read, Streams guſh, by Fits
Of hearty Laughter, from my Een.

OLD *Chaucer*, Bard of vaſt Ingine,
Fontain and *Prior*, who have ſung
Blyth Tales the beſt; had they heard thine
On *Lob*, they'd own'd themſelves out-done.

THE Plot's purſu'd with ſo much Glee,
The two officious *Dog* and *Prieſt*,
The '*Squire oppreſs'd*, I own, for me,
I never heard a better Jeſt.

POPE well deſcrib'd an *Omber Game*,
And *King revenging Captive Queen*;
He merits; but had won more Fame,
If Author of your *Bowling-Green*.

YOU paint your Parties, play each Bowl,
So natural, juſt, and with ſuch Eaſe,
That while I read, upon my Soul!
I wonder how *I* chance to pleaſe.

YET I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And ſure to me Laurels belong,
Since *Britiſh* Fair, and 'mongſt the beſt,
Somervile's Conſort likes my Song.

RA-

RAVISH'D I heard th' harmonious Fair
Sing, like a Dweller of the Sky,
My Verſes with a *Scotian* Air;
Then Saints were not ſo bleſt as I.

IN her the valu'd Charms unite;
She really is what all would ſeem,
Gracefully handſome, wiſe and ſweet:
'Tis Merit to have her Eſteem.

YOUR noble Kinſman her lov'd Mate,
Whoſe Worth claims all the World Reſpect,
Met in her Love a ſmiling Fate,
Which has, and muſt have good Effect.

YOU both from one great Lineage ſpring,
Both from *de Somervile*, who came,
With *William England*'s conquering King,
To win fair Plains, and laſting Fame.

WHICHNOUR he left to's eldeſt Son;
That firſt-born Chief you repreſent:
His ſecond came to *Caledon*,
From whom our *SOMER'LE* takes Deſcent.

* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr. Somerville's Poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in 8vo.

ON

ON Him and You may Fate beſtow
Sweet balmy Health and cheerful Fire,
As long's ye'd wiſh to live below,
Still bleſt with all you wou'd deſire.

O Sir! oblige the World, and ſpread
In Print * thoſe and your other Lays;
This (ſhall be better'd while they read)
And after Ages ſound your Praiſe.

I cou'd enlarge —— but if I ſhou'd
On what you've wrote, my *Ode* wou'd run
Too great a length ---- Your Thoughts ſo croud,
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

ACCEPT this Offering of a Muſe,
Who on her *Pictland* Hills ne'er tires;
Nor ſhou'd (when Worth invites) refuſe
To ſing the Perſon ſhe admires.

AN

* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr. Somervile's Poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an 8vo Vol.

A N

EPISTLE

From Mr. SOMERVILE.

NEAR fair *Avona*'s Silver Tide,
Whoſe Waves in ſoft Meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted Swains,
Your jocund Songs, and rural Strains.
Smooth as her Streams your Numbers flow,
Your Thoughts in vary'd Beauties ſhow,
Like Flow'rs that on her Borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd Eyes,
This * friendly Gift, my valu'd Prize,
Where Siſter *Arts*, with Charms divine,
In their full Bloom and Beauty ſhine,
Alternately my Soul is bleſt.
Now I behold my welcome Gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging Air,
So dear to all the Brave and Fair.

* Lord Somervile was pleaſed to ſend me his own Picture, and Mr. Ramſay's Works.

Nor has th' ingenious Artiſt ſhown
His outward Lineaments alone,
But in th' expreſſive Draught deſign'd,
The nobler Beauties of his Mind;
True Friendſhip, Love, Benevolence,
Unſtudied Wit, and manly Senſe.
Then, as your Book, I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious Store,
(Like the laborious buſy Bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet Variety)
With equal Wonder and Surprize,
I ſee reſembling Portraits riſe.
Brave Archers march in bright Array,
In Troups the vulgar line the Way.
Here the droll Figures ſlily ſneer,
Or Coxcombs at full length appear.
There Woods and Lawns, a rural Scene,
And Swains that gambol on the Green.
Your Pen can act the Pencil's Part
With greater Genius, Fire and Art.

BELIEVE me, Bard, no hunted Hind
That pants againſt the Southern Wind,

And

And ſeeks the Stream thro' unknown Ways;
No Matron in her teeming Days,
E'er felt ſuch Longings, ſuch Deſires,
As I to view thoſe lofty Spires,
Thoſe Domes, where fair *Edina* ſhrouds
Her tow'ring Head amid the Clouds.
But oh! what Dangers interpoſe?
Vales deep with Dirt, and Hills with Snows,
Proud Winter-Floods with rapid Force,
Forbid the pleaſing Intercourſe.
But ſure we Bards whoſe purer Clay,
Nature has mixt with leſs Allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier Way.
Do not ſage Matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their Broom-ſticks thro' the Sky;
Ride poſt o'er Hills, and Woods, and Seas,
From *Thule* to th' † *Heſperides*?
And yet the Men of *Greſham* own
That this and ſtranger Feats are done,
By a warm Fancy's Power alone.
This granted; Why can't you and I
Stretch forth our Wings, and cleave the Sky?

† The Scilly Iſlands were ſo called by the Antients, as Mr. Camden obſerves.

Since our Poetick Brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow.
Did not the *Theban* Swan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing?
And do not we of humbler Vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier Strain,
Mount ſheer out of the Reader's Sight,
Obſcurely loſt in Clouds and Night?

THEN climb your *Pegaſus* with Speed,
I'll meet thee on the Banks of *Tweed*:
Not as our Fathers did of Yore,
To ſwell the Flood with Crimſon Gore;
Like the *Cadmean* murd'ring Brood,
Each thirſting for his Brother's Blood.
For now all hoſtile Rage ſhall ceaſe;
Lull'd in the downy Arms of Peace,
Our honeſt Hands and Hearts ſhall join,
O'er jovial Banquets, ſparkling Wine.
Let *Peggy* at thy Elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny *Kate*.
But hold ---- Oh! take a ſpecial Care,
T' admit no prying *Kirkman* there;
I dread the *Penitential Chair*.

What

What a ſtrange Figure ſhou'd I make,
A poor abandon'd *Engliſh* Rake;
A Squire well-born, and ſix Foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred Pillory?
Let Spleen and Zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome Impertinence,
That tells his Story o'er again:
Ill Manners and his ſaucy Train,
And Self-conceit, and ſtiff-rumpt Pride,
That grin at all the World beſide;
Foul Scandal, with a Load of Lies,
Intrigues, Rencounters, Prodigies;
Fame's buſy Hawker, light as Air,
That feeds on Frailties of the Fair:
Envy, Hypocriſy, Deceit,
Fierce Party-Rage, and warm Debate;
And all the Hell-hounds that are Foes
To Friendſhip, and the World's Repoſe.
But Mirth inſtead, and dimpling Smiles,
And Wit, that gloomy Care beguiles;
And Joke, and Pun, and merry Tale,
And Toaſts, that round the Table ſail:

While Laughter, burſting thro' the Crowd
In Vollies, tells our Joys aloud.
Hark! the ſhrill Piper mounts on high,
The Woods, the Streams, the Rocks reply,
To his far-ſounding Melody.
Behold each lab'ring Squeeze prepare
Supplies of modulated Air.
Obſerve *Croudero*'s active Bow,
His Head ſtill noddling to and fro,
His Eyes, his Cheeks with Raptures glow.
See, ſee the baſhful Nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated Dance;
Flying ſtill, the Swains purſuing,
Yet with backward Glances wooing.
This, this ſhall be the joyous Scene;
Nor wanton Elves that skim the Green
Shall be ſo bleſt, ſo blyth, ſo gay,
Or leſs regard what Dotards ſay.
My *Roſe* ſhall then your *Thiſtle* greet,
The *Union* ſhall be more compleat;
And, in a Bottle and a Friend,
Each National Diſpute ſhall end.

Anſwer to the above Epiſtle

From William Somervile *Eſq; of* Warwickſhire.

SIR, I had your's, and own my Pleaſure,
On the Receipt, exceeded Meaſure.
You write with ſo much Sp'rit and Glee,
Sae ſmooth, ſae ſtrong, correct and free;
That any He (by you allow'd
To have ſome Merit) may be proud.
If that's my Fault, bear you the Blame,
Wha've lent me ſic a Lift to Fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a firſt-rate Star,
And all the World beſtow due Praiſe
On the *Collection* of your Lays;
Where various Arts and Turns combine,
Which even in Parts firſt Poets ſhine:
Like *Mat* and *Swift* ye ſing with Eaſe,
And can be *Waller* when you pleaſe.

Continue

Continue, Sir, and ſhame the Crew
That's plagued with having nought to do,
Who Fortune in a merry Mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle Blood,
But has deny'd a Genius fit
For Action or aſpiring Wit;
Such kenna how t'employ their Time,
And think Activity a Crime:
Aught they to either do, or ſay,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When Money, their *Factotum*'s able
To furniſh them a numerous Rabble,
Who will, for daily Drink and Wages,
Be Chair-men, Chaplains, Clerks, and Pages:
Could they, like you, employ their Hours
In planting theſe delightful Flowers,
Which carpet the Poetick Fields,
And laſting Funds of Pleaſure yields;
Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,
Or ſleep or loiter out the Day,
Or waſte the Night damning their Sauls
In deep Debauch, and bawdy Brawls:

Whence

Whence Pox and Poverty proceed
An early Eild, and Spirits dead.
Reverſe of You; --- and Him you Love,
Whoſe brighter Spirit tours above
The Mob of thoughtleſs Lords and Beaus,
Who in his ilka Actions ſhows
True Friendſhip, Love, Benevolence,
Unſtudy'd Wit, and manly Senſe.
Allow here what you've ſaid your ſell,
Nought can b' expreſt ſo juſt and well:
To Him and Her, worthy his Love,
And every Bleſſing from above,
A Son is given, GOD ſave the Boy,
For theirs and every *Som'ril's* Joy.
Ye Wardins round him take your Place,
And raiſe him with each manly Grace;
Make his *Meridian* Vertues ſhine,
To add freſh Luſtres to his Line:
And many may the Mother ſee
Of ſuch a lovely Progeny.

NOW, Sir, when *Boreas* nae mair thuds
Hail, Snaw and Sleet, frae blacken'd Clouds;

While *Caledonian*'s Hills are green,
And a' her *Straths* delight the Een;
While ilka Flower with Fragrance blows,
And a' the Year it's Beauty shows;
Before again the Winter lour,
What hinders then your Nothern Tour?
Be sure of Welcome: Nor believe
These wha an ill Report would give
To *Ed'nburgh* and the Land of Cakes,
That nought what's necessary lacks.
Here Plenty's Goddess frae her Horn
Pours Fish and Cattle, Claith and Corn;
In blyth Abundance; — and yet mair,
Our Men are brave, our Ladies fair.
Nor will *North Britain* yield for Fouth
Of ilka thing, and Fellows couth,
To any but her Sister *South*. ---

TRUE, rugged Roads are curs'd driegh,
And Speats aft roar frae Mountains high:
The Body tires, --- poor tottering Clay,
And likes with Ease at hame to stay;

While

While Sauls ſtride Warlds at ilka Stend,
And can their widening Views extend.
Mine ſees you, while you chearfu' roam
On ſweet *Avona*'s flow'ry Howm,
There recollecting, with full View,
Theſe Follies which Mankind purſue;
While, conſcious of ſuperior Merit,
You riſe with a correcting Spirit;
And, as an Agent of the Gods,
Laſh them with ſharp ſatyrick Roads:
Labour divine! — Next, for a Change,
O'er Hill and Dale I ſee you range,
After the Fox or whidding Hare,
Confirming Health in pureſt Air;
While Joy frae Heights and Dales reſounds,
Rais'd by the *Hola*, *Horn* and *Hounds*:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the Chace out-run,
I ſee the Friend, and ſetting Sun,
Invite you to the temp'rate Bicquor,
Which makes the Blood and Wit flow quicker.
The Clock ſtrikes Twelve, to Reſt you bound,
To ſave your Health by ſleeping ſound.

Thus with cool Head and healſome Breaſt
You ſee new Day ſtream frae the Eaſt:
Then all the Muſes round you ſhine,
Inſpiring every Thought divine;
Be long their Aid ---- Your Years and Bleſſes,
Your Servant *ALLAN RAMSAY* wiſhes.

REASONS for not anſwering the Hackney Scriblers, my obſcure Enemies.

THESE to my blyth indulgent Friends;
Dull Faes nought at my Hand deſerve:
To pump an Anſwer's a' their Ends;
But not ae Line, if they ſhou'd ſtarve.

WHA e'er ſhall with a Midding fight,
Of Victory will be beguild;
Dealers in Dirt will be to dight,
Fa' they aboon or 'neath, they're fil'd.

IT helps my Character to heez,
When I'm the Butt of creeping Tools;
The Warld, by their daft Medley, ſees,
That I've nae Enemies but Fools.

BUT

BUT ſae it has been, and will be,
While real Poets riſe to Fame,
Sic poor *Macflecknos* will let flee
Their Venom, and ſtill miſs their Aim.

SHOULD ane like *Young* or *Somer'le* write,
Some canker'd Coof can ſay 'tis wrang:
On *Pope* ſic Mungrels ſhaw'd their Spite;
And ſhot at *Addiſon* their Stang.

BUT well dear *Spec* the feckleſs Aſſes
To wieſt Inſects even'd and painted,
Sic as by magnifying Glaſſes
Are only kend when throu' them tented.

THE blundering Fellows ne'er foryet,
About my Tade to f---- their Fancies,
As if, forſooth, I wad look blate
At what my Honour maiſt advances.

AULD *Homer* ſang for's daily Bread;
Surpriſing *Shakſpear* fin'd the Wool;
Great *Virgil* Creels and Baskets made;
And famous *Ben* employ'd the Trowel.

YET

YET *Dorſet*, *Launſdown*, *Lauderdale*,
Bucks, *Stirling*, and the Son of *Angus*,
Even Monarchs, and of Men the Wale,
Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.

THEN, Hackneys, write till ye gae wood,
Drudge for the Hawkers Day and Night;
Your Malice cannot move my Mood,
And equally your Praiſe I ſlight.

I'VE gotten mair of Fame than's due,
Which is ſecur'd amang the beſt;
And ſhou'd I tent the like of you,
A little Saul wad be confeſt.

NAE Maſtive minds a yamphing Cur;
A Craig defies a frothy Wave;
Nor will a Lyon raiſe his Fur,
Altho' a Monkey misbehave.

Nam ſatis eſt Equitem mihi plaudere.

To Mr. DONALD MACEWEN *Jeweller at St.* Petersburg.

HOW far frae hame my Friend ſeeks Fame!
And yet I canna wyte ye,
T' employ your Fire, and ſtill aſpire,
By Vertues that delyte ye.

SHOULD Fortune lour, 'tis in your Power,
If Heaven grant bawmy Health,
T' enjoy ilk Hour a Saul unſowr;
Content's nae Bairn of Wealth.

IT is the Mind that's not confin'd
To Paſſions mean and vile,
That's never pin'd, while Thoughts refin'd
Can gloomy Cares beguile.

THEN *Donald* may be e'en as gay,
On *Ruſſia*'s diſtant Shore,
As on the *Tay*, where *Uſquebae*
He us'd to drink before.

BUT howſoe'er, haſte, gather Gear,
And ſyne pack up your Treaſure;
Then to *Auld Reekie* come, and beek ye,
And cloſe your Days with Pleaſure.

To the ſame, on receiving a Preſent from him of a Seal, Homer's *Head finely cut in Cryſtal, and ſet in Gold.*

THANKS to my frank ingenious Friend,
Your Preſent's moſt gentile and kind,
Baith rich and ſhining as your Mind;
And that immortal laurell'd Pow,
Upon the Gem ſae well deſign'd
And execute, ſets me on Low.

THE heavenly Fire inflames my Breaſt,
Whilſt I unweary'd am in queſt
Of Fame, and hope that Ages nieſt
Will do their Highland Bard the Grace,
Upon their Seals to cut his Creſt,
And blytheſt Strakes of his ſhort Face.

FAR leſs great *Homer* ever thought
(When he, harmonious Beggar! ſought
His Bread throu' *Greece*) he ſhould be brought,
Frae *Ruſſia*'s Shore by Captain * *Hugh*,
To *Pictland* Plains, ſae finely wrought
On precious Stone, and ſet by You.

On

* Captain Hugh Eccles, Maſter of a fine Merchant Ship, which he loſt in the unhappy Fire at St. Petersburg.

A Ballad on bonny KATE.

CEASE, Poets, your cunning deviſing
Of Rhimes that low Beauties o'er-rate;
They all, like the Stars at the riſing
Of *Phœbus*, muſt yield to fair *KATE*.

WE ſing, and we think it our Duty
To admire the kind Bleſſings of Fate
That has favour'd the Earth with ſuch Beauty,
As ſhines ſo divinely in *KATE*.

IN her Smiles, in her Features and Glances,
The Graces ſhine forth in full State,
While the God of Love dangerouſly dances
On the Neck and white Boſom of *KATE*.

HOW ſtraight, how well-turn'd, and gentile, are
Her Limbs! and how graceful her Gait!
Their Hearts made of Stone, or of Steel are,
That are not Adorers of *KATE*.

BUT ah! what a ſad Palpatation
Feels the Heart, and how ſimple and blate
Muſt he look, almoſt dead with Vexation,
Whoſe Love is fixt hopeleſs on *KATE*?

HAD I all the Charms of *Adonis*,
And Galleons freighted with Plate,
As *SOLOMON* wiſe; I'd think none is
So worthy of all, as dear *KATE*.

AH! had ſhe for me the ſame Paſſion,
I'd tune the Lyre early and late;
The Sage's Song on his *Circaſian*,
Should yield to my Sonnets on *KATE*.

HIS Pleaſure each Moment ſhall bloſſom,
Unfading, gets her for his Mate;
He'll graſp every Bliſs in his Boſom,
That's linked by *Hymen* to *KATE*.

PALE Envy may raiſe up falſe Stories,
And Hell may promp Malice and Hate;
But nothing ſhall ſully their Glories,
Who are ſhielded with Vertue like *KATE*.

THIS Name, ſay ye, many a Laſs has,
And t' apply it may raiſe a Debate;
But ſure he as dull as an Aſs is,
That cannot join *COCHRAN* to *KATE*.

To Dr. J. C. who got the foregoing to give to the young Lady.

HERE, happy Doctor, take this Sonnet,
Bear to the Fair the faithful Strains:
Bow, make a Leg, and d'off your Bonnet;
And get a Kiſs, for *ALLAN*'s Pains.

FOR ſuch a raviſhing Reward,
The *Cloud Compeller*'s ſelf would try
To imitate a *Britiſh* Bard,
And bear his Ballads from the Sky.

PROLOGUE, before the acting of Aurenzebe *and the* Drummer, *by the young Gentlemen of the Grammar School of* Haddington, *Auguſt* 1727, *ſpoke by Mr.* Charles Cockburn, *Son to Colonel* Cockburn.

BE huſh, ye Crowd, who preſſing round appear
only to ſtare --- we ſpeak to thoſe can hear
The nervous Phraſe, which raiſes Thoughts more hy,
When added Action leads them thro' the Eye.
To paint fair Vertue, Humours and Miſtakes,
Is what our School with Pleaſure undertakes,
Thro' various Incidents of Life, led on
By *DRYDEN*, and immortal *ADDISON*:
Thoſe ſtudy'd Men, and knew the various Springs
That mov'd the Minds of *Coachmen* and of *Kings*.
Altho' we're young --- allow no Thought ſo mean,
That any here's to act the *Harlequin*:
We leave ſuch dumb-ſhow Mimickry to Fools,
Beneath the Sp'rit of *Caledonian Schools*.
Learning's our Aim, and all our Care, to reach
At Elegance and Gracefulneſs of Speech,

And

And the Addreſs, from Baſhfulneſs refin'd,
Which hangs a Weight upon a worthy Mind.
The *Grammar*'s good, but Pedantry brings down
The gentle *Dunce* below the ſprightly *Clown*.
Get ſeven ſcore Verſe of Ovid's Triſt *by heart,*
To rattle o'er, elſe I ſhall make you ſmart,
Cry ſnarling *Dominies* that little ken:
Such may teach Parots, but our **LESLY* Men.

EPILOGUE, after the acting of the Drummer, *ſpoke by Mr.* Maurice Cockburn, *another Son of Colonel* Cockburn's.

OUR Plays are done — Now criticiſe, and ſpare not;
And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not.
We have a Reaſon on our Side — and that is,
Your Treat has one good Property — 'tis *gratis*.
We've pleas'd our ſelves; and if we have good Judges,
We value not a Head where nothing lodges.
The generous Men of Senſe will kindly praiſe us,
And, if we make a little Snapper, raiſe us:

Such

* Mr. John Leſly, Maſter of the School, a Gentleman of true Learning; who, by his excellent Method, moſt worthily fills his Place.

Such know th' aſpiring Soul at manly Dawn,
Abhors the ſowr Rebuke, and carping Thrawin;
But riſes, on the Hope of a great Name,
Up all the rugged Roads that lead to Fame.
Our Breaſts already pant to gain Renown
At *Senates*, *Courts*, by *Arms* or by the *Gown*;
Or by Improvements of *Paternal* Fields,
Which never failing Joy and Plenty yields;
Or by deep Draughts of the *Caſtalian* Springs,
To ſoar with *Mantuan* or *Horatian* Wings.

HEY Boys! the Day's our ain! the *Ladies* ſmile!
Which over-recompenſes all our Toil!
Delights of Mankind, tho' in ſome *ſmall Parts*
We are deficient, yet our Wills and Hearts
Are your's; and, when more perfect, ſhall endeavour,
By *acting better*, to ſecure your Favour:
To Spinnets then retire, and play a few Tunes,
'Till we get thro' our *Gregories* and *Newtons*;
And, ſome Years hence, we'll tell another Tale;
'Till then, ye bonny blooming Buds, --- Farewell.

PRO-

PROLOGUE spoke by Mr. Anthony Aſton, *the firſt Nigh the acted in Winter* 1726.

'TIS I, --- dear *Caledonians*, blythſome *TONY*,
That oft, laſt Winter, pleas'd the Brave and Bonny
With Medley, merry Song, and comick Scene;
Your Kindneſs *then* has brought me here again:
After a Circuit round the Queen of Iſles,
To gain your Friendſhip and approving Smiles,
Experience bids me hope; --- tho' South the *Tweed*
The Daſtards ſaid, " He never will ſucceed:
" What! ſuch a Country look for any Good in!
" That does not reliſh Plays,--- nor Pork,--- nor Pudding!"
Thus great *Columbus* by an Idiot Crew
Was ridicul'd, at firſt, for his juſt View;
Yet his undaunted Spirit ne'er gave Ground,
Till he a new and *better* World had found.
So I --- laugh on --- the Simile is bold;
But Faith 'tis juſt: For till this Body's cold,
Columbus like, I'll puſh for Fame and Gold.

A CHARACTER.

OF Judgment juſt, and Fancy clear,
Induſtrious, yet not avaritious;
No Slave to groundleſs Hope and Fear,
Chearful, yet hating to be vitious.

FROM Envy free, tho' prais'd not vain,
Ne'er acting without Honour's Warrant;
Still equal, generous and humane,
As Husband, Maſter, Friend and Parent.

SO modeſt, as ſcarce to be known
By glaring, proud conceited Aſſes,
Whoſe little Spirits aften frown
On ſuch as their leſs Worth ſurpaſſes.

YE'LL own he's a deſerving Man,
That in theſe Out-lines ſtand before ye;
And trowth the Picture I have drawn,
Is very like my Friend * . . . . . .

ODE

* The Character, tho' true, has ſomething in it ſo great, that my too modeſt Friend will not allow me to ſet his Name to it. But this, and ſome few other Wants, ſhall be made out afterwards from my Regiſter of Supplies.

ODE

To Alexander Murray of *Brughton*, Esq;

On his Marriage with Lady Euphemia, *Daughter to the Right Honourable Earl of* Galloway.

'TIS conquering Love alone can move
The Best to all that's great;
It sweetly binds two equal Minds,
And makes a happy State,
When such as *MURRAY*, of a Temper even,
And honour'd Worth, receives a Mate from Heaven.

Joy to you, Sir, and Joy to her,
Whose softer Charms can sooth,
With smiling Pow'r, a sullen Hour,
And make your Life flow smooth.
Man's but unfinish'd, 'till by *Hymen*'s Ties,
His sweeter Half lock'd in his Bosom lyes.

THE general Voice approve your Choice,
Their Sentiments agree,
With Fame allow'd, that ſhe's a good
Branch ſprung from a right Tree.
Long may the Graces of her Mind delight
Your Soul, and long her Beauties bleſs your Sight.

MAY the bright Guard, who Love reward,
With Man recoyn'd again,
In Offspring fair make her their Care,
In Hours of joyful Pain:
And may my PATRON healthful live to ſee,
By her a brave and bonny Progeny.

LET youthful Swains who 'tend your Plains,
Touch the tun'd Reed, and ſing,
While Maids advance in ſprightly Dance,
All in the rural Ring;
And with the *Muſe* thank the immortal Powers,
Placing with Joy *EUPHEMIA*'s Name with your's.

ODE

O D E

To the Memory of

Mrs. FORBES, Lady *Newhall.*

AH Life! thou ſhort uncertain Blaze,
Scarce worthy to be wiſh'd, or lov'd;
When by ſtrict Death, ſo many Ways,
So ſoon the Sweeteſt are remov'd.

IN Prime of Life and lovely Glow,
The dear *BRUCINA* muſt ſubmit;
Nor could ward of the fatal Blow,
With every Beauty, Grace and Wit.

IF outward Charms, and Temper ſweet,
The chearful Smile, and Thought ſublime,
Could have preſerv'd, ſhe ne'er had met
A Change, 'till Death had ſunk with Time.

HER Soul glanc'd with each heavenly Ray,
Her Form with all theſe Beauties fair,
For which young Brides and Mothers pray,
And wiſh for to their Infant Care.

SOWR Spleen or Anger, Paſſion rude,
Theſe Oppoſites to Peace and Heaven,
Ne'er pal'd her Cheek, or fir'd her Blood;
Her Mind was ever calm and even.

COME, faireſt Nymphs, and gentle Swains,
Give looſe to Tears of tender Love;
Strow fragrant Flowers on her Remains,
While ſighing round her Grave you move.

IN mournful Notes your Pain expreſs,
While with Reflection you run o'er,
How excellent, how good ſhe was!
She was! alas! but is no more!

YET piouſly correct your Moan,
And raiſe religious Thoughts on hie,
After her ſpotleſs Soul, that's gone
To Joys that ne'er can fade or die.

On a Slate's falling from a Houſe on Mris. M. M------k's *Breaſt.*

WAS *Venus* angry, and in Spite,
Allow'd that Stane to fa',
Imagining theſe Breaſts ſo white
Contain'd a Heart of Snaw?

WAS her wing'd *Son* ſae cankert ſet
To wound her lovely Skin,
Becauſe his Arrows could not get
A Paſſage farder in?

NO: She is to Love's Goddeſs dear,
Her ſmiling Boy's Delight ----
It was ſome Hag that doughtna bear
Sic Charms to vex her Sight.

SOME ſilly ſowr pretending Saint,
In heart an Imp of Hell,
Whaſe hale Religion lyes in Cant,
Her Vertue in wrang Zeal;

SHE threw the Stane, and ettled Death:
But watching *Zylphs* flew round,
So guard dear *MADIE* from all Skaith,
And quickly cur'd the Wound.

To my kind and worthy Friends in Ireland, *who on a Report of my Death, made and publiſhed ſeveral Elegies* Lyrick *and* Paſtoral, *very much to my Honour.*

SIGHING Shepherds of *Hiberna*,
Thank ye for your kind Concern a',
When a fauſe Report, beguiling,
Prov'd a Draw-back on your ſmiling;
Dight your Een, and ceaſe your grieving,
ALLAN's hale, and well, and living,
Singing, laughing, ſleeping ſoundly,
Cowing Beef, and drinking roundly;
Drinking roundly *Rum* and *Claret*,
Ale and *Uſquae*, Bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but ſpilling,
The leaſt Diamond * drawing, filling;

Sowſing

* See Note Vol. 1. p. 18.

Sowſing Sonnets on the Laſſes,
Hounding Satyres at the Aſſes;
Smiling at the ſurly Criticks,
And the Pack-horſe of Politicks;
Painting Meadows, Schaws and Mountains,
Crooking Burns and flowing Fountains;
Flowing Fountains, where ilk Gowan
Grows about the Borders glowan,
Smelling ſweetly, and inviting
Poets Lays, and Lovers meeting;
Meeting kind to niffer Kiſſes,
Bargaining for better Bleſſes.

HILLS in dreary Dumps now lying,
And ye *Zephyrs* ſwiftly flying,
And ye Rivers gently turning,
And ye *Philomellas* mourning,
And ye double ſighing Echoes,
Ceaſe your Sobing, Tears, and Hey! ho's!
Baniſh a' your Care and Grieving,
ALLAN's hale, and well, and living,
Early up on Morning's ſhining,
Ilka Fancy warm refining,

Giving

Giving ilka Verſe a Burniſh
That maun *Second Volume* furniſh,
To bring in frae Lord and Lady
Meikle Fame and Part of Ready;
Splendid thing of conſtant Motion,
Fiſh'd for in the Southern Ocean;
Prop of Gentry, Nerve of Battles,
Prize for which the Gameſter rattles;
Belzie's Banes, deceitfu', kittle,
Risking a' to gain a little.

PLEASING *Philip*'s tunefu' Tickle,
Philomel, and kind *Arbuckle*:
Singers ſweet, baith Lads and Laſſes,
Tuning Pipes on Hill *Parnaſſus*,
ALLAN kindly to you wiſhes
Laſting Life, and Rowth of Bleſſes;
And that he may, when ye ſurrender
Sauls to Heaven, in Number tender
Give a' your Fames a happy Heezy,
And gratefully immortalize ye.

THE

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A Paſtoral Comedy;

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable,

SUSANNA Counteſs of *Eglintoun*.

MADAM,

THE Love of Approbation, and a Deſire to pleaſe the beſt, have ever encouraged the Poets *to finiſh their Deſigns with Chearfulneſs. But conſcious of their own Inability to oppoſe a Storm of Spleen and haughty ill Nature, it is generally an ingenious Cuſtom amongſt them to chuſe ſome honourable Shade.*

Wherefore I beg Leave to put my Paſtoral *under your* Ladyſhip's *Protection. If my* Patroneſs *ſays, The* Shepherds *ſpeak as they ought, and that there are ſeveral natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild; I ſhall have good Reaſon to think my ſelf ſafe from the aukward Cenſure of ſome pretending Judges that condemn before Examination.*

I am ſure of vaſt Numbers that will croud into your Ladyſhip's *Opinion, and think it their Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the* Counteſs *of* EGLINTOUN, *whoſe Penetration, ſuperior Wit, and ſound Judgment, ſhines with an uncommon Luſtre, while accompanied with the diviner Charms of Goodneſs and Equality of Mind.*

If it were not for offending only your Ladyſhip, *here*, Madam, *I might give the fulleſt Liberty to my Muſe to delineate the fineſt of Women, by drawing your* Ladyſhip's *Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; ſince Flattery lyes not in paying what's due to Merit, but in Praiſes miſplaced.*

Were I to begin with your Ladyſhip's *honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field's ample, and preſents us with numberleſs, great and good Patriots, that have dignified the Names of* KENNEDY *and* MONTGOMERY: *Be that the Care of the Herauld and Hiſtorian. 'Tis perſonal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetneſs of the Fair, that inſpire the tuneful Lays. Here every* Lesbia *muſt be excepted, whoſe Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes had made Captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your* Ladyſhip *juſtly claims our Admiration and profoundeſt Reſpect: For whilſt you are poſſeſt of every outward Charm in the moſt perfect Degree, the never-fading Beauties of Wiſdom and Piety, which adorn your* Ladyſhip's *Mind, command Devotion.*

All this is very true, cries one of better Senſe than good Nature: But what Occaſion have you to tell us the Sun ſhines, when we have the Uſe of our Eyes, and feel his Influence? —— *Very true; but I have the Liberty to uſe the Poet's Privilege, which is,* To ſpeak what every Body thinks. *Indeed there might be ſome Strength in the Reflection, if the* Idalian *Regiſters were of as ſhort Duration as Life: But the* Bard, *who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy Pleaſure, in communicating to Poſterity the Fame of diſtinguiſhed Characters.* —— *I write this laſt Sentence with a Hand that trembles between Hope and Fear: But if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your* Ladyſhip *in the following Attempt, then all my Doubts ſhall vaniſh like a Morning Vapour; I ſhall hope to be claſs'd with* Taſſo *and* Guarini, *and ſing with* Ovid,

If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,
and moſt devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

To the Countess of EGLINTOUN, *with the following Pastoral.*

ACCEPT, O *EGLINTOUN!* the rural Lays,
That, bound to thee, thy Poet humbly pays:
The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful Strains,
A frequent Guest on *Scotia*'s blessful Plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning Youth to move,
The Charms of Beauty, and the Force of Love,
Once more resumes the still successful Lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant Meads to stray,
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy Sweets of purer Air,
In the cool Evening negligently laid,
Or near the Stream, or in the rural Shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd*'s tender Tale of Love.
Instructed from these Scenes, what glowing Fires
Inflame the Breast that real Love inspires!
The Fair shall read of Ardors, Sighs and Tears,
All that a Lover hopes, and all he fears.
Hence too, what Passions in his Bosom rise!
What dawning Gladness sparkles in his Eyes!
When first the Fair One, pitious of his Fate,
Kind of her Scorn, and vanquish'd of her Hate,

With willing Mind, is bounteous to relent,
And bluſhing beauteous ſmiles the kind Conſent!
Love's Paſſion here in each Extreme is ſhown,
In *Charlot*'s Smile, or in *Maria*'s Frown.
With Words like theſe, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted Beauty in a golden Age,
Pure and untaught, ſuch Nature firſt inſpir'd,
Ere yet the Fair affected Phraſe deſir'd.
His ſecret Thoughts were undiſguis'd with Art,
His Words ne'er knew to differ from his Heart.
He ſpeaks his Loves ſo artleſs and ſincere,
As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.
Heaven only to the *Rural State* beſtows
Conqueſt o'er Life, and Freedom from its Woes;
Secure alike from Envy and from Care;
Nor rais'd by Hope, nor yet depreſs'd by Fear:
Nor Want's lean Hand its Happineſs conſtrains,
Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten Gains.
No ſecret Guilt its ſtedfaſt Peace deſtroys,
No wild Ambition interrupts its Joys.
Bleſt ſtill to ſpend the Hours that Heav'n has lent,
In humble Goodneſs, and in calm Content.
Serenely gentle, as the Thoughts that roll,
Sinleſs and pure, in fair *Humeia*'s Soul.
But now the *Rural State* theſe Joys has loſt;
Even Swains no more that Innocence can boaſt.
Love ſpeaks no more what Beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now *Happineſs* foreſakes her bleſt Retreat,
The peaceful Dwellings where ſhe fix'd her Seat.
The pleaſing Fields ſhe wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright ſober Race;

When on the ſunny Hill, or verdant Plain,
Free and familiar with the Sons of Men,
To crown the Pleaſures of the blameleſs Feaſt,
She uninvited came a welcome Gueſt:
Ere yet an Age, grown rich in impious Arts,
Brib'd from their Innocence incautious Hearts;
Then grudging Hate, and ſinful Pride ſucceed,
Cruel Revenge, and falſe unrighteous Deed;
Then dowrleſs Beauty loſt the Power to move;
The Ruſt of Lucre ſtain'd the Gold of Love.
Bounteous no more, and hoſpitably good,
The genial Hearth firſt bluſh'd with Strangers Blood:
The Friend no more upon the Friend relies,
And ſemblant Falſhood puts on Truth's Diſguiſe.
The peaceful Houſhold fill'd with dire Alarms,
The raviſh'd Virgin mourns her ſlighted Charms;
The Voice of impious Mirth is heard around;
In Guilt they feaſt, in Guilt the Bowl is crown'd:
Unpuniſh'd Violence lords it o'er the Plains,
And *Happineſs* forſakes the guilty Swains.

Oh *Happineſs!* from humane Search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found by all deſir'd?
Nun ſober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in Shades thy meek contented Head?
Virgin of Aſpect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'ſt thou diſpleas'd, the Commerce of Mankind?
O! teach our Steps to find the ſecret Cell,
Where, with thy Sire *Content*, thou lov'ſt to dwell.
Or ſay, doſt thou a duteous Handmaid wait
Familiar at the Chambers of the Great?
Doſt thou purſue the Voice of them that call
To noiſy Revel, and to Midnight Ball?

Or

Or the full Banquet when we feaſt our Souls
Doſt thou inſpire the Mirth, or mix the Bowl?
Or, with th' induſtrious Planter, doſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an Evening Walk?
Say, does the Miſer e'er thy Face behold
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſured Gold?
Seeks *Knowledge*, nor in vain, thy much lov'd Pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the Morning Hour?
May we thy Preſence hope in War's Alarms,
In *Stair*'s Wiſdom, or in *Erſkine*'s Charms.
In vain our flatt'ring Hopes our Steps beguile,
The flying Good eludes the Searcher's Toil:
In vain we ſeek the City or the Cell,
Alone with Vertue knows the Pow'r to dwell.
Nor need Mankind deſpair theſe Joys to know,
The Gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow.
Soon, ſoon we might the precious Bleſſing boaſt:
But many Paſſions muſt the Bleſſing coſt:
Infernal Malice, inly pining Hate,
And Envy, grieving at another's State,
Revenge no more muſt in our Hearts remain,
Or burning Luſt, or Avarice of Gain.
When theſe are in the humane Boſom nurſt,
Can Peace reſide in Dwellings ſo accurſt?
Unlike, O *EGLINTOUN!* thy happy Breaſt,
Calm and ſerene, enjoys the heavenly Gueſt;
From the tumultuous Rule of Paſſions free'd,
Pure in thy Thought, and ſpotleſs in thy Deed.
In Vertues rich, in Goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair Example to thy Kind;
Sincere and equal to thy Neighbour's Name,
How ſwift to praiſe, how guiltleſs to defame?

Bold in thy Preſence *Baſhfulneſs* appears,
And backward *Merit* loſes all its Fears.
Supremely bleſt by Heav'n, Heav'n's richeſt Grace,
Confeſt is thine, an early blooming Race.
Whoſe pleaſing Smiles ſhall guardian Wiſdom arm,
Divine Inſtruction! taught of thee to charm.
What Tranſports ſhall they to thy Soul impart?
(The conſcious Tranſports of a Parent's Heart)
When thou beholdſt them of each Grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing Youths imploring to be bleſt;
After thy Image form'd, with Charms like thine,
Or in the Viſit, or the Dance to ſhine.
Thrice happy! who ſucceed their Mother's Praiſe,
The lovely *EGLINTOUNS* of other Days,
Mean while peruſe the following tender Scenes,
And liſten to thy native Poet's Strains.
In ancient Garb the home-bred Muſe appears,
The Garb our Muſes wore in former Years;
As in a Glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling Goodneſs look'd in Days of old.
Nor bluſh to read where Beauty's Praiſe is ſhown,
Or vertuous Love, the Likeneſs of thy own;
While 'midſt the various Gifts that gracious Heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O *EGLINTOUN!* delight thee moſt,
T' enjoy that *Innocence* the World has loſt.

W. H.

The

The PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *The Gentle Shepherd in Love with* Peggy.

Roger, *A rich young Shepherd in Love with* Jenny.

Symon, Glaud, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir* William.

Bauldy, *A Hynd engaged with* Neps.

WOMEN.

Peggy, *Thought to be* Glaud's *Niece.*

Jenny, Glaud's *only Daughter.*

Mauſe, *An old Woman ſuppoſed to be a Witch.*

Elſpa, Symon's *Wife.*

Madge, Glaud's *Siſter.*

SCENE, *A Shepherd's Village and Fields ſome few Miles from* Edinburgh.

Time of Action, *Within twenty Hours.*

THE

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Beneath the South-ſide of a Craigy Beild,
Where Cryſtal Springs the haleſome Waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans lay,
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of May.
Poor Roger *granes till hollow Echoes ring;*
But blyther Patie *likes to laugh and ſing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

Pat. THIS ſunny Morning, *Roger*, chears my Blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
How heartſome 'tis to ſee the riſing Plants?
To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleaſing Rants?
How haleſome 'tis to ſnuff the cauler Air,
And all the Sweets it bears when void of Care?
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? what gars the grane?
Tell me the Cauſe of thy ill ſeaſon'd Pain.

Rog. I'm born, O *Patie!* to a thrawart Fate;
I'm born to ſtrive with Hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſt may ceaſe to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood;
But I, oppreſt with never ending Grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on Relief.

Pat. The Bees ſhall loath the Flower, and quit the Hive,
The Saughs on Boggie-Ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornful Queans, or Loſs of warldly Gear,
Shall ſpill my Reſt, or ever force a Tear.

Rog. Sae might I ſay; but 'tis no eaſy done
By ane whaſe Saul is ſadly out of Tune.
You have ſae ſaft a Voice, and ſlid a Tongue,
You are the Darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a Sang, or ſpeak,
They dit their Lugs, ſyne up their Leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a Laſs's Eye.
For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
And downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part.
If that be true, what ſignifies your Gear?
A Mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome Care.

Rog. My Byar tumbled, nine braw Nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three Elf-ſhot were; yet I theſe Ills endur'd:
In Winter laſt, my Cares were very ſma',
Tho' Scores of Wathers periſh'd in the Snaw.

Pat. Were your bein Rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſe, and leſs you wad repine.
He that has juſt enough, can ſoundly ſleep;
The O'ercome only faſhes Fowk to keep.

Rog. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the Pangs of mony a Loſs.
O mayſt thou doat on ſome fair paughty Wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench,

'Till bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.
Pat. Sax good fat Lambs I ſald them ilka Clute
At the *Weſt-port*, and bought a winſome Flute,
Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round,
A dainty Whiſtle with a pleaſant Sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool,
Than you with all your Caſh, ye dowie Fool.
Rog. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh Beaſt,
Some other thing lyes heavier at my Breaſt:
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night,
That gars my Fleſh a' creep yet with the Fright.
Pat. Now to a Friend how ſilly's this Pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens:
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well ſeen Love, and dorty *Jenny*'s Pride.
Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.
Rog. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a-ſquint;
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka Place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbaz'd, and unko blate:
But yeſterday I met her 'yont a Know,
She fled as frae a Shelly-coated Kow.
She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car;
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of Tar.
Pat. But *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat;
He ſighs for *Neps* --- ſae that may ſtand for that.
Rog. I wiſh I cou'dna loo her --- but in vain,
I ſtill maun doat, and thole her proud Diſdain.

My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, ſhe ſtrak the poor dumb Tyke:
If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breaſt,
She wad have ſhawn mair Kindneſs to my Beaſt.
When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
With a' her Face ſhe ſhaws a caulrife Scorn.
Laſt Night I play'd, ye never heard ſic Spite,
O'er Bogie was the Spring, and her Delyte;
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her Couſin ſpeer'd,
Gif ſhe cou'd tell what Tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my Reed, and never whiſtle mair.

Pat. E'en do ſae, *Roger*, wha can help Miſluck,
Saebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawin-gabet Chuck?
Yonder's a Craig, ſince ye have tint all Hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

Rog. I needna mak ſic Speed my Blood to ſpill,
I'll warrant Death come ſoon enough a Will.

Pat. Daft Gowk! leave off that ſilly whindging Way;
Seem careleſs, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my Laſs I love as well
As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel:
Laſt Morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a Dike I lean'd glowring about,
I ſaw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;
I ſaw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* ſaw na me:
For yet the Sun was wading thro' the Miſt,
And ſhe was cloſs upon me ere ſhe wiſt;
Her Coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare Legs that whiter were than Snaw;
Her Cockernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her Haſtet-Locks hang waving on her Cheek;

Her

Her Cheek ſae ruddy, and her Een ſae clear;
And O! her Mouth's like ony hinny Pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in Buſtine Waſte-coat clean,
As ſhe came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.
Blythſome, I cry'd, My bonny *Meg*, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're ſae ſoon aſteer;
But I can gueſs, ye're gawn to gather Dew:
She ſcour'd awa, and ſaid, *What's that to you?*
Then fare ye well, *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dike.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a Crack,
She came with a right thievleſs Errand back;
Miſca'd me firſt, ---- then bade me hound my Dog
To wear up three waff Ews ſtray'd on the Bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe; then with great Haſte
I claſp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waſte,
About her yielding Waſte, and took a Fouth
Of ſweeteſt Kiſſes frae her glowing Mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my Grips,
My very Saul came lowping to my Lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack;
But well I kent ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpake.
Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your Thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her Mood;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

Rog. Kind *Patie*, now fair fa' your honeſt Heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an Art
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a Leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me ſince ye began to ſpeak.
Sae for your Pains, I'll make ye a Propine,
My Mother (reſt her Saul) ſhe made it fine,

A Tartan Plaid, ſpun of good Hawſlock Woo,
Scarlet and green the Sets, the Borders blew,
With Spraings like Gowd and Siller, croſs'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my Back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha have ſae kind
Red up my revel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.

Pat. Well hald ye there; --- and ſince ye've frankly mad
A Preſent to me of your braw new Plaid,
My Flute's be your's, and ſhe too that's ſae nice
Shall come a will, gif ye'll tak my Advice.

Rog. As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't;
But ye maun keep the Flute, ye beſt deſerv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny Spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play and ſing.

Pat. But firſt we'll take a turn up to the Height,
And ſee gif all our Flocks be feeding right.
Be that time Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheeſe,
Will make a Breakfaſt that a Laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe the daintieſt Gabs, were they ſae wiſe,
To ſeaſon Meat with Health inſtead of Spice.
When we have tane the Grace-drink at this Well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t' ye like my ſell.

E

A C T

N. B. This firſt Scene is the only Piece in this Volume that was printed in the firſt. Having carried the Paſtoral the length of five Acts at the Deſire of ſome Perſons of Diſtinction, I was obliged to reprint this preluding Scene with the reſt.

ACT I. SCENE II.

A flowrie Howm between twa verdent Braes,
Where Laſſes uſe to waſh and ſpread their Claiths,
A trotting Burnie wimpling thro' the Ground,
Its Channel Pebbles, ſhining, ſmooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your Eye, next gratify your Ear,
While Jenny *what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,*
And Meg *with better Senſe true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. COme, *Meg*, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,
The ſhining Day will bleech our Linen clean;
The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

Peg. Go farer up the Burn to *Habby's How*,
Where a' the Sweets of Spring and Summer grow;
Between twa Birks, out o'er a little Lin
The Water fa's, and makes a ſingand Din;
A Pool breaſt-deep beneath, as clear as Glaſs,
Kiſſes with eaſy Whirles the bordring Graſs:
We'll end our Waſhing while the Morning's cool,
And when the Day grow's het, we'll to the Pool,
There waſh our ſells— 'tis healthfu' now in *May*,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a Day.

Jen. Daft Laſſie, when we're naked, what'll ye ſay,
Gif our twa *Herds* come brattling down the Brae,
And ſee us ſae? That jeering Fallow *Pate*
Wad taunting ſay, Haith, Laſſes, ye're no blate.

Peg.

Peg. We're far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height:
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, (we're our lane)
What gar's ye plague your Wooer with Diſdain?
The Nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loos you, yet ye carna by.
What ails ye at him? Trowth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt Day e'er ye ſaw.

Jen. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End;
A *Herd* mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kaims his Hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
With Ribbon-knots at his blew Bonnet-lug;
Whilk penſily he wears a thought a-jee,
And ſpreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee.
He falds his Owrlay down his Breaſt with Care;
And few gang trigger to the Kirk or Fair.
For a' that, he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, *How d'ye* —— or, *There's a bonny Day.*

Peg. Ye daſh the Lad with conſtant ſlighting Pride;
Hatred for Love is unco ſair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grows cauld.
What like's a dorty Maiden when ſhe's auld?
Like dawted We'an that tarrows at its Meat,
That for ſome feckleſs Whim will orp and greet.
The lave laugh at it, till the Dinner's paſt,
And ſyne the Fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's Leavings at the laſt.
Fy, *Jenny*, think, and dinna ſit your Time.

Jen. I never thought a ſingle Life a Crime.

Peg. Nor I —— but Love in Whiſpers lets us ken,
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

Jen.

Jen. If *Roger* is my Jo, he kens himſell;
For ſic a Tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the Cauſe,
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his *Hums* and *Haws*?
When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're Fools that Slavery like, and may be free:
The Cheils may a' knit up themſells for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie*'s kind.

Jen. Heh! Laſs, how can ye loo that Rattle-ſcull,
A very Deel that ay maun hae his Will?
We'll ſoon here tell what a poor fighting Life
You twa will lead, ſae ſoon's ye're Man and Wife.

Peg. I'll rin the Risk; nor have I ony Fear,
But rather think ilk langſome Day a Year,
Till I with Pleaſure mount my Bridal-bed,
Where on my *Patie*'s Breaſt I'll lean my Head.
There we may kiſs as lang as Kiſſing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his Will: Why no? 'tis good my Part
To give him that; and he'll give me his Heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen Days,
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco Fraiſe;
And daut ye baith afore Fowk and your lane:
But ſoon as his Newfangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his Tether-ſtake,
And think he's tint his Freedom for your Sake.
Inſtead then of lang Days of ſweet Delite,
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he'll flite:
And may be, in his Barlickhoods, ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving Wife a loundering Lick.

Peg. Sic coarſe-ſpun Thoughts as thae want Pith to move
My ſettl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love.
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath;
But want of him I dread nae other Skaith.
There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the Green
Has ſic a Smile, or ſic twa glancing Een.
And then he ſpeaks with ſic a taking Art,
His Words they thirle like Muſick thro' my Heart.
How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at feckleſs Fears that fright the lave?
Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
He is --- But what need I ſay that or this?
I'd ſpend a Month to tell you what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a Gait,
The reſt ſeem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better Senſe will lang his Love ſecure:
Ill Nature hefts in Sauls are weak and poor.

Jen. Hey! bonny Laſs of *Brankſome*, or't be lang,
Your witty *Pate* will put you in a Sang.
O! 'tis a pleaſant thing to be a Bride;
Syne whindging Getts about your Ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that with faſheous Din,
To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae We'an ſa's ſick, ane ſcads it ſell we Broe,
Ane breaks his Shin, anither tynes his Shoe;
The Deel gaes o'er *John Wobſter*, Hame grows Hell,
When *Pate* miſca's ye war than Tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartſome thing to be a Wife,
When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall have Delight,
To hear their little Plaints, and keep them right.

Wow!

Wow! *Jenny*, can there greater Pleaſure be,
Than ſee ſic wee Tots toolying at your Knee;
When a' they ettle at — their greateſt Wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiſs?
Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night,
The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight?
Jen. But Poortith, *Peggy*, is the warſt of a',
Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance ſhou'd Beggary draw:
But little Love, or canty Chear can come,
Frae duddy Doublets, and a Pantry toom.
Your Nowt may die — the Spate may bear away
Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay.—
The thick blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blaſhy Thows,
May ſmoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.
A Dyvour buys your Butter, Woo and Cheeſe,
But, or the Day of Payment, breaks and flees.
With glooman Brow the Laird ſeeks in his Rent:
'Tis no to gi'e; your Merchant's to the bent;
His Honour mauna want, he poinds your Gear:
Syne, driven frae Houſe and Hald, where will ye ſteer?
Dear *Meg*, be wiſe, and live a ſingle Life;
Troth 'tis nae Mows to be a marry'd Wife.
Peg. May ſic ill Luck befa' that ſilly She,
Wha has ſic Fears; for that was never me.
Let Fowk bode well, and ſtrive to do their beſt;
Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt Uncle aften ſay,
That Lads ſhou'd a' for Wives that's vertuous pray:
For the maiſt thrifty Man cou'd never get
A well ſtor'd Room, unleſs his Wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my Part,
To gather Wealth to raiſe my *Shepherd*'s Heart.

What e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,
And win the Vogue, at Market, Tron, or Fair,
For haleſome, clean, cheap and ſufficient Ware.
A Flock of Lambs, Cheeſe, Butter, and ſome Woo,
Shall firſt be ſald, to pay the Laird his Due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. --- Thus, without Fear,
With Love and Rowth we thro' the Warld will ſteer:
And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the Day he gat me for his Wife.

Jen. But what if ſome young Giglit on the Green,
With dimpled Cheeks, and twa bewitching Een,
Should gar your *Patie* think his haff-worn *Meg*,
And her kend Kiſſes, hardly worth a Feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that; --- dear *Jenny*, to be free,
There's ſome Men conſtanter in Love than we:
Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind
Has bleſt them with Solidity of Mind.
They'll reaſon calmly, and with Kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort Paſſions wad our Peace beguile.
Sae whenſoe'er they ſlight their Maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the Wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ with Pleaſure a' my Art
To keep him chearfu', and ſecure his Heart.
At Even, when he comes weary frae the Hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his Will.
In Winter, when he toils thro' Wind and Rain,
A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-ſtane.
And ſoon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
The ſeething Pot's be ready to take aff.
Clean Hagabag I'll ſpread upon his Board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford.
Good Humour and white Bigonets ſhall be
Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

Jen.

Jen. A Diſh of married Love right ſoon grows cauld,
And doſens down to nane, as Fowk grow auld.
Peg. But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The Loſs of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.
Bairns, and their Bairns, make ſure a firmer Ty,
Than ought in Love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side,
Suppoſe them, ſome Years ſyne, Bridegroom and Bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading Branches are increaſt,
And in their Mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſhields the other frae the Eaſtlin Blaſt,
That in Return defends it frae the Weſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle, -- a State ſae lik'd by you!
Beneath ilk Storm, frae ev'ry Airth, maun bow.
Jen. I've done, -- I yield, dear Laſſie, I maun yield,
Your better Senſe has fairly won the Field,
With the Aſſiſtance of a little Fae
Lyes darn'd within my Breaſt this mony a Day.
Peg. Alake! poor Priſoner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the Air:
Haſte, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy*'s or poor *Roger*'s Man.
Jen. Anither time's as good, -- for ſee the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the Graith; -- if canker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked Rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;
For this ſeems true, -- nae Laſs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A ſnug Thack-houſe, before the Door a Green;
Hens on the Midding, Ducks in Dubs are ſeen.
On this Side ſtands a Barn, on that a Byre;
A Peat-ſtack joins, and forms a rural Square.
The Houſe is Glaud's; *--- there you may ſee him lean,*
And to his Divot-Seat invite his Frien'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. GOod-morrow, Nibour *Symon*, --- come ſit down,
And gie's your Cracks. --- What's a' the News in (Town?
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,
And ſald your *Crummock* and her baſſend Quey.
I'll warrant ye've coſt a Pund of Cut and Dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my Heart; --- and tent me now, auld Boy,
I've gather'd News will kittle your Mind with Joy.
I cou'dna reſt till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye things have taken ſic a Turn,
Will gar our vile Oppreſſors ſtend like Flaes,
And skulk in Hidlings on the Hether Braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw! Ah! *Symie*, ratling Chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt Lies aff hand,
Whilk ſoon flies round like Will-fire far and near:
But looſe your Poke, be't true or fauſe, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have ſeen
Hub, that abroad has with our *Maſter* been;
Our brave good *Maſter*, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair Eſtate, to ſave his Head;

Becauſe

Becauſe ye ken ſou well he bravely choſe
To ſtand his Liege's Friend with Great MONTROSE.
Now *Cromwell*'s gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd MONK
Has play'd the *Rumple* a right ſlee Begunk,
Reſtor'd King *CHARLES*, and ilka thing's in Tune:
And *Habby* ſays, We'll ſee Sir WILLIAM ſoon.
Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed; — but dinna ſlaw:
Tell o'er your News again! and ſwear till't a';
And ſaw ye *Hab*! And what did *Halbert* ſay?
They have been e'en a dreary Time away.
Now GOD be thanked that our Laird's come hame,
And his Eſtate, ſay, can he eithly claim?
Sym. They that hag-raid us till our Guts did grane,
Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir *William* ſall enjoy his ain.
Glaud. And may he lang; for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving, with a racket Rent:
Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or ſhor'd to raiſe
Our Mailens, when we pat on *Sunday*'s Claiths.
Sym. Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy Air,
Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.
Put on your Bonnet, Symon; — *Tak a Seat.* —
How's all at hame? — *How's* Elſpa? *How does* Kate?
How ſells black Cattle? — *What gie's Woo this Year?* —
And ſic like kindly Queſtions wad he ſpeer.
Glaud. Then wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedeen
The nappy Bottle ben, and Glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our Breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome Flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My Heart's e'en rais'd! Dear Nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your Dinner here with me the Day?

We'll

We'll ſend for *Elſpath* too --- and upo' ſight,
I'll whiſtle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height:
I'll yoke my Sled, and ſend to the neiſt Town,
And bring a Draught of Ale baith ſtout and brown,
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife and We'an,
Drink till they tine the Gate to ſtand their lane.

Sym. I wad na bauk my Friend his blyth Deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For heer-yeſtreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa Wathers prime and fat;
A Firlot of good Cakes my *Elſpa* beuk,
And a large Ham hings reeſting in the Nook;
I ſaw my ſell, or I came o'er the Loan,
Our meikle Pot that ſcads the Whey put on,
A Mutton-bouk to boil: --- And ane we'll roaſt;
And on the Haggies *Elſpa* ſpares nae Coſt;
Sma' are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix fu' nice
The guſty Ingans with a Curn of Spice:
Fat are the Puddings, --- Heads and Feet well ſung.
And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
To paſs this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
And drink our *Maſter*'s Health and Welcome-hame.
Ye mauna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt Friend that I like beſt.
Bring wi'ye a' your Family, and then,
When e'er you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r ſell, Auld-birky, never fear
But at your Banquet I ſhall firſt appear.
Faith we ſhall bend the Bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, ſaid I! troth I'm younger be a Score,
With your good News, than what I was before.

I'll

I'll dance or Een! Hey! *Madge*, come forth: D'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad. The Man's gane gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome here.
What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this Haſte and Din?
Ye never let a Body ſit to ſpin. (your Tow,

Glaud. Spin! ſnuff — Gae break your Wheel, and burn
And ſet the meikleſt Peat-ſtack in a Low.
Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir *William* ſee.

Mad. Blyth News indeed! And wha was tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you? — Gae get my *Sunday*'s Coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobbit Bands,
My white-skin Hoſe, and Mittons for my Hands;
Then frae their Waſhing cry the Bairns in haſte,
And make your ſells as trig, Head, Feet and Waiſt,
As ye were a' to get young Lads or E'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Sym. Do, honeſt *Madge*: — And, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae't.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The open Field. — A Cottage in a Glen,
An auld Wife ſpinning at the ſunny End. —
At a ſmall Diſtance, by a blaſted Tree,
With falded Arms, and haff rais'd Look, ye ſee

BAULDY *his lane.*

Baul. WHat's this! — I canna bear't! 'tis war than Hell,
To be ſae burnt with Love, yet darna tell!

O *Peggy*, ſweeter than the dawning Day,
Sweeter than gowany Glens, or new mawn Hay;
Blyther than Lambs that friſk out o'er the Knows,
Straighter than ought that in the Foreſt grows:
Her Een the cleareſt Blob of Dew outſhines;
The Lilly in her Breaſt its Beauty tines.
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
Will be my dead, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For *Pate* loes her, --- wae's me! and ſhe loes *Pate*;
And I with *Neps*, by ſome unlucky Fate,
Made a daft Vow: --- O but ane be a Beaſt
That makes raſh Aiths till he's afore the Prieſt!
I dare na ſpeak my Mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.
'Tis fair to thole; --- I'll try ſome Witchcraft Art,
To break with ane, and win the other's Heart.
Here *Mauſy* lives, a Witch, that for ſma' Price
Can caſt her Cantraips, and give me Advice.
She can o'ercaſt the Night, and cloud the Moon,
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.
At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards ſhe raves,
And howks unchriſten'd We'ans out of their Graves;
Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow,
Rins witherſhins about the Hemlock Low;
And ſeven Times does her Prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
Mixt with the Venom of black Taids and Snakes;
Of this unſonſy Pictures aft ſhe makes
Of ony ane ſhe hates --- and gars expire
With ſlaw and racking Pains afore a Fire;
Stuck fu' of Prins, the deviliſh Pictures melt,
The Pain, by Fowk they repreſent, is felt.

And yonder's *Mauſe*: Ay, ay, ſhe kens fu' well,
When ane like me comes rinning to the Deil.
She and her Cat ſit beeking in her Yard,
To ſpeak my Errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I ſhould never thrive;
They gallop faſt that Deils and Laſſes drive.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE III.

A Green Kail-yard, a little Fount,
Where Water popilan ſprings;
There ſits a Wife with Wrinkle-Front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

MAUSE *ſings.*

" *Peggy*, now the King's come,
" *Peggy*, now the King's come;
" Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
" *Peggy*, ſince the King's come.
" Nae mair the Hawkies ſhalt thou milk,
" But change thy Plaiding-Coat for Silk,
" And be a Lady of that Ilk,
" Now, *Peggy*, ſince the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. HOW does auld honeſt Lucky of the Glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threeſcore ten.
Mauſ. E'en twining out a Threed with little Din,
And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.
What brings my Bairn this Gate ſae air at Morn?
Is there nae Muck to lead? — to threſh nae Corn?

Baul. Enough of baith: --- But ſomething that requires
Your helping Hand, employs now all my Cares.
Mauſ. My helping Hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith Eild and Poortith bow?
Baul. Ay, but ye're wiſe, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt Part of the Pariſh tells a Lie.
Mauſ. Of what kind Wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my Character aboon the reſt?
Baul. The Word that gangs, how ye're ſae wiſe and fell,
Ye'll may be take it ill gif I ſhou'd tell.
Mauſ. What Fowk ſays of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep nathing up, ye nathing have to fear.
Baul. Well, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a',
That ilk ane talks about you, but a Flaw.
When laſt the Wind made *Glaud* a roofleſs Barn;
When laſt the Burn bore down my *Mither*'s Yarn;
When *Brawny* Elf-ſhot never mair came hame;
When *Tibby* kirn'd, and there nae Butter came;
When *Beſſy Freetock*'s chuffy-cheeked We'an
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'd na ſtand its lane;
When *Watie* wander'd ae Night thro' the Shaw,
And tint himſell amaiſt amang the Snaw;
When *Mungo*'s Mear ſtood ſtill, and ſwat with Fright,
When he brought Eaſt the *Howdy* under Night;
When *Bawſy* ſhot to dead upon the Green,
And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair ſeen:
You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
And ſae they may that mint to do ye Skaith:
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
But when I neiſt make Grots, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a Firlot of them mixt with Peaſe.

Mauſ. I thank ye, Lad; — now tell me your Demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.
Baul. Then, I like *Peggy*, — *Neps* is fond of me; —
Peggy likes *Pate*, — and *Patie*'s bauld and ſlee,
And loes ſweet *Meg*. — But *Neps* I downa ſee. —
Cou'd ye turn *Patie*'s Love to *Neps*, and than
Peggy's to me, — I'd be the happieſt Man.
Mauſ. I'll try my Art to gar the Bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at Night:
'Gainſt that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth all your Peaſe and Grots; tak ye nae Care.
Baul. Well, *Mauſe*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find:
But if ye raiſe the *Deil*, he'll raiſe the Wind;
Syne Rain and Thunder may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the Night ſae rough, I'll tine the Gate.
We're a' to rant in *Symie*'s at a Feaſt,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a Jeſt;
And there ye can our different Haviours ſpy:
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.
Mauſ. 'Tis like I may, — but let na on what's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle Caſt.
Baul. If I ought of your Secrets e'er advance;
May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard Luck, alake! when Poverty and Eild,
Weeds out of Faſhion, and a lanely Beild,
With a ſma' Caſt of Wiles, ſhould in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' Name a wrinkled *Witch*.
This Fool imagines, as do mony ſic,
That I'm a Wretch in Compact with *Auld Nick*;

Be-

Becauſe by Education I was taught
To ſpeak and act aboon their common Thought.
Their groſs Miſtake ſhall quickly now appear;
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
Nane kens but me, --- and if the Morn were come,
I'll tell them Tales will gar them a' ſing dumb.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Behind a Tree, upon the Plain,
Pate *and his* Peggy *meet;*
In Love, without a vicious Stain,
The bonny Laſs and chearfu' Swain
Change Vows and Kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O *Patie*, let me gang, I mauna ſtay,
We're baith cry'd haime, and *Jenny* ſhe's away.
Pat. I'm laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And *Roger* he's awa with *Jenny* gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſells, I judge, as we.
Here, where Primroſes thickeſt paint the Green,
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.
Hark how the Lavrocks chant aboon our Heads,
How ſaft the Weſtlin Winds ſough thro' the Reeds.
Peg. The ſcented Meadows, – Birds, – and healthy Breeze,
For ought I ken, may mair than *Peggy* pleaſe.

Pat.

Pat. Ye wrang me ſair, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I could fancy ought's ſae ſweet or fair
As my dear *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.
Thy Breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt Brier,
Thy Cheek and Breaſt the fineſt Flowers appear.
Thy Words excel the maiſt delightfu' Notes,
That warble through the Merl or Mavis' Throats.
With thee I tent nae Flowers that buſk the Field,
Or ripeſt Berries that our Mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt Fruits that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiſs of thee.

Peg But *Patrick*, for ſome wicked End, may fleech,
And Lambs ſhould tremble when the Foxes preach.
I dare na ſtay — ye Joker, let me gang,
Anither Laſs may gar ye change your Sang;
Your Thoughts may flit, and I may thole the Wrang.

Pat. Sooner a Mother ſhall her Fondneſs drap,
And wrang the Bairn ſits ſmiling on her Lap;
The Sun ſhall change, the Moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The Gaits to clim, — the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall ſkaith our Love; I ſwear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your Aith: — But mony Lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in haff a Year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if a fairer Face your Heart ſhou'd ſteal,
Your *Meg* forſaken, bootleſs might relate,
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs *Pate*.

Pat. I'm ſure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a Year.

I mind it well, when thou coud'ſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
Aft to the *Tanſy-know*, or *Raſhy-ſtrand*,
Thou ſmiling by my Side, — I took Delite,
To pou the Raſhes green, with Roots ſae white,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowry Belt and Snood.

Peg. When firſt thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews firſt try'd my Skill;
To bear a Leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the Bught at E'en I met with thee.

Pat. When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and riſing Fells,
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or putt the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:
At all theſe Sports thou ſtill gave Joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. *Jenny* ſings ſaft the *Broom of Cowden-knows*,
And *Roſie* lilts the *Milking of the Ews*;
There's nane like *Nanſie*, *Jenny Nettles* ſings;
At Turns in *Maggy Lauder*, *Marion* dings:
But when my *Peggy* ſings, with ſweeter Skill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Laſs of Patie's Mill*;
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me:
Tho' they ſing well, they canna ſing like thee.

Peg. How eith can Laſſes trow what they deſire!
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that Fire:
But wha loves beſt, let Time and Carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my Love ſhall Time defy.

Be ſtill as now, and a' my Care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglit Gawky like the lave,
That little better than our Nowt behave;
At nought they'll ferly;— ſenſeleſs Tales believe;
Be blyth for ſilly Heghts, for Trifles grieve:—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my Heart, that kenna how,
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better Senſe, without a Flaw,
As in thy Beauty far excells them a',
Continue kind; and a' my Care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed;— but harken, yon's auld Aunty's Cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

Pat. And let them ferly.— Now, a kindly Kiſs,
Or fiveſcore good anes wad not be amiſs;
And ſyne we'll ſing the Sang with tunefu' Glee,
That I made up laſt Owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing firſt, ſyne claim your Hire.———

Pat. ———————— Well, I agree.

PATIE *ſings.*

By the delicious Warmneſs of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eyes that ſmiling tell the Truth,
I gueſs, my Laſſie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love; and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY *ſings.*

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the Wooing's done?
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Power,
Like unripe Fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE *ſings.*

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetneſs they may tine; and ſae may ye,
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear;
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGGY *ſinging, falls into* Patie's *Arms.*

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie*'s Arms, for good and a'.
But ſtint your Wiſhes to this kind Embrace;
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

PATIE *with his left Hand about her Waſte.*

O charming Armfu', hence ye Cares away,
I'll kiſs my Treaſure a' the live lang Day;
All Night I'll dream my Kiſſes o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the Weſtlin Skies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your Steeds, poſt Time away,
And haſte about our Bridal Day:
And if ye're wearied, honeſt Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a Week that Night.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Now turn your Eyes beyond yon ſpreading Lime,
And tent a Man whaſe Beard ſeems bleech'd with Time;
An Elvand fills his Hand, his Habit mean:
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been.
But whiſht! it is the Knight in Maſquerade,
That comes hid in this Cloud to ſee his Lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Thro' his auld Av'news, anes delightfu' Groves.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus.*

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Diſguiſe,
I'll for a Space unknown delight mine Eyes,
With a full View of every fertile Plain,
Which once I loſt, — which now are mine again.
Yet 'midſt my Joys, ſome Proſpects Pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands,
Without a Roof; the Gates faln from their Bands;
The Caſements all broke down; no Chimney left;
The naked Walls of Tap'ſtry all bereft:
My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!
That with each rainy Blaſt decaying falls:
My Gardens, once adorn'd the moſt compleat,
With all that Nature, all that Art makes ſweet;
Where, round the figur'd Green, and Peeble Walks,
The dewy Flowers hung nodding on their Stalks:
But, overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
No *Jacacinths* or *Eglintines* appear.

How do thoſe ample Walls to Ruin yield,
Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* Branches found a Beild,
And bask'd in Rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightfu' in the Uſe!
All round in Gaps, the moſt in Rubbiſh ly,
And from what ſtands the wither'd Branches fly.
  Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd: --- And now my Joy
Forbids all Grief, --- when I'm to ſee my BOY,
My only Prop, and Object of my Care,
Since Heaven too ſoon call'd hame his MOTHER fair.
Him, ere the Rays of Reaſon clear'd his Thought,
I ſecretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his Birth,
'Till we ſhould ſee what changing Times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the Dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the Height and Lawn,
After his fleecy Charge, ſerenely gay,
With other Shepherds whiſtling o'er the Day.
Thrice happy Life! that's from Ambition free;
Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how chearfully
A quiet contented Mortal ſpends his Time
In hearty Health, his Soul unſtain'd with Crime.
  Now tow'rds good *Symon*'s Houſe I'll bend my Way,
And ſee what makes yon Gamboling to Day,
All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
My youthful Tenants gayly dance and ſing.

Exit.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's *Houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,*
And viſſy't round and round;
There's nought ſuperfluous to give Pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear Peat-Ingle
Glances amidſt the Floor;
The Green-Horn Spoons, Beech-Luggies mingle,
On Skelfs foregainſt the Door.
While the young Brood ſport on the Green,
The auld anes think it beſt,
With the Brown Cow to clear their Een,
Snuff, crack, and take their Reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD and ELSPA.

Glaud. WE anes were young our ſells — I like to ſee
The Bairns bob round with other merrilie.
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie*'s grown a ſtrapan Lad,
And better Looks than his I never bade.
Amang our Lads, he bears the Gree awa',
And tells his Tale the cleverеſt of them a'.

Elſ. Poor Man! — he's a great Comfort to us baith:
GOD mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith.
He is a Bairn, I'll ſay't, well worth our Care,
That ga'e us ne'er Vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with *Peggy*'s Beauty tane,
And troth, my *Niece* is a right dainty We'an,
As ye well ken: A bonnier needna be,
Nor better, — be't ſhe were nae Kin to me.

Sym.

Sym. Ha! *Glaud*, I doubt that ne'er will be a Match;
My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch:
And or he were, for Reaſons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the Mools my ſell.

Glaud. What Reaſon can ye have? There's nane, I'm ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the Laſſie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind.
Fourſcore of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,
Five Ky that at ae Milking fills a Kirn,
I'll gi'e to *Peggy* that Day ſhe's a Bride;
By and attour, gif my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs at Spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elſ. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*; but dinna ſpeer
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhould here.

Sym. Or this Day eight days likely he ſhall learn,
That out Denial diſna ſlight his Bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't,—come, gie's the other Bend;
We'll drink their Healths, whatever Way it end.

Their Healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*, — by ſome 'tis ſaid,
Your Niece is but a *Fondling* that was laid
Down at your Hallon-ſide, ae Morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

Glaud. That clatteran *Madge*, any Titty, tells ſic Flaws,
When e'er our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O Father! there's an auld Man on the Green,
The felleſt Fortune-teller e'er was ſeen:

He

He tents our Loofs, and ſyne whops out a Book,
Turns o'er the Leaves, and gies our Brows a Look;
Syne tells the oddeſt Tales that e'er ye heard.
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can ſay:
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my Houſe to Day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling Fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt;
For greater Liars never ran there out.

Returns Jenny, *bringing in Sir* William; *with them* Patie.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honeſt Carle; — here take a Seat.

S. Will. I give ye Thanks, Goodman; I'ſe no be blate.

GLAUD *drinks.*

Come t'ye, Friend: — How far came ye the Day?

S. Will. I pledge ye, Nibour: — E'en but little Way:
Rouſted with Eild, a wee Piece Gate ſeems lang;
Twa Miles or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to ſtay all Night with me,
And take ſic Bed and Board as we can gi' ye.

S. Will. That's kind unſought. — Well, gin ye have a Bairn
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my Skill,
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON *pointing to* Patie.

Only that Lad; — alake! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

S. Will. Young Man, let's ſee your Hand; — what gats ye ſneer?

Pat. Becauſe your Skill's but little worth I fear.

S. Will.

S. Will. Ye cut before the Point. — But, Billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a *Mouſe* Mark on your Side.
Elſ. Betooch-us-to! and well I wat that's true:
Awa, awa! the Deil's o'er grit wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a Sark.
S. Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young Lad be ſpar'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich Laird. (now?
Elſp. A Laird! — Hear ye, Goodman! What think ye
Sym. I dinna ken: Strange auld Man! What art thou?
Fair fa' your Heart; 'tis good to bode of Wealth:
Come turn the Timmer to Laird *Patie*'s Health.

PATIE's *Health gaes round.*

Pat. A Laird of twa good Whiſtles, and a Kent,
Twa Curs, my truſty Tenants, on the Bent,
Is all my great Eſtate — and like to be:
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.
Sym. Whiſht, *Patie*, — let the Man look o'er your Hand,
Aftimes as broken a Ship has come to Land.

Sir William *looks a little at* Patie's *Hand, then counterfeits falling into a Trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

Elſp. Preſerve's! the Man's a Warlock, or poſſeſt
With ſome nae good — or ſecond Sight, at leaſt:
Where is he now? _____
Glaud. _____ He's ſeeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.
Elſp. Theſe ſecond ſighted Fowk, his Peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my Thumb — Wow, can he tell
(Speer at him, ſoon as he comes to himſell)

How

How ſoon we'll ſee Sir *William*? Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken Words like ane that raves.
Sym. He'll ſoon grow better; — *Elſpa*, haſte ye, gae,
And fill him up a Taſs of *Uſquebae*.

Sir WILLIAM ſtarts up, and ſpeaks.

A Knight that for a LYON fought,
Againſt a Herd of Bears,
Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
In which ſome Thouſands ſhares.
But now again the LYON rares,
And Joy ſpreads o'er the Plain:
The LYON has defeat the Bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight, *in a few Days, ſhall bring*
A Shepherd *frae the Fauld,*
And ſhall preſent him to his King,
A Subject true and bauld.
He Mr. PATRICK *ſhall be call'd:*
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald;
For it ſhall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your Spaeing happen ſoon and weel;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deil,
To tell ſome Tales that Fowks wad ſecret keep:
Or do ye get them tald you in your Sleep?
S. Will. Howe'er I get them, never faſh your Beard;
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.
Sym. You propheſying Fowks are odd kind Men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken,

The wimpled Meaning of your unco Tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a Noiſe o'er Moor and Dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae ſma' Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And takes't for Goſpel what the Spae-man gives
Of flawing Fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:
But what we wiſh, we trow at ony Rate.

S. Will. Whiſht, doubtfu' Carle; for ere the Sun
Has driven twice down to the Sea,
What I have ſaid ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be't ſae, Friend, I ſhall ſay nathing mair;
But I've twa ſonſy Laſſes young and fair,
Plump ripe for Men: I wiſh ye cou'd foreſee
Sic Fortunes for them might prove Joy to me.

S. Will. Nae mair thro' Secrets can I ſift,
Till Darkneſs black the Bent:
I have but anes a day that Gift;
Sae reſt a while content.

Sym. Elſpa, caſt on the Claith, fetch butt ſome Meat,
And, of your beſt, gar this auld Stranger eat.

S. Will. Delay a while your hoſpitable Care;
I'd rather enjoy this Evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd Tower, to fetch a Walk
With you, kind Friend, to have ſome private Talk.

Sym. Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your Deſire:—
And, *Glaud*, you'll take your Pipe beſide the Fire;
We'll but gae round the *Place*, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our Pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and ſee the young anes play.
My Heart's ſtill light, abeit my Locks be gray.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE III.

Jenny *pretends an Errand hame,*
Young Roger *draps the reſt,*
To whiſper out his melting Flame,
And thow his Laſſie's Breaſt.
Behind a Buſh, well hid frae ſight, they meet:
See Jenny's *laughing;* Roger's *like to greet.*
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. DEar *Jenny*, I wad ſpeak to ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh, ye're ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.
Jen. And what would *Roger* ſay, if he could ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye're to ſeek.
Rog. Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een.
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your Scorn;
Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Ev'n and Morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo ye leſs, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.
Jen. And wha kens, honeſt Lad, but that I may;
Ye canna ſay that e'er I ſaid ye nay.
Rog. Alake! my frighted Heart begins to fail,
When e'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,
For fear ſome tighter Lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your Love, and near your Heart may ly.
Jen. I loo my Father, Couſin *Meg* I love;
But to this Day, nae Man my Mind could move:

Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I beſt had keep me free.
Rog. How lang, dear *Jenny?* — Sayna that again;
What Pleaſure can ye tak in giving Pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet ſtand free:
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?
Jen. Ye have my Pity elſe, to ſee ye ſet
On that whilk makes our Sweetneſs ſoon foryet.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How ſweet we breathe, when e'er we kiſs, or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner Fools to give Conſent,
Than we our Daffine and tint Power repent:
When priſon'd in four Waws, a Wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt Drudge at hame.
Rog. That only happens, when for ſake of Gear,
Ane wales a Wife, as he wad buy a Mear;
Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind
Of different Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But Love, true downright Love, engages me,
Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn, — ſtill to delight in thee.
Jen. What ſuggard'd Words frae Woers Lips can fa'!
But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've ſeen with ſhining Fair the Morning riſe,
And ſoon the ſleety Clouds mirk a' the Skies.
I've ſeen the Silver Spring a while rin clear,
And ſoon in Moſſy Puddles diſappear.
The Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may ſmile;
But ſoon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.
Rog. I've ſeen the Morning riſe with faireſt Light,
The Day unclouded ſink in calmeſt Night.
I've ſeen the Spring rin wimpling thro' the Plain,
Increaſe and join the Ocean without Stain.

The Bridegroom may be blyth; the Bride may ſmile;
Rejoice thro' Life, and all your Fears beguile.
Jen. Were I but ſure you lang wou'd Love maintain,
The feweſt Words my eaſy Heart could gain:
For I maun own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;
And ever had a Warmneſs in my Breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.
Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my Head! —
This Guſh of Pleaſure's like to be my Dead.
Come to my Arms! or ſtrike me! I'm all fir'd
With wondring Love! let's kiſs till we be tir'd.
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the Sun and Starns away,
And ferly at the quick Return of Day!
O *Jenny!* let my Arms about thee twine,
And briſs thy bonny Breaſts and Lips to mine.
Jen. With equal Joy my eaſy Heart gi'es Way,
To own thy well try'd Love has won the Day.
Now by theſe warmeſt Kiſſes thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.
Rog. I ſwear by Fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb,
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.
Jen. Well, I agree: — Neiſt, to my Parent gae,
Get his Conſent; — he'll hardly ſay ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld Fowks, like them, that wants na Milk and Meal.
Rog. My Faulds contain twice fifteen Forrow Nowt,
As mony Newcal in my Byers rowt;
Five Pack of Woo I can at *Lammas* ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell:

Good

Good twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
With meikle Care, my thrifty Mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a heartſome Houſe and tight,
Was ſtill her Care, my Father's great Delight.
They left me all; which now gi'es Joy to me,
Becauſe I can give a', my Dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my *Jenny* ſhould the ſamen skair.
My Love and All is yours; now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them laſt.

Jen. I'll do my beſt --- But ſee wha comes this Way,
Patie and *Meg*; --- beſides, I mauna ſtay:
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the Morn;
If we be ſeen, we'll drie a deal of Scorn.

Rog. To where the Saugh-trees ſhades the Mennin-pool,
I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool:
Keep Triſte, and meet me there; --- there let us meet,
To kiſs, and tell our Love; --- there's nought ſae ſweet.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

This Scene preſents the Knight and Sym
Within a Gallery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the Baron ſhown his Face,
But joking with his Shepherd leel,
Aft ſpeers the Gate he kens fu' well.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

S. Will. TO whom belongs this Houſe ſo much decay'd?
Sym. To ane that loſt it, lending generous Aid,

To

To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail*
Againſt the Laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir WILLIAM WORTHY is our Maſter's Name,
Whilk fills us all with Joy, now *He's come hame.*
(Sir William *draps his masking Beard,*
Symon *tranſported ſees*
The welcome Knight, with fond Regard,
And graſps him round the Knees)
My Maſter! my dear Maſter! --- do I breathe,
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae Skaith;
Return'd to chear his wiſhing Tenants Sight,
To bleſs his SON, my Charge, the World's Delight!
S. Will. Riſe, faithful *Symon*; in my Arms enjoy
A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy:
I came to view thy Care in this Diſguiſe,
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the Secret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.
Sym. The due Obedience to your ſtrict Command
Was the firſt Lock; --- neiſt, my ain Judgment fand
Out Reaſons plenty: Since, without Eſtate,
A Youth, tho' ſprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.
S. Will. And aften vain and idly ſpend their Time,
'Till grown unfit for Action, paſt their Prime,
Hang on their Friends --- which gie's their Sauls a caſt,
That turns them downright Beggars at the laſt.
Sym. Now well I wat, Sir, ye have ſpoken true;
For there's Laird *Kytie*'s Son, that's loo'd by few:
His Father ſteght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name.
He gangs about ſornan frae Place to Place,
As ſcrimp of Manners, as of Senſe and Grace;

Op-

Oppreſſing all as Puniſhment of their Sin,
That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's ſae unjuſt
To his ain Fam'ly, as to give him truſt.

S. Will. Such uſeleſs Branches of a Common-wealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health.
Unworthy bare Reflection. --- *Symon*, run
O'er all your Obſervations on my Son;
A Parent's Fondneſs eaſily finds Excuſe:
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuſe.

Sym. To ſpeak his Praiſe, the langeſt Simmer Day
Wad be o'er ſhort, --- cou'd I them right diſplay.
In Word and Deed he can ſae well behave,
That out of Sight he runs before the lave;
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Conteſt,
Patrick's made Judge to tell whaſe Cauſe is beſt;
And his Decreet ſtands good; --- he'll gar it ſtand:
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting Hand;
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He gars the proudeſt of our Herds obey.

S. Will. Your Tale much pleaſes; -- my good Friend, pro-
What Learning has he? Can he write and read? (ceed:

Sym. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gi'e him at the School enough of Lair;
And he delites in Books: --- He reads, and ſpeaks
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin* Words and *Greeks*.

S. Will. Where gets he Books to read? -- and of what kind?
Tho' ſome give Light, ſome blindly lead the Blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh* Port,
He buys ſome Books of Hiſtory, Sangs or Sport:
Nor does he want of them a Kowth at will,
And carries ay a Poutchfu' to the Hill.

Abou

About ane *Shakſpear*, and a famons *Ben*,
He aften ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of Men.
How ſweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Stirling* ſing,
And ane ca'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,
He kens fu' well, and gars their Verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought he made o'er great a Fraſe,
About fine Poems, Hiſtories and Plays.
When I reprov'd him anes, --- a Book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.
S. Will. He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad my Ear,
When ſuch Accounts I of my Shepherd hear.
Reading ſuch Books can raiſe a Peaſant's Mind
Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.
Sym. What ken we better, that fae ſindle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a Book;
When we a Leaf or twa haff read haff ſpell,
Till a' the reſt ſleep round, as well's our ſell?
S. Will. Well jeſted, *Symon*: --- But one Queſtion more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The Youth's arriv'd the Age when little Loves
Flighter around young Hearts like cooing Doves:
Has nae young Laſſie, with inviting Mien,
And roſy Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthfu' Heart?
Sym. I fear'd the warſt, but kend the ſmalleſt Part,
Till late I ſaw him twa three times mair ſweet,
With *Glaud*'s fair *Neice*, than I thought right or meet:
I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your ſell your Son will ſoon appear.
A Gentleman, enrich'd with all theſe Charms,
May bleſs the faireſt beſt born Lady's Arms.

S. Will. This Night muſt end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views ſhall greater Thoughts inſpire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me;
None but your ſelf ſhall our firſt Meeting ſee.
Yonder's my Horſe and Servants nigh at hand,
They come juſt at the Time I gave Command;
Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dreſs:
Now ye the Secret may to all confeſs.

Sym. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee!
There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus.*

When the Event of Hopes ſucceſsfully appears,
One happy Hour cancells the Toil of Years.
A thouſand Toils are loſt in *Lethe*'s Stream,
And Cares evaniſh like a Morning Dream;
When wiſh'd for Pleaſures riſe like Morning Light,
The Pain that's paſt enhanſes the Delight.
Theſe Joys I feel that Words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known without my late Diſtreſs.
But from his ruſtick Buſineſs and Love,
I muſt in haſte my *Patrick* ſoon remove,
To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve.
Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,
Only in little Breakings ſhew its Light,
Till artfu' Poliſhing has made it ſhine:
Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene deſcrib'd in former Page,
Glaud's *Onſet.* — *Enter* Mauſe *and* Madge.

Mauſ. OUR Laird's come hame! and owns young *Pate* his (Heir!
That's News indeed! ——————
Mad. —————— As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing all in *Symon*'s Yard,
Sir *William*, like a Warlock, with a Beard
Five Nives in Length, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'*.
We ferly'd meikle at his unco Look,
While frae his Pouch he whirled forth a Book.
As we ſtood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad nathing ha'e.
Mauſ. Then ſure the Laſſes, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.
Mad. As faſt as Flaes skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk ſlee Tod *Lawrie* hads without his Mow,
When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Simmer Days ſlides backward in a Pool:
In ſhort he did, for *Pate*, braw things fortell,
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell.
At laſt, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome Maſter; — round his Knees he gat,
Hang at his Coat, and ſyne for Blythneſs grat.

Patrick was ſent for; --- happy Lad is he!
Symon tald *Elſpa*, *Elſpa* tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret Story ſoon;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to *Pate* himſell.
Our *Meg*, poor thing, alake! has loſt her Jo.
Mauſ. It may be ſae; wha kens? and may be no.
To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain;
Even Kings have tane a Queen out of the Plain:
And what has been before, may be again.
Mad. Sic Nonſenſe! Love tak root, but Tocher-good,
'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood:
Sic Faſhions in King BRUCE's Days might be;
But ſiccan Ferlies now we never ſee.
Mauſ. Gif *Pate* forſakes her, *Bauldy* ſhe may gain;
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain.
Mad. He get her! ſlaverin Doof; it ſets him weil
To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to till.
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young *Maſter* ſee ---
Mauſ. Ye'd be as dorty in your Choice as he:
And ſo wad I. But whiſht, here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter BAULDY *ſinging.*

Jenny *ſaid to* Jocky, *Gin ye winna tell,*
Ye ſhall be the Lad, I'll be the Laſs my ſell;
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Laſſie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow ſae. — Laſſes will come too at laſt,
Tho' for a while they maun their Shaw-ba's caſt.

Mauſ.

Mauſ. Well, *Bauldy*, how gaes a'? ——————
Bauld. —————— Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' ſleep ſound but ane this Night.
Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?
Bauld. To find out that, is nae difficult Task;
Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate*, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's Heir.
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honeſt *Mauſe*, ſtand be,
While *Meg*'s in dumps, put in a Word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove;
Leſs wilful, and ay conſtant in my Love.
Mad. As *Neps* can witneſs, and the Buſhy Thorn,
Where mony a Time to her your Heart was ſworn:
Fy! *Bauldy*, bluſh, and Vows of Love regard;
What other Laſs will trow a manſworn Herd?
The Curſe of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' Deeds.
I'll ne'er adviſe my Niece ſae gray a Gate;
Nor will ſhe be advis'd, fu' well I wate.
Bauld. Sae gray a Gate! Manſworn! and a' the reſt:
Ye leed, *auld Roudes* --- and, in Faith, had beſt
Eat in your Words; elſe I ſhall gar ye ſtand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.
Mad. Ye'll gar me ſtand! ye ſheveling-gabit Brock;
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my Rock,
And ten ſharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,
Can flyp the Skin o'ye'r Cheeks out o'er your Chin.
Bauld. I tak ye Witneſs, *Mauſe*, ye heard her ſay,
That I'm manſworn: --- I winna let it gae.
Mad. Ye're Witneſs to, he ca'd me bonny Names,
And ſhould be ſerv'd as his good Breeding claims.
Ye filthy Dog! ——————

Flees

Flees to his Hair like a Fury. — A ſtout Battle. —
Mauſe *endeavours to redd them.*

Mauſ. Let gang your Grips, fy, *Madge!* howt, *Bauldy*
I wadna wiſh this Tulzie had been ſeen; (leen:
'Tis ſae daft like. ———————

Bauldy *gets out of* Madge's *Clutches with a bleeding Noſe.*

Mad. ——— 'Tis dafter like to thole
An Ether-cap, like him, to blaw the Coal:
It ſets him well, with vile unſcrapit Tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their Bairns Bairns have ſeen.
Mauſ. That's true; and *Bauldy* ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain chriſten'd Name.
Bauld. My Lugs, my Noſe, and Nodle finds the ſame.
Mad. Auld Roudes! Filthy Fallow; I ſhall auld ye.
Mauſ. Howt no!---ye'll e'en be Friends with honeſt *Bauldy.*
Come, come, ſhake Hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e'm. I ſee the Lad looks wae.
Bauld. In troth now, *Mauſe*, I have at *Madge* nae Spite;
But ſhe abuſing firſt, was a' the Wite
Of what has happen'd: And ſhould therefore crave
My Pardon firſt, and ſhall Acquittance have.
Mad. I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your Faut to her that ye wad cheat,
Gae, or be blaſted in your Health and Gear, —
'Till ye learn to perform, as well as ſwear.
Vow, and lowp back! — Was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him Deil; he's o'er lang out of Hell.

———————— BAULDY

BAULDY *running off.*

His Preſence be about us! Curſt were he
That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

Exit Bauldy.

MADGE *laughing.*

I think I've towzl'd his Harigalds a wee;
He'll no ſoon grein to tell his Love to me.
He's but a Raſcal that wad mint to ſerve
A Laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve.

Mauſ. Ye towin'd him tightly, --- I commend ye for't;
His blooding Snout gave me nae little Sport:
For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,
And Breeding baith, --- to tell me to my Face,
He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wadna ſtand,
To lend him in this Caſe my helping Hand.

Mad. A *Witch!* --- How had ye Patience this to bear,
And leave him Een to ſee, or Lugs to hear?

Mauſ. Auld wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints like mine,
Obliges Fowk Reſentment to decline;
Till aft 'tis ſeen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning can the Lake of Pith ſupplie.
Thus I pat aff Revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we ſhould gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his Triſte; and I came here
To ſeek your Help, that we the Fool may fear.

Mad. And ſpecial Sport we'll have, as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the *Witch*, and I ſhall play the *Ghaiſt*,
A Linen Sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my Face, and grane, and ſhake my Head.

We'll

We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a Laſſie wrang.
Mauſ. Then let us go; for ſee, 'tis hard on Night,
The Weſtlin Cloud ſhines red with ſetting Light.

Exeunt.

***

Such were the Eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the Mouth
Of thy lov'd Mother, Bleſſing of my Youth;
Who ſet too ſoon! --- And while he Praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his graceful Cheek a Torrent flow'd.
My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail:
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late kend *Sire* I view'd,
While guſhing Tears my panting Breaſt bedew'd.
Unuſual Tranſports made my Head turn round,
Whilſt I my ſelf with riſing Raptures found
The happy Son of ane ſae much renown'd.
But he has heard! --- too faithful *Symon*'s Fear
Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear:
Which he forbids. --- Ah! this confounds my Peace,
While thus to beat, my Heart ſhall ſooner ceaſe.

Rog. How to adviſe ye, troth I'm at a ſtand:
But were't my Caſe, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, and haſten Reaſon plead his Cauſe:
But what cares Love for Reaſon, Rules and Laws?
Still in my Heart my Shepherdeſs excells,
And Part of my new Happineſs repells.

Rog. Enjoy them baith. --- Sir *William* will be won:
Your *Peggy*'s bonny; --- you're his only Son.

Pat. She's mine by Vows, and ſtronger Ties of Love;
And frae theſe Bands nae Change my Mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe; thro' Life I will be true:
But ſtill Obedience is a Parent's Due.

Rog. Is not our Maſter and your ſell to ſtay
Amang us here? --- or are ye gawn away
To *London* Court, or ither far-aff Parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts?

Pat. To *Edinburgh* ſtraight to-morrow we advance,
To *London* neiſt, and afterwards to *France*,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome Years, and learn --- to dance,
And twa three other Monky-tricks. -- That done,
I come hame ſtruting in my red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be ſome petted Thing's dull Slave,
For ſome few Bags of Caſh, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel.
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear ſic News, ſhall hear my Death.

Rog. They wha have juſt enough, can ſoundly ſleep;
The O'ercome only faſhes Fowk to keep. ---
Good Mr. *Patrick*, tak your ain Tale hame.

Pat. What was my Morning Thought, at Night's the ſame.
The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
CONTENT's the greateſt Bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the Lift. --- Without it Kings are poor.

Rog. But an Eſtate like your's yields braw Content,
When we but pick it ſcantly on the Bent:
Fine Claiths, ſaft Beds, ſweet Houſes, and red Wine,
Good Chear, and witty Friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeyſant Servants, Honour, Wealth and Eaſe:
Wha's no content with theſe, are ill to pleaſe.

Pat. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiſs;
But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er the Bliſs.
The Paſſions rule the Roaſt; --- and, if they're ſowr,
Like the lean Ky, will ſoon the fat devour.
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt Goads in Gentry's Side.
The Gouts and Gravels, and the ill Diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with Fowk o'erlaid with Eaſe;

While

While o'er the Moor the Shepherd, with leſs Care,
Enjoys his ſober Wiſh, and haleſome Air.

Rog. Lord, Man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.
How gat ye a' that Senſe, I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier Diſappointments bear.

Pat. Frae Books, the Wale of Books, I gat ſome Skill;
Theſe beſt can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk Year to ware ſome Stanes of Cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent Friends that ever pleaſe.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me which to buy:
Faith I'ſe ha'e Books, tho' I ſhould ſell my Ky.
But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move,
Between Sir *William*'s Will, and *Peggy*'s Love.

Pat. Then here it lyes;— His Will maun be obey'd;
My Vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my Bride:
But I ſome time this laſt Deſign maun hide.
Keep you the Secret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my Dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye truſt me with the Secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the Deils defy.

Exit Roger.

PATIE *ſolus.*

With what a Struggle muſt I now impart
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart!
I ken ſhe loves, and her ſaft Saul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Diſappointment.— Heaven! ſupport my Fair,
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.
Her Eyes are red!

Enter PEGGY.

——————— My *Peggy*, why in Tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think ſae high: I now repine
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me
A gentle Match, or ſtill a Herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten Pain, ſee frae the Coaſt
The Ship that bears his All like to be loſt?
Like to be carry'd, by ſome Rever's Hand,
Far frae his Wiſhes, to ſome diſtant Land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilſt it with me remains,
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe Plains.
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own:
But Love's ſuperior to a Parent's Frown.
I Falſhood hate: Come, kiſs thy Cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir *William*'s generous; leave the Task to me,
To make ſtrict Duty and true Love agree.

Peg. Speak on!--- ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my Grief;
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond Relief.
New Thoughts a gentler Face will ſoon inſpire,
That with nice Air ſwims round in Silk Attire:
Then I, poor me!--- with Sighs may ban my Fate,
When the young Laird's nae mair my heartſome *Pate*;
Nae mair again to hear ſweet Tales expreſt,
By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the reſt:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling Gang,
When *Patie* kiſs'd me, when I danc'd or ſang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!
And rin haff breathleſs round the Rucks of Hay;

As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpoſe, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee, while aſleep.
But hear my Vow — 'twill help to give me Eaſe;
May ſudden Death, or deadly ſair Diſeaſe,
And warſt of Ills attend my wretched Life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a Wife.

Pat. Sure Heaven approves — and be aſſur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've ſworn to thee:
And Time, tho' Time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Iſle;
Yet Time, nor Diſtance, nor the faireſt Face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy Place.
I'd hate my riſing Fortune, ſhould it move
The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior Things
To ſic as have the Patience to be Kings.
Wherefore that Tear? Believe, and calm thy Mind.

Peg. I greet for Joy, to hear thy Words ſae kind.
When Hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk Deſpair
Made me think Life was little worth my Care,
My Heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy generous Thoughts will ſave thy Love for me.
With Patience then I'll wait each wheeling Year,
Hope Time away, till thou with Joy appear;
And all the while I'll ſtudy gentler Charms,
To make me fitter for my Traveller's Arms:
I'll gain on Uncle *Glaud*, — he's far frae Fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk School;

Where-

Where I may Manners learn ——————
Pat. —————— That's wiſely ſaid,
And what he wares that Way ſhall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart:
Yet now, leſt in our Station, we offend,
We muſt learn Modes, to Innocence unkend;
Affect aftimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap Serenity, to keep up State:
Laugh, when we're ſad; ſpeak, when we've nought to ſay;
And, for the Faſhion, when we're blyth, ſeem wae:
Pay Compliments to them we aft have ſcorn'd;
Then ſcandalize them, when their Backs are turn'd.
Peg. If this is Gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill -- But I'll be ought with thee.
Pat. No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jeſt
With Gentry's Apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt,
Good Manners give Integrity a Bleez,
When native Vertues join the Arts to pleaſe.
Peg. Since with nae hazard, and ſae ſmall Expence,
My Lad frae Books can gather ſiccan Senſe;
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous Sea,
Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?
Sir *William*'s cruel, that wad force his Son,
For Watna-whats, ſae great a Risk to run.
Pat. There is nae doubt, but travelling does improve,
Yet I would ſhun it for thy Sake, my Love.
But ſoon as I've ſhook aff my Landwart Caſt,
In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haſte.
Peg. With every ſetting Day, and riſing Morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy ſafe Return.

Under

Under that Tree, and on the *Suckler Brae*,
Where aft we wont, when Bairns, to run and play;
And to the *Hiſſel-ſhaw* where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers,
With Joy, that they'll bear Witneſs I am yours.

Pat. My Dear, allow me, frae thy Temples fair,
A ſhining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair;
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,
I'll aften kiſs, and wear about my Arm.

Peg. Were't in my Power with better Boons to pleaſe,
I'd give the beſt I could with the ſame Eaſe;
Nor wad I, if thy Luck had faln to me,
Been in ae Jot leſs generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but ſince we've little Time
To ware't on Words, wad border on a Crime:
Love's ſafter Meaning better is expreſt,
When 'tis with Kiſſes on the Heart impreſt.

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy *ſtares like ane poſſeſt,*
And roars up Symon *frae his kindly Reſt.*
Bare leg'd, with Night-cap, and unbutton'd Coat,
See, the auld Man comes forward to the Sot.

Sym. WHat want ye, *Bauldy*, at this early Hour,
While drowſy Sleep keeps a' beneath its Pow'r?

Far-

Far to the *North*, the ſcant approaching Light
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
What gars ye ſhake and glowr, and look ſae wan?
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Briſtles ſtand.
Baul. O len me ſoon ſome Water, Milk or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy, — Legs with ſhaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be my ſell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon!* O *Symon!* O!

SYMON *gives him a Drink.*

Sym. What ails thee, Gowk! — to make ſae loud ado!
You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his Bed;
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd: I hear his Tred.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Will. How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeouſly aſteer.
Sym. I'm ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your Reſt:
But ſome ſtrange thing has *Bauldy*'s Sp'rit oppreſt;
He's ſeen ſome *Witch*, or wreſtl'd with a Ghaiſt.
Baul. O ay, — dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM *ſmiling.*

I lang to hear't ———————————
Baul. ——————— Ah! Sir, the Witch ca'd *Mauſe*,
That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me with her Art,
To gain a bonny thrawart Laſſie's Heart.
As ſhe had triſted, I met wi'er this Night;
But may nae Friend of mine get ſic a Fright!

For the curs'd Hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
Rais'd up a Ghaiſt or Diel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead Corſe in Sheet as white as Milk,
Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death,
Upon me faſt the *Witch* and *it* fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great Fool,
Was laboured as I wont to be at School.
My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp;
I pithleſs grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,
Till, with an Elritch Laugh, they vaniſh'd quite:
Syne I, haſt dead with Anger, Fear and Spite,
Crap up, and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your Help, to gi'e the Deil his Due.
I'm ſure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat Tar-barrel *Mauſe* be burnt.

S. Will. Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's juſt ſhall granted be;
Let *Mauſe* be brought this Morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your *Honour*; ſoon ſhall I obey:
But firſt I'll *Roger* raiſe, and twa three mae,
To catch her faſt, or ſhe get Leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her Cantraips that bring up the Deil.

Exit Bauldy.

S. Will. Troth, *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt,
The Witch and Ghaiſt have made themſelves good Sport.
What ſilly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,
That is thro' want of Education blind!

Sym. But does your *Honour* think there's nae ſic thing
As Witches raiſing Diels up thro' a Ring?
Syne playing Tricks, a thouſand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

S. Will. Such as the Devil's dancing in a Moor
Amongſt a few old Women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and lowp
O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp;
Appearing ſometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
Aftimes like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*:
Then with his Train thro' airy Paths to glide,
While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broom-ſtaffs ride;
Or in the Egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the Main,
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*:
Then aft by Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,
By tumbling down their Cup-board, Chairs and Stools.
Whate'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
Such Whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
Had either meikle Senſe, or yet was rich.
But *Mauſe*, tho' poor, is a ſagacious Wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt Life;
That gars me think this Hobleſhew that's paſt
Will land in naithing but a Joke at laſt.

S. Will. I'm ſure it will: — But ſee increaſing Light
Commands the Imps of Darkneſs down to Night;
Bid raiſe my Servants, and my Horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the Morning Air.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE II.

While Peggy *laces up her Boſom fair,*
With a blew Snood Jenny *binds up her Hair;*
Glaud *by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek,*
The riſing Sun ſhines motty thro' the Reek,
A Pipe his Mouth; the Laſſes pleaſe his Een,
And now and than his Joke maun interveen.

Glaud. I Wiſh, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night;
Ye do not uſe ſae ſoon to ſee the Light.
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang.
But do ye think that now when he's a Laird,
That he poor Landwart Laſſes will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young Maſter now, I'm very ſure
He has mair Senſe than ſlight auld Friends, tho' poor.
But yeſterday he ga'e us mony a Tug,
And kiſs'd my Couſin there frae Lug to Lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But, be adviſ'd, his Company refrain:
Before he, as a Shepherd, ſought a Wife,
With her to live a chaſt and frugal Life;
But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

Peg. A Rake! — What's that? — Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't; elſe I have tint my Skill.

Glaud. Daft Laſſie, ye ken nought of the Affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco' rare.
A Rake's a graceleſs Spark, that thinks nae Shame,
To do what like of us thinks Sin to name:
Sic are ſae void of Shame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they have had the Clap.
They'll tempt young Things, like you, with Youdith fluſh'd,
Syne make ye a' their Jeſt, when ye're debauch'd.
Be warry then, I ſay, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with ſic as he.

Peg. Sir *William*'s vertuous, and of gentle Blood;
And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony Gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer, better are than we;
But thinner ſawn: They're ſae puft up with Pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,
That ſhaws the Gate to Heaven. — I've heard my ſell,
Some of them laugh at Doomſday, Sin and Hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, Father! Heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a Doomſday, doubts a GOD.

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curſe, debauch and drink:
But I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That *Patrick* to ſic Gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The LORD forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes Aunt; her Face ſome Ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Haſte, haſte ye; we're a' ſent for o'er the Gate,
To hear, and help to redd ſome odd Debate
'Tween *Mauſe* and *Bauldy*, 'bout ſome Witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon*'s Houſe: The Knight ſits Judge himſell.

Glaud.

Glaud. Lend me my Staff; — *Madge*, lock the Outer-door,
And bring the Laſſes wi' ye; I'll ſtep before.

Exit Glaud.

Mad. Poor *Meg!* — Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er ſeen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een?
This Day her brankan Wooer takes his Horſe.
To ſtrute a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Croſs;
To change his Kent, cut frae the branchy Plain,
For a nice Sword, and glancing headed Cane;
To leave his Ram-horn Spoons, and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that ſmells like new won Hay;
To leave the Green-ſwaird Dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the Beauties clad in Silk.
But *Meg*, poor *Meg!* maun with the Shepherd ſtay,
And tak what GOD will ſend, in Hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear Aunt, what need ye faſh us wi' your Scorn?
That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the Daughter of ſome Laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green:
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the Decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

Mad. A bonny Story, trowth! — But we delay:
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt

ACT

ACT V. SCENE III.

Sir William *fills the twa-arm'd Chair,*
While Symon, Roger, Glaud *and* Mauſe,
Attend, and with loud Laughter hear
Daft Bauldy *bluntly plead his Cauſe:*
For now 'tis tell'd him that the Taz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good Breeding's Laws,
And with his Nonſenſe rais'd their Rage.

S. Will. AND was that all? Well, *Bauldy*, ye was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a Matter, to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt Woman's Name?
Beſides your going about to have betray'd
By Perjury an innocent young Maid.

Baul. Sir, I confeſs my Faut thro' a' the Steps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to *Neps*.

Mauſ. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score;
I kend not that they thought me ſic before.

Baul. An't like your *Honour*, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the Deil:
Yet, with your *Honour*'s Leave, tho' ſhe's nae Witch,
She's baith a ſlee and a revengefu ——
And that my *Some-place* finds; — but I had beſt
Had in my Tongue; for yonder comes the *Ghaiſt*,
And the young bonny *Witch*, whaſe roſy Cheek
Sent me, without my Wit, the Deil to ſeek.

Enter

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, *and* JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM, *looking at* Peggy.

Whoſe Daughter's ſhe that wears th' *Aurora* Gown,
With Face ſo fair, and Locks a lovely brown?
How ſparkling are her Eyes! What's this! I find
The Girl brings all my Siſter to my Mind.
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,
Which Death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt Grace.
Is this your Daughter, *Glaud?* ———————

Glaud. ——————— Sir, ſhe's my Niece; —
And yet ſhe's not: — But I ſhould hald my Peace.

S. Will. This is a Contradiction: What d' ye mean?
She is, and is not! Pray thee, *Glaud*, explain.

Glaud. Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhould make appear
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year.

Mauſ. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Will. Speak ſoon; I'm all Impatience! ———

Pat. ——————— So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, ſince my Maſter orders, I obey.
This *Bonny Fundling*, ae clear Morn of *May*,
Cloſe by the Lee-ſide of my Door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In Infant-weeds of rich and gentle Make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forſake?
Wha, warſe than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air
Sae much of Innocence ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae hopeleſs young? For ſhe appear'd to me
Only about twa Towmands auld to be.
I took her in my Arms, the Bairnie ſmil'd
With ſic a Look wad made a Savage mild.

I hid the Story: She has paſt ſinceſyne
As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my Care about the We'an,
For ſhe's well worth the Pains that I have tane.
Ye ſee ſhe's bonny, I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle Blood:
Of whom I kenna. — Nathing ken I mair,
Than what I to your *Honour* now declare.

S. Will. This Tale ſeems ſtrange! ——————

Pat. —————————— The Tale delights my Ear;

S. Will. Command your Joys, young Man, till Truth appear.

Mauſ. That be my Task. — Now, Sir, bid all be huſh;
Peggy may ſmile; — thou haſt nae Cauſe to bluſh.
Long have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy Day,
That I might ſafely to the Truth give way;
That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name,
The beſt and neareſt Friend that ſhe can claim:
He ſaw't at firſt, and with quick Eye did trace
His Siſter's Beauty in her Daughter's Face.

S. Will. Old Woman, do not rave, — prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play.

Pat. What Reaſon, Sir, can an old Woman have
To tell a Lie, when ſhe's ſae near her Grave?
But how, or why, it ſhould be Truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a Reaſon want.

Omnes. The Story's odd! we wiſh we heard it out.

S. Will. Mak haſte, good Woman, and reſolve each Doubt.

Mauſe *goes forward, leading* Peggy *to Sir* William.

Mauſ. Sir, view me well: Has fifteen Years ſo plow'd
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,

That

That here I as an unknown Stranger ſtand,
Who nurs'd her Mother that now holds my Hand?
Yet ſtronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

S. Will. Ha! honeſt Nurſe, where were my Eyes before!
I know thy Faithfulneſs, and need no more;
Yet, from the Lab'rinth to lead out my Mind,
Say, to expoſe her who was ſo unkind.

Sir William *embraces* Peggy, *and makes her ſit by him.*

Yes, ſurely thou'rt my Niece; Truth muſt prevail:
But no more Words, till *Mauſe* relate her Tale.

Pat. Good Nurſe, go on; nae Muſick's haff ſae fine,
Or can give Pleaſure like theſe Words of thine.

Mauſ. Then, it was I that ſav'd her Infant-life,
Her Death being threatned by an Uncle's Wife.
The Story's lang; but I the Secret knew,
How they purſu'd, with avaritious View,
Her rich Eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a Confident confeſt.
I heard with Horror, and with trembling Dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs Orphan in her Bed!
That very Night, when all were ſunk in Reſt,
At Midnight Hour, the Floor I ſaftly preſt,
And ſtaw the ſleeping Innocent away;
With whom I travel'd ſome few Miles e'er Day:
All Day I hid me, — when the Day was done,
I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,
Till Eaſtward fifty Miles I reach'd theſe Plains,
Where needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains;
Afraid of being found out, I to ſecure
My *Charge*, e'en laid her at this Shepherd's Door,

And took a neighbouring Cottage here, that I,
Whate'er ſhould happen to her, might be by.
Here honeſt *Glaud* himſell, and *Symon* may
Remember well, how I that very Day
Frae *Roger*'s Father took my little Grove.

GLAUD, *with Tears of Joy happing down his Beard.*

I well remember't. LORD reward your Love:
Lang have I wiſh'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic Knowledge ſometime ſhould about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a Crime to doubt, -- my Joys are full,
With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.
Sir, with paternal Love ſurvey her Charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her Arms.
She's mine by Vows; and would, tho' ſtill unknown,
Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durſt own.

S. Will. My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my Care,
Sweet Image of thy Mother good and fair,
Equal with *Patrick*: Now my greateſt Aim
Shall be, to aid your Joys, and well match'd Flame.
My Boy, receive her from your Father's Hand,
With as good Will as either would demand.

Patie *and* Peggy *embrace, and kneel to Sir* William.

Pat. With as much Joy this Bleſſing I receive,
As ane wad Life, that's ſinking in a Wave.

Sir WILLIAM *raiſes them.*

I give you both my Bleſſing: May your Love
Produce a happy Race, and ſtill improve.

Peg. My Wiſhes are compleat, -- my Joys ariſe,
While I'm haff dizzy with the bleſt Surpriſe.

And

And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
That for me ſo much generous Kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir *William* bleſs theſe happy Plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.
Pat. Be lang our Guardian, ſtill our Maſter be;
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gi'e:
The Eſtate be your's, my *Peggy*'s ane to me.
Glaud. I hope your *Honour* now will take amends
Of them that ſought her Life for wicked Ends.
S. Will. The baſe unnatural Villain ſoon ſhall know,
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below.
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill got Gains.
Peg. To me the Views of Wealth and an Eſtate,
Seem light when put in Ballance with my *Pate*:
For his Sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For ſuch a Kindneſs, *beſt of Men*, to you.
Sym. What double Blythneſs wakens up this Day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſte away.
Sall I unſadle your Horſe, and gar prepare
A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare?
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow;
Our Looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even *Bauldy* the Bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell *Madge*'s Taz, and pawky *Mauſe*'s Plot.
S. Will. Kindly old Man, remain with you this Day,
I never from theſe Fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and Wrights ſhall ſoon my Houſe repair,
And buſſy Gardners ſhall new Planting rear;
My Father's hearty Table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt Friends rejoyce with me.

Sym. That's the beſt News I heard this twenty Year;
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

Glaud. GOD ſave the King, and ſave Sir *William* lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raiſe the Shepherds Sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuſe to ſing?
What Shepherd's Whiſtle winna lilt the Spring?

Baul. I'm Friends with *Mauſe*, — with very *Madge* I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid: (greed,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing, *Lang may Sir* William *live.*

Mad. Lang may he live: — And, *Bauldy*, learn to ſteek
Your Gab a wee, and think before ye ſpeak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a Man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome Witches Fingers ban.
This Day I'll wi' the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the Aunt
Of our young Lady, — my dear bonny Bairn!

Peg. No other Name I'll ever for you learn. —
And, my good Nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchleſs Kindneſs done for me?

Mauſ. The flowing Pleaſures of this happy Day
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Will. To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Glaud*, to you;
And to your Heirs I give in endleſs Feu,
The Mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,
For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my Houſe in Calmneſs cloſe your Days,
With nought to do, but ſing your Maker's Praiſe.

Omnes. The LORD of Heaven return your *Honour*'s Love,
Confirm your Joys, and a' your Bleſſings roove.

PATIE, *preſenting* Roger *to Sir* William.

Sir, here's my truſty Friend, that always ſhar'd
My Boſom-ſecrets, ere I was a Laird;
Glaud's Daughter *Janet* (*Jenny*, thinkna Shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:
Lang was he dumb, at laſt he ſpake, and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt Uncle's Son:
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to *Glaud* for his Conſent,
That nane may wear a Face of Diſcontent.

S. Will. My Son's Demand is fair, -- *Glaud*, let me crave,
That truſty *Roger* may your Daughter have,
With frank Conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe Fields, I make him Chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we ſay,
But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your *Honour* wills, I ſhall obey.
Roger, my Daughter, with my Bleſſing, take,
And ſtill our Maſter's Right your Buſineſs make.
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head
Shall nod with Quietneſs down amang the Dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good a ſpeaking a' my Days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a Fraiſe:
But for my Maſter, Father and my Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

S. Will. My Friends, I'm ſatisfied you'll all behave,
Each in his Station, as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever vertuous, ſoon or late you'll find
Reward, and Satisfaction to your Mind.
The Maze of Life ſometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when Hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd:

Aft

Aft, when we ſtand on Brinks of dark Deſpair,
Some happy Turn with Joy diſpells our Care.
Now all's at Rights, who ſings beſt let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readieſt ſhould obey:
I'll ſing you ane, the neweſt that I ha'e.

Sings to the Tune of Corn-riggs are bonny.

My Patie *is a Lover gay,*
His Mind is never muddy;
His Breath is ſweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy:
His Shape is handſome, middle Size;
He's comely in his Wauking:
The ſhining of his Een ſurpriſe;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.
Laſt Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he ſpake,
That ſet my Heart a glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony,
That gars me like to ſing ſince ſyne,
O Corn-riggs are bonny.
Let Laſſes of a ſilly Mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And ſyne my Cockernonny
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where Corn-riggs are bonny.

Exeunt omnes.

To

To Mrs. A. C. A SONG.

To the Tune of, *All in the Downs.*

WHEN Beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The Muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the Lark, with riſing Light,
Her Notes neglect with drooping Wing.
The Morning ſhines, harmonious Birds mount hy;
The dawning Beauty ſmiles, and Poets fly.

YOUNG *ANNIE*'s budding Graces claim
The inſpir'd Thought, and ſofteſt Lays;
And kindle in the Breaſt a Flame,
Which muſt be vented in her Praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an Angel tread the Green.

YE Youth, be watchful of your Hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the Alarm:
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes and Smiles the Graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy Neck and Breaſts reſort.

BUT

BUT vain muſt every Caution prove;
When ſuch enchanting Sweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded Swain muſt yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such Flames the foppiſh Butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

SHE's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are compleat;
Whilſt Heaven indulgent makes her ſhare
With Angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe Vertues, which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

WHETHER ſhe love the rural Scenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy Town,
O! happy he her Favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The Muſe unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her Name.

To Mrs. E. C. A SONG.

To the Tune of *Tweed-ſide.*

NOW *Phœbus* advances on hy;
No Footſteps of Winter are ſeen;
The Birds carrol ſweet in the Sky,
And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.

THRO' Groves, and by Rivulets clear,
We wander for Pleaſure and Health,
Where Buddings and Bloſſoms appear,
Giving Proſpects of Joy and Wealth.

VIEW every gay Scene all around,
That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them all nothing is found
So perfect, *Eliſa*, as thee.

THINE Eyes the clear Fountains excell;
Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
When *Zephyrs* theſe pleaſingly ſwell,
Each Wave makes a Captive to Love.

THE Roſes and Lillies combin'd,
And Flowers of moſt delicate Hue,
By thy Cheek and thy Breaſts are out-ſhin'd,
Their Tinctures are nothing ſo true.

WHAT can we compare with thy Voice,
And what with thy Humour ſo ſweet?
No Muſick can bleſs with ſuch Joys;
Sure Angels are juſt ſo compleat,

FAIR Bloſſom of every Delight,
Whoſe Beauties ten thouſands out-ſhine,
Thy Sweets ſhall be laſtingly bright,
Being mixt with ſo many divine.

YE Powers, who have given ſuch Charms
To *Eliſa*, your Image below,
O! ſave her from all humane Harms,
And make her Hours happily flow.

To CALISTA. A SONG,

To the Tune of, I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.

SHE ſung, — the Youth Attention gave,
And Charms on Charms eſpies;
Then all in Raptures falls a Slave,
Both to her Voice and Eyes.

So ſpoke and ſmil'd the Eaſtern Maid,
Like thine, ſeraphick were her Charms,
That in *Circaſſia*'s Vineyards ſtray'd,
And bleſt the wiſeſt Monarch's Arms.

A thouſand fair of high Deſert
Strave to enchant the amorous King,
But the *Circaſſian* gain'd his Heart,
And taught the Royal Bard to ſing.
Caliſta thus our Sang inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and higheſt Lays;
But while each Charm our Boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her Praiſe.

HER Mind, in ev'ry Grace compleat,
To paint, ſurpaſſes humane Skill,
Her Majeſty, mixt with the ſweet;
Let Seraphs ſing her if they will:
Whilſt wondring, with a raviſh'd Eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a Siſter of the Sky,
To whom an Adoration's due.

A SONG.

Tune of *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell, my *Jean*,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony Day been;
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more;
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
Theſe Tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my Dear;
And no for the Dangers attending on Weir;
Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

THO' Hurrycanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry Wind,
They'll ne'er make a Tempeſt like that in my Mind:
Tho' loudeſt of Thunder on louder Waves roar,
That's nathing like leaving my Love on the Shore.
To leave thee behind me, my Heart is ſair pain'd.
By Eaſe that's inglorious no Fame can be gain'd;
And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

THEN Glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my Excuſe;
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
And without thy Favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my Laſs, to win Honour and Fame;
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

****

Laſs with a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a Laſs with a Lump of Land,
And we for Life ſhall gang thegither;
Tho' daft or wiſe I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it maksna whether.

I'm

I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
And Blood alane is no worth a Shilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her Market's made,
For ilka Charm about her is killing.

GI'E me a Laſs with a Lump of Land,
And in my Boſom I'll hug my Treaſure;
Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,
Shou'd Love turn dowf, it will find Pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unleſs they bring Caſh, or a Lump of Land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

THERE's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
And Siller and Gowd's a ſweet Complection;
But Beauty, and Wit, and Vertue in Rags,
Have tint the Art of gaining Affection.
Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
And Caſtles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows;
And nathing can catch our modern Sparks,
But well tocher'd Laſſes, or jointer'd Widows.

VERTUE and WIT,

The Preſervatives of Love and Beauty.

To the Tune of *Gillikranky.*

To Mrs. *K. H.*

CONFESS thy Love, fair bluſhing Maid;
For ſince thine Eye's conſenting,
Thy ſafter Thoughts are a' betray'd,
And Naſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy Mind,
With Words thy Wiſh denying?
Since Nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

NATURE and Reaſon's joint Conſent
Make Love a ſacred Bleſſing;
Then happily that Time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my *Katie*, to my Arms,
I'll be nae mair a Rover,
But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms,
And prove a faithful Lover.

SHE.

SHE.

WHAT you deſign by Nature's Law,
Is fleeting Inclination;
That *Willy—Wiſp* bewilds us a',
By its Infatuation.
When that gaes out, Careſſes tire,
And Love's nae mair in ſeaſon;
Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire,
With all our boaſted Reaſon.

HE.

THE Beauties of inferior Caſt
May ſtart this juſt Reflection;
But Charms like thine maun always laſt,
Where Wit has the Protection.
Vertue and Wit, like *April* Rays,
Make Beauty riſe the ſweeter:
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My Love will grow compleater.

SONG,

SONG.

To the Tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

HE.

ADIEU for a while, my native green Plains,
My neareſt Relations, and neighbouring Swains,
Dear *Nelly*, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were Minutes not Ages while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

THEN tell me the Reaſon thou does not obey
The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurries away:
Alake! thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A Lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

THE Reaſon unhappy is owing to Fate,
That gave me a Being without an Eſtate,
Which lays a Neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a Fortune for Pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

SMALL Fortune may ſerve where Love has the Sway:
Then, *Johny*, be counſel'd nae langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in Kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a Treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear Charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A Weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To Fondneſs which may prove a Ruin to thee,
A Pain to us baith, and Diſhonour to me.

BEAR witneſs, ye Streams, and witneſs, ye Flowers;
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible Powers,
If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,
May nathing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG.

We'll a' to Kelſo *go.*

ANN I'll awa' to bonny *Tweed*-ſide,
And ſee my Deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine
Gif ſae he incline;
For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

WHILE young and fair,
I'll make it my Care,
To ſecure my ſell in a Jo;
I'm no ſic a Fool,
To let my Blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead *Apes* below.

FEW Words, bonny Lad,
Will eithly perſwade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay no,
Gae on with your Strain,
And doubt not to gain;
For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

UNTY'D to a Man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead *Apes* below.

OUR Time is precious,
And Gods are gracious,
That Beauties upon us beſtow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for Show.

'TIS carry'd by Votes,
Come kilt up your Coats,
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a *Johny*,
And never lead *Apes* below.

The Widow.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,
The Widow can ſhape, and the Widow can ſhew,
And mony braw Things the Widow can do;
Then have at the Widow, my Laddie.

With Courage attack her baith early and late;
To kiſs her and clap her ye mauna be blate:
Speak well, and do better; for that's the beſt Gate
To win a young Widow, my Laddie.

THE Widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae Hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good Skair
Of every thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich Jointure, my Laddie.
What cou'd ye wiſh better your Pleaſure to crown,
Than a Widow, the bonnieſt Toaſt in the Town,
With nathing, but draw in your Stool, and ſit down,
And ſport with the Widow, my Laddie.

THEN till her, and kill her with Courteſy dead,
Tho' ſtark Love and Kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie.
Strike Iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the Active and Bauld,
But ruines the Woer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

The STEP-DAUGHTER's *Relief.*

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS anes a well tocher'd Laſs
My Mither left Dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor Paſs,
My Step-dame has gart them flee.
My Father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the Deel with his Gear;
She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
And keeps the hale Houſe in a ſteer.

SHE's barmy fac'd, thriftleſs and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, haff naked and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what's mine:
But ſoon I might hope a Revenge,
And ſoon of my Sorrows be free,
My Poortith to Plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a Tree.

QUOTH *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny Laſs tenderly,
I'll tak thee, ſweet *May*, in thy Snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me,

'Tis

'Tis only your ſell that I want;
Your Kindneſs is better to me,
Than a' that your Step-mother, ſcant
Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'M but a young Farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;
But I have Milk-cattle enow,
And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard.
Ye ſall have nathing to faſh ye;
Sax Servants ſall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy Coats, my Laſſie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

THE Maiden her Reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the Offer amiſs,
Conſented: — While *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a Kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken Step-dame,
Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
That makes her Goodwife at hame.

The Soger Laddie.

MY Soger Laddie is over the Sea,
And he will bring Gold and Money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a Lady:
My Bleſſing gang with my Soger Laddie.

MY doughty Laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a Soger and Lover behave:
True to his Country, to Love he is ſteady;
There's few to compare with my Soger Laddie,

SHIELD him, ye Angels, frae Death in Alarms,
Return him with Lawrels to my langing Arms,
Syne frae all my Care ye'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my Wiſhes my Soger ye gi'e me.

O ſoon may his Honours bloom fair on his Brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his Due;
For in noble Actions his Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my Soger Laddie.

GLOS-

A

GLOSSARY,

OR

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words us'd by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *Engliſh* Writings.

Some general Rules, ſhewing wherein many Southern *and* Northern *Words are originally the ſame, having only a Letter changed for another, or ſometimes one taken away or added.*

I. *In many Words ending with an* l *after an* a *or* u, *the* l *is rarely ſounded.*

Scots.	Engliſh.
A Ba,	ALL. *Ball.*
Ca,	*Call.*
Fa,	*Fall.*
Ga,	*Gall.*
Ha,	*Hall.*
Sma,	*Small.*
Sta,	*Stall.*
Wa,	*Wall.*
Fou, *or* fu,	*Full.*
Pou, *or* pu,	*Pull.*
Woo, *or* U,	*Wool.*

II. *The* l *changes to* a, w, *or* u, *after* o *or* a, *and is frequently ſunk before another Conſonant; as,*

Scots.	Engliſh.
BAwm,	BAlm.
Bauk,	*Baulk.*
Bouk,	*Bulk.*
Bow,	*Boll.*
Bowt,	*Bolt.*
Caff,	*Calf.*
Cow,	*Coll* or *Clip.*
Faut,	*Fault.*
Fauſe,	*Falſe.*
Fowk,	*Folk.*
Fawn,	*Fallen.*

Scots.	Engliſh.
Gowd,	*Gold.*
Haff,	*Half.*
How,	*Hole* or *hollow.*
Howms,	*Holms.*
Maut,	*Malt.*
Pow,	*Poll.*
Row,	*Roll.*
Scawd,	*Scald.*
Stown,	*Stoln.*
Wawk,	*Walk.*

III. *An* o *before* ld, *changes to an* a, *or* au; *as*,

Scots.	Engliſh.
Auld,	Old.
Bauld,	*Bold.*
Cauld,	*Cold.*
Fauld,	*Fold.*
Hald, *or* had,	*Hold.*
Sald,	*Sold.*
Tald,	*Told.*
Wad,	*Would.*

IV. *The* o, oe, *or* ow *is changed to* a, ae, aw, *or* ai; *as*,

Scots.	Engliſh.
AE, *or* ane,	One.
Aeten,	*Oaten.*
Aff,	*Off.*
Aften,	*Often.*
Aik,	*Oak.*
Aith,	*Oath.*
Ain, *or* awn,	*Own.*
Alane,	*Alone.*
Amaiſt,	*Almoſt.*
Amang,	*Among.*
Airs,	*Oars.*
Aits,	*Oats.*
Apen,	*Open.*
Awner,	*Owner.*
Bain,	*Bone.*

Scots.	Engliſh.
Bair,	*Boar.*
Baith,	*Both.*
Blaw,	*Blow.*
Braid,	*Broad.*
Claith,	*Cloath.*
Craw,	*Crow.*
Drap,	*Drop.*
Fae,	*Foe.*
Frae,	*Fro*, or *from.*
Gae,	*Go.*
Gaits,	*Goats.*
Grane,	*Groan.*
Haly,	*Holy.*
Hale,	*Whole.*
Haleſome,	*Wholeſome.*
Hame,	*Home.*
Hait, *or* het,	*Hot.*
Laith,	*Loath.*
Laid,	*Load.*
Lain, *or* Len,	*Loan.*
Lang,	*Long.*
Law,	*Low.*
Mae,	*Moe.*
Maiſt,	*Moſt.*
Mair,	*More.*
Mane,	*Moan.*
Maw,	*Mow.*
Na,	*No.*
Nane,	*None.*
Naithing,	*Nothing.*
Pape,	*Pope.*
Rae,	*Roe.*
Rair,	*Roar.*
Raip,	*Rope.*
Raw,	*Row.*
Saft,	*Soft.*
Saip,	*Soap.*
Sair,	*Sore.*
Sang,	*Song.*
Slaw,	*Slow.*
Snaw,	*Snow.*
Strake,	*Stroak.*
Staw,	*Stole.*

Stane,

Scots.	English.
Stane,	*Stone.*
Saul,	*Soul.*
Tae,	*Toe.*
Taiken,	*Token.*
Tangs,	*Tongs.*
Tap,	*Top.*
Thrang,	*Throng.*
Wae,	*Woe.*
Wame,	*Womb.*
Wan,	*Won.*
War,	*Worse.*
Wark,	*Work.*
Warld,	*World.*
Wha,	*Who.*

V. *The* o *or* u *is frequently changed into* i; *as,*

Scots.	English.
ANither,	*ANother.*
Bill,	*Bull.*
Birn,	*Burn.*
Brither,	*Brother.*
Fit,	*Foot.*
Fither,	*Fother.*
Hinny,	*Hony.*
Ither,	*Other.*
Mither,	*Mother.*
Nits,	*Nuts.*
Nise,	*Nose.*
Pit,	*Put.*
Rin,	*Run.*
Sin,	*Sun.*

A B

Blins, Perhaps.
Aboon, Above.
Aikerbraid, The Breadth of an Acre.
Air, Long ſince. *It.* Early. *Air up*, Soon up in the Morning.
Ambrie, Cupboard.
Anew, Enow.
Arles, Earneſt of a Bargain.
Aſe, Aſhes.
Atains, or *Atanes*, At once, at the ſame Time.
Attour, Out-over.
Auld-farran, Ingenious.
Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, To contend and wrangle.
Aw ſome, Frightful, terrible.
Aynd, The Breath.

B A

Back-ſey, A Surloin.
Badrans, A Cat.
Baid, Staid, abode.
Bairns, Children.
Baten, Whale-bone.
Bang, Is ſometimes an Action of Haſte. We ſay, he or it *came with a Bang.* —— *A Bang* alſo means a great Number. *Of Cuſtomers ſhe had a Bang.*
Bangſter, A bluſtering roaring Perſon.
Bannocks, A Sort of Bread thicker than Cakes, and round.
Barken'd, When Mire, Blood, &c. hardens upon a Thing like Bark.
Barlikhood, A Fit of drunken angry Paſſion.

Barrow-Trams, The Staves of a Hand-barrow.
Batts, Colick.
Bawbie, Halfpenny.
Bauch, Sorry, indifferent.
Bawſy, Bawſand fac'd, is a Cow or Horſe with a white Face.
Bedeen, Immediately; in haſte.
Beft, Beaten.
Begoud, Began.
Begrutten, All in Tears.
Beik, To bask.
Beild or *Beil*, A Shelter.
Bein, or *been*, Wealthy. *A been Houſe*, A warm well furniſhed one.
Beit, or *beet*, To help, repair.
Bells, Bubles.
Beltan, The 3d of *May*, or *Rood-day*.
Bended, Drunk hard.
Benn, The Inner-room of a Houſe.
Benniſon, Bleſſing.
Benſell, or *Benſail*, Force.
Bent, The open Field.
Beuk, Baked.
Bicker, A wooden Diſh.
Bickering, Fighting, running quickly; School-boys battling with Stones.
Bigg, Build. *Bigget*, Built. *Biggings*, Buildings.
Biggonet, A Linen Cap or Coif.
Billy, Brother.
Byre or *Byar*, A Cow-ſtall.
Birks, Birch-Trees.
Birle, To drink. Common People joining their Farthings for purchaſing Liquor, they call it *Birling a Bawbie*.
Birn, A burnt Mark.
Birns, The Stalks of burnt Heath.
Birr, Force, flying ſwiftly with a Noiſe.
Birs'd, Bruiſed.
Bittle or *Beetle*, A wooden Mell for beating Hemp, or a Fuller's Club.
Black-a-vic'd, Of a black Complexion.
Blae, Pale blew, the Colour of the Skin when bruiſed.
Blaſum, Beguile.
Blate, Baſhful.
Blatter, A rattling Noiſe.
Bleech, To blanch or whiten.
Bleer, To make the Eye water.
Bleez, Blaze.
Blether, Fooliſh Diſcourſe. *Bletherer*, A Babbler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, Ceaſe. *Never blin*, Never have done.
Blinkan, The Flame riſing and falling, as of a Lamp when the Oil is exhauſted.
Boak or *boke*, Vomit.
Boal, A little Preſs or Cupboard in the Wall.
Bodin or *bodden*, Provided or furniſhed.
Bodle, One ſixth of a Penny *Engliſh*.
Bodword, An ominous Meſſage. *Bodwords* are now uſed to expreſs ill-natur'd Meſſages.
Boglebo, Hobgoblin or Spectre.
Bony, Beautiful.
Bonywalys, Toys, Gu-gaws.
Boſs, Empty.
Bouk, Bulk.
Bourd, Jeſt or Dalley.
Bouze, To drink.
Brachen, A Kind of Water Gruel of Oat-meal, Butter and Honey.
Brae, The Side of a Hill, Bank of a River.
Braird, The firſt ſprouting of Corns.
Brander, A Gridiron.
Brands, Calves of the Legs.

Brankan,

Brankan, Prancing. A capering.
Branks, Wherewith the Ruſticks bridle their Horſes.
Bratle, Noiſe, as of Horſe Feet.
Brats, Rags.
Braw, Brave. Fine in Apparel.
Brecken, Fearn.
Brent-brow, Smooth high Fore-head.
Brigs, Bridges.
Briſs, To preſs.
Brock, A Badger.
Broe, Broth.
Browden, Fond.
Browſter, Brewer. *Browſt*, A Brewing.
Bruliment, A Broil.
Bucky, The large Sea-Snail. A Term of Reproach, when we expreſs a croſs natur'd Fellow, by *thrawn Bucky*.
Buff, Nonſenſe. As, *He bletherd Buff.*
Bught, The little Fold where the Ews are incloſed at Milking-time.
Buller, To bubble. The Motion of Water at a Spring-head, or Noiſe of a riſing Tide.
Bumbazed, Confuſed. Made to ſtare and look like an Idiot.
Bung, Completely fudled, as it were to the Bung.
Bunkers, A Bench, or Sort of long low Cheſts that ſerve for Seats.
Bumler, A Bungler.
Burn, A Brook.
Buſk, To deck. Dreſs.
Buſtine, Fuſtian (Cloath.)
But, Often, for *without*. As, *But Feed or Favour.*
Bykes, or *Bikes*, Neſts or Hives of Bees.
Bygane, Bypaſt.
Byword, A Proverb.

C A

Cadge, Carry. *Cadger* is a Country Carrier, *&c.*
Caff, A Calf. Chaff.
Callan, Boy.
Camſchough, Stern, grim, of a diſtorted Countenance.
Cangle, To wrangle.
Cankerd, Angry, paſſionately ſnarling.
Canna, Cannot.
Cant, To tell merry old Tales.
Cantraips, Incantations.
Canty, Chearful and merry.
Capernoited, Whimſical, ill-natur'd.
Car, Sledge.
Carna, Care not.
Carle, An old Word for a Man.
Carline, An old Woman. *Gire-Carline*, A Giant's Wife.
Cathel, An hot Pot, made of Ale, Sugar and Eggs.
Cauldrife, Spiritleſs. Wanting Chearfulneſs in Addreſs.
Cauler, Cool or freſh.
Cawk, Chalk.
Chafts, Chops.
Chaping, An Ale Meaſure or Stoup, ſomewhat leſs than an *Engliſh* Quart.
A-Char or *a-jar*, Aſide. When any Thing is beat a little out of its Poſition, or a Door or Window a little open'd, we ſay, they're *a-char* or *a-jar.*
Charlewain, Charles-wain. The Conſtellation called the Plow, or *Urſa major.*

Chancy, Fortunate, good-natur'd.
Chat, A cant Name for the Gallows.
Chiel, A general Term, like *Fellow*, uſed ſometimes with Reſpect; as, *He's a very good Chiel*; and contemptuouſly, *That Chiel*.
Chirm, Chirp and ſing like a Bird.
Chucky, A Hen.
Clan, Tribe, Family.
Clank, A ſharp Blow or Stroke that makes a Noiſe.
Claſhes, Chat.
Clatter, To chatter.
Claught, Took hold.
Claver, To ſpeak Nonſenſe.
Claw, Scratch.
Cleek, To catch as with a Hook.
Clough, A Den betwixt Rocks.
Clinty, Hard, ſtony.
Clock, A Beetle.
Cloited, The Fall of any ſoft moiſt Thing.
Cloſs, A Court or Square; and frequently a Lane or Alley.
Clour, The little Lump that riſes on the Head, occaſioned by a Blow or Fall.
Clute or *Cloot*, Hoof, of Cows or Sheep.
Cockernony, The gathering of a Woman's Hair, when 'tis wrapt or *ſnooded* up with a Band or *Snood*.
Cookſtool, A Pillory.
Cod, A Pillow.
Coft, Bought.
Cog, A pretty large wooden Diſh the Country People put their Potage in.
Cogle, When a Thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.
Coodies, A ſmall wooden Veſſel uſed by ſome for Chamber-pots.
Coof, A ſtupid Fellow.
Coor, To cover.
Cooſer, A Ston'd Horſe.
Cooſt, Did caſt. *Cooſten*, Thrown.
Corby, A Raven.
Coſie, Shelter'd in a convenient Place.
Cotter, A Sub-tenant.
Cowp, To fall; alſo a Fall.
Cowp, To change or barter.
Cowp, A Company of People; as, merry, ſenſeleſs, corky *Cowp*.
Cour, To crouch and creep.
Couth, Frank and kind.
Crack, To chat.
Creel, Basket.
Criſh, Greaſe.
Croil, A crooked Dwarf.
Croon or *crune*, To murmure, or hum o'er a Song. The Lowing of Bulls.
Crouſe, Bold.
Crove, A Cotage.
Crummy, A Cow's Name.
Cryn, Shrink, or become leſs by drying.
Cudiegh, A Bribe, Preſent.
Culzie, Intice or flatter.
Cun, To taſte, learn, know.
Cunzie or *Coonie*, Coin.
Curn, A ſmall Parcel.
Curſche, A Kerchief. A Linen Dreſs wore by our *Highland* Women.
Cutled, Uſed kind and gaining Methods for obtaining Love and Friendſhip.
Cutts, Lots. Theſe *Cutts* are uſually made of Straws unequally cut.
Cutty, Short.

D A

Dab, A Proficient.
Dad, To beat one Thing againſt another. *He fell with a Dad.* He *dadded* his Head againſt the Wall, &c.

Daſt,

Daft, Fooliſh; and ſometimes wanton.
Daffin, Folly. Wagrie.
Dail or *Dale*, A Valley. Plain.
Daintibs, Delicates. Dainties.
Dainty, Is uſed as an Epithet of a fine Man or Woman.
Dander, Wander to and fro, or ſaunter.
Dang, *Did ding*, Beat. Thruſt. Drive.
Ding, *Dang*, Moving haſtily one on the Back of another.
Darn, To hide.
Duſh, To put out of Countenance.
Dawty, A Fondling. Darling. *To dawt*, To cocker, and careſs with Tenderneſs.
Deave, To ſtun the Ears with Noiſe.
Dees, Dairy Maids.
Deray, Merriment. Jollity. Solemnity. Tumult. Diſorder. Noiſe.
Dern, Secret. Hidden. Lonely.
Deval, To deſcend, fall, hurry.
Dewgs, Rags or Shapings of Cloath.
Didle, To act or move like a Dwarf.
Dight, Deck'd. Made ready; alſo, to clean.
Dinna, Do not.
Dirle, A ſmarting Pain quickly over.
Dit, To ſtop or cloſe up a Hole.
Divet, Broad Turf.
Docken, A Dock, (the Herb.)
Doilt, Confuſed and ſilly.
Doited, Dozed or crazy, as in old Age.
Doll, A large Piece, *Dole* or Share.
Donk, Moiſt.
Donſie, Affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little Perſon.
Doofart, A dull heavy headed Fellow.
Dool or *Drule*, The Goal which Gameſters ſtrive to gain firſt (as at Foot-ball.)
Dool, Pain. Grief.
Dorts, A proud Pet.
Dorty, Proud. Not to be ſpoke to. Conceited, appearing as diſobliged.
Doſend, Cold. Impotent.
Dought, Could. Avail'd.
Doughty, Strong, valiant and able.
Douks, Dives under Water.
Douſe, Solid. Grave. Prudent.
Dow, To will, to incline, to thrive.
Dow, Dove.
Dow'd, (Liquor) that's dead, or has loſt the Spirits; or wither'd (Plant.)
Dowff, Mournful, wanting Vivacity.
Dowie, Melancholy. Sad. Doleful.
Downa, *Dow not*, *i. e.* Tho' one has the Power, he wants the Heart to it.
Dowp, The Arſe, the ſmall Remains of a Candle, the Bottom of an Egg-ſhell. *Better haff Egg as toom dowp.*
Drant, To ſpeak ſlow, after a ſighing Manner.
Dree, To ſuffer, endure.
Dreery, Wearifome, frightful.
Dreigh, Slow, keeping at Diſtance. Hence an ill Payer of his Debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.
Dribs, Drops.
Drizel, A little Water in a Rivulet, ſcarce appearing to run.
Droning, Sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with Groans.
Drouked, Drench'd, all wet.
Dubs, Mire.
Dung, Defeat.
Dunt, Stroke or Blow.
Dunty, A Doxy.
Durk, A Poinyard or Dagger.
Dynles, Trembles, ſhakes.
Dyver, A Bankrupt.

E A

Eags, Incites, ſtirs up.
Eard, Earth, the Ground.
Edge, Of a Hill, is the Side or Top.
Een, Eyes.
Eild, Age.
Eildeens, Of the ſame Age.
Eith, Eaſy. *Eithar*, Eaſier.
Elbuck, Elbow.
Elfſhot, See Note on *Patie* and *Roger*, Vol. 1. Line 42.
Elſon, A Shoe-maker's Awl.
Elritch, Wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary Ghoſts.
Endlang, Along.
Ergh, Scrupulous, when one makes faint Attempts to do a Thing without a ſteady Reſolution.
Erſt, Time paſt.
Eſtler, Hewn Stone. Buildings of ſuch we call *Eſtler-work*.
Ether, An Adder.
Etle, To aim, deſign.
Even'd, Compared.
Eydent, Diligent, laborious.

F A

FA, A Trap, ſuch as is uſed for catching Rats or Mice.
Fadge, A ſpungy ſort of Bread in ſhape of a Roll.
Fag, To tire, or turn weary.
Fail, Thick Turf, ſuch as are uſed for building Dikes for Folds, Incloſures, &c.
Fain, Expreſſes earneſt Deſire; as, *Fain would I.* Alſo, Joyful, tickled with Pleaſure.
Fait, Neat, in good Order.
Fairfaw, When we wiſh well to one, that a good or *fair* Fate may befall him.
Fang, The Talons of a Fowl. *To fang*, To grip, or hold faſt.
Faſh, Vex or trouble. *Faſhous*, Troubleſome.
Faugh, A Colour between white and red. *Faugh Riggs*, Fallow Ground.
Feck, A Part, Quantity; as, *Maiſt Feck*, The greateſt Number; *Nae Feck*, Very few.
Feckfow, Able, active.
Feckleſs, Feeble, little and weak.
Feed or *Fead*, Feud, Hatred, Quarrel.
Feil, Many, ſeveral.
Fen, Shift. *Fending*, Living by Induſtry. *Make a Fen*, Fall upon Methods.
Ferlie, Wonder.
Fernzier, The laſt or fore-run Year.
File, To defile or dirty.
Fireflaught, A Flaſh of Ligtning.
Fiſtle, To ſtir, a Stir.
Fitſted, The Print of the Foot.
Fizzing, Whizzing.
Flaffing, Moving up and down, raiſing Wind by Motion, as Birds with their Wings.
Flags, Flaſhes, as of Wind and Fire.
Flane, An Arrow.
Flang, Flung.
Flaughter, To pare Turf from the Ground.
Flaw, Lie or Fib.
Fleetch, To cox or flatter.
Fleg, Fright.
Flewet, A ſmart Blow.
Fley, or *flie*, To affright. *Fleyt*, Afraid or terrified.

Flinders,

Flinders, Splinters.
Flit, To remove.
Flite, or *flyte*, To ſcold, chide. *Flet*, Did ſcold.
Fluſhes, Floods.
Fog, Moſs.
Foordays, The Morning far advanc'd, fair Day-light.
Forby, Beſides.
Forebears, Foreſathers, Anceſtors.
Forfairn, Abuſed, beſpatter'd.
Forfoughten, Weary, faint and out of Breath with Fighting.
Forgainſt, Oppoſite to.
Forgether, To meet, encounter.
Forleet, To forſake or forget.
Foreſtam, The Fore-head.
Fouth, Abundance, Plenty.
Fozy, Spungy, ſoft.
Frais, To make a Noiſe. We uſe to ſay one *makes a frais*, when they boaſt, wonder, and talk more of a Matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.
Fray, Buſtle, Fighting.
Freik, A fool, light, impertinent Fellow.
Fremit, Strange, not a kin.
Friſted, Truſted.
Fruſh, Brittle, like Bread baken with Butter.
Fuff, To blow. *Fuffin*, Blowing.
Furder, Proſper.
Furthy, Forward.
Fuſh, Brought.
Fyk, To be reſtleſs, uneaſy.
Furlet, Four Pecks.

G A

Gab, The Mouth. To prat, *Gab ſae gaſh*.
Gabbing, Pratting pertly. *To gab again*, When Servants give ſaucy Returns when reprimanded.
Gabby, One of a ready and eaſy Expreſſion; the ſame with *auld gabbet*.
Gadge, To dictate impertinently, talk idly with a ſtupid Gravity.
Gafaw, A hearty loud Laughter. *To gawf*, Laugh.
Gait, A Goat.
Gams, Gums.
Gar, To cauſe, make or force.
Gare, Greedy, rapacious, earneſt to have a Thing.
Gaſh, Solid, ſagacious. One with a long out Chin, we call *Gaſh-gabbet*, or *Gaſh-beard*.
Gate, Way.
Gaunt, Yawn.
Gawky, Idle, ſtaring, idiotical Perſon.
Gawn, Going.
Gaws, Galls.
Gawſy, Jolly, buxome.
Geck, To mock.
Geed, or *Gade*, Went.
Genty, Handſome, genteel.
Get, Brat, a Child, by way of Contempt or Deriſion.
Gielainger, An ill Debtor.
Gif, If.
Gillygacus, or *Gillygapus*, A ſtaring gaping Fool, a Gormandizer.
Gilpy, A roguiſh Boy.
Gimmer, A young Sheep, (Ew.)
Gin, If.
Gird, To ſtrike, pierce.
Girn, To grin, ſnarl. Alſo a Snare or Trap, ſuch as Boys make of Horſe Hair to catch Birds.
Girth, A Hoop.
Glaiks, An idle good for nothing Fellow. *Glaiked*, Pooliſh, wanton, light. To give the *Glaiks*, To be-

guile one, by giving him his Labour for his Pains.

Glaiſter, To bawl or bark.

Glamour, Juggling. When Devils, Wizards or Jugglers deceive the Sight, they are ſaid to caſt *Glamour* o'er the Eyes of the Spectator.

Glar, Mire, ouzy Mud.

Glee, To ſquint.

Gleg, Sharp, quick, active.

Glen, A narrow Valley between Mountains.

Gloom, To ſcoul or frown.

Glowming, The Twilight or Evening-gloom.

Glewr, To ſtare, look ſtern.

Glunſh, To hang the Brow and grumble.

Goan, A wooden Diſh for Meat.

Goolie, A large Knife.

Gorlings, or *Gorblings*, Young unfleg'd Birds.

Goſſie, Goſſip.

Gowans, Dazies.

Gove, To look broad and ſtedfaſt, holding up the Face.

Gowf, Beſides the known Game, a Racket or ſound Blow on the Chaps, we call a *Gowf on the Haffet*.

Gowk, The Cuckow. In deriſion we call a thoughtleſs Fellow, and one who harps too long on one Subject, a *Gowk*.

Gowl, A Howling, to bellow and cry.

Gouſty, Ghaſtly, large, waſte, deſolate, and frightful.

Grany, Grandmother, any old Woman.

Grape, A trident Fork. Alſo to grope.

Gree, Prize, Victory.

Green, To long for.

Greet, To weep. *Grat*, Wept.

Grieve, An Overſeer.

Groff, Groſs, coarſe.

Grotts, Mill'd Oats.

Grouf, To ly flat on the Belly.

Grounche, or *Glunſh*, To murmure, grudge.

Grutten, Wept.

Gryſe, A Pig.

Gumption, Good Senſe.

Gurly, Rough, bitter, cold (Weather.)

Gyſened, When the Wood of any Veſſel is ſhrunk with Drineſs.

Gytlings, Young Children.

H A

Haffet, the Cheek, Side of the Head.

Hagabag, Coarſe Napery.

Haggiſe, A kind of Pudding made of the Lungs and Liver of a Sheep, and boiled in the big Bag.

Hags, Hacks, Peat-pits, or Breaks in moſſy Ground.

Hain, To ſave, manage narrowly.

Haleſome, Wholeſome: As, *Hale*, Whole.

Hallen, A Screen. See Note Vol. I. p. 211.

Hameld, Domeſtick.

Hamely, Friendly, frank, open, kind.

Hanty, Convenient, handſome.

Harle, Drag.

Harns, Brains. *Harn-pan*, The Scull.

Harſhip, Ruin.

Haſh, A Sloven.

Haveren, or *Havrel*, *Ibid.*

Haughs, Valleys, or low Grounds on the Sides of Rivers.

Havins, Good Breeding. *Haviour*, Behaviour.

Haws, The Throat, or Fore-part of the Neck.

Heal, or *Heel*, Health, or whole.
Heepy, A Perſon hypocondriack.
Heeryeſtreen, The Night before yeſternight.
Heez, To lift up a heavy Thing a little. A *Heezy* is a good Lift.
Heftit, Accuſtom'd to live in a Place.
Hegbt, Promiſed. Alſo, named.
Hempy, A tricky Wag, ſuch for whom the Hemp grows.
Hereit, Ruined in Eſtate, broke, ſpoiled.
Heſp, A Claſp or Hook, Bar or Bolt. Alſo, in Yarn, a certain Number of Threeds.
Hether-bells, The Heath-bloſſom.
Heugh, A Rock, or ſteep Hill. Alſo, a Coal-pit.
Hiddils, or *Hidlings*, Lurking, Hiding-places. To do a Thing *in hidlings*, *i. e.* privately.
Hirple, To move ſlowly and lamely.
Hirſle, To move as with a ruſtling Noiſe.
Hirſle, or *Hirdſale*, A Flock of Cattle.
Ho, A ſingle Stocking.
Hobbleſhew, Confuſed Racket, Noiſe.
Hool, Husk. *Hoolʼd*, Incloſed.
Hooly, Slow.
Hoſt, or *Whoſt*, To cough.
Hou, or *Hu*, A Cap or Roof-tree.
How, Low Ground, a Hollow.
How! Ho!
Howdered, Hidden.
Howdy, A Midwife.
Howk, To dig.
Howms, Plains on River-ſides.
Howt! Fy!
Howtowdy, A young Hen.
Hurkle, To crouch or bow together like a Cat, Hedge-hog, or Hare.
Hut, A Hovel.
Hyt, Mad.

J A

Jack, Jacket.
Jag, To prick as with a Pin.
Jaw, A Wave or Guſh of Water.
Jawp, The Daſhing of Water.
Iceſhogles, Icicles.
Jee, To incline to one Side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a Balk up and down, to this and the other Side.
Jig, To crack, make a Noiſe like a Cart-wheel.
Jimp, Slender.
Jip, Gypſie.
Ilk, Each. *Ilka*, Every.
Ingan, Onion.
Ingle, Fire.
Jo, Sweet-heart.
Jouk, A low Bow.
Irie, Fearful, terrified, as if afraid of ſome Ghoſt or Apparition. Alſo, Melancholy.
I'ſe, I ſhall; as *I'll* for I will.
Iſſes, Embers.
Junt, A large Joint or Piece of Meat.
Jute, Sour or dead Liquor.
Jybe, To mock. *Gibe*, Taunt.

K A

Kaber, A Rafter.
Kale, or *Kail*, Cole-wort, and ſometimes Broth.
Kacky, To dung.
Kain, A Part of a Farm-rent paid in Fowls.

Kame,

Kame, Comb.
Kanny, or *Canny*, Fortunate. Alſo, warry, one who manages his Affairs diſcreetly.
Kebuck, A Cheeſe.
Keckle, To laugh, to be noiſy.
Kedgy, Jovial.
Keek, To peep.
Kelt, Cloth with a Freeze, commonly made of native black Wool.
Kemp, To ſtrive who ſhall perform moſt of the ſame Work, in the ſame Time.
Ken, To know, uſed in *England* as a Noun. A Thing within Ken, *i. e.* within View.
Kent, A long Staff, ſuch as Shepherds uſe for leaping over Ditches.
Kepp, To catch a Thing that moves towards one.
Kieſt, Did caſt. *Vid. Cooſt.*
Kilted, Tuck'd up.
Kimmer, A Female Goſſip.
Kirn, A Churn, to churn.
Kirtle, An upper Petticoat.
Kitchen, All Sort of Eatables, except Bread.
Kittle, Difficult, myſterious, knotty (Writings.)
Kittle, To tickle, tickliſh.
Knacky, Witty and facetious.
Knoit, To beat or ſtrike ſharply.
Knoos'd, Buffeted and bruiſed.
Knooſt, or *Knuiſt*, A large Lump.
Know, A Hillock.
Knublock, A Knob.
Knuckles, Only uſed in *Scots* for the Joints of the Fingers next the Back of the Hand.
Kow, Goblin, or any Perſon one ſtands in awe to diſoblige, and fears.
Ky, Kine or Cows.
Kyth, To appear. *He'll kyth in his ain Colours.*
Kyte, The Belly.

L A

Laggert, Beſpatter'd, cover'd with Clay.
Laigh, Low.
Laits, Manners.
Lak or *Lack*, Undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks my Mare, would buy my Mare.*
Landart, The Country, or belonging to it. Ruſtick.
Lane, Alone.
Langour, Languiſhing, Melancholy. To hold one out of *Langour*, *i. e.* Divert him.
Lankale, Coleworts uncut.
Lap, Leaped.
Lapper'd, Crudled or clotted.
Lare, A Place for laying, or that has been layn in.
Lare, Bog.
Lave, The Reſt or Remainder.
Lawin, A Tavern Reckoning.
Lawland, Low Country.
Lavrock, The Lark.
Lawty or *Lawtith*, Juſtice, Fidelity, Honeſty.
Leal, True, upright, honeſt, faithful to Truſt, loyal. *A leal Heart never lied.*
Leam, Flame.
Lear, Learning, to learn.
Lee, Untill'd Ground; alſo an open Graſſy Plain.
Leglen, A Milking-pale with one *Lug* or Handle.

Leman,

Leman, A kept Miſs.
Lends, Buttocks, Loins.
Leugh, Laughed.
Lew-warm, Lukewarm.
Libbit, Gelded.
Lick, To whip or beat. *It.* A Wag or Cheat, we call a great *Lick.*
Lied, Ye lied, ye tell a Lie.
Lift, The Sky or Firmament.
Liggs, Lyes.
Lills, The Holes of a Wind Inſtrument of Muſick; hence, *Lilt up a Spring. Lilt it out*, Take of your Drink merrily.
Limmer, A Whore.
Limp, To halt.
Lin, A Cataract.
Ling, Quick Career in a ſtraight Line, to gallop.
Lingle, Cord, Shoe-maker's Threed.
Linkan, Walking ſpeedily.
Lire, Breaſts. *Item*, The moſt muſcular Parts; ſometimes the Air or Complexion of the Face.
Lirk, A Wrinkle or Fold.
Liſk, The Flank.
Lith, A Joint.
Loan, A little Common near to Country Villages, where they milk their Cows.
Loch, A Lake.
Loo, To love.
Loof, The Hollow of the Hand.
Looms, Tools, Inſtruments in general. Veſſels.
Loot, Did let.
Low, Flame. *Lowan*, Flaming.
Lown, Calm. *Keep lown*, Be ſecret.
Loun, Rogue, Whore, Villain.
Lounder, A ſound Blow.
Lout, To bow down, making Courteſie. To ſtoop.
Luck, To encloſe, ſhut up, faſten; hence, *Lucken Handed*, Cloſe Fiſted, *Lucken Gowans*, *Booths*, &c.
Lucky, Grandmother or Goody.
Lug, Ear. Handle of a Pot or Veſſel.
Luggie, A Diſh of Wood with a Handle.
Lum, The Chimney.
Lure, Rather.
Lyart, Hoary or Grey-hair'd.

M A

MAgil, To mangle.
Maik or *Make*, Match, Equal.
Maikleſs, Matchleſs.
Mailen, A Farm.
Makly, Seemly, Well proportion'd.
Makſna, 'Tis no matter.
Maliſon, A Curſe, Malediction.
Mangit, Gall'd or bruiſed by Toil or Stripes.
Mank, A Want.
Mant, To ſtammer in Speech.
March or *Merch*, A Land-mark, Border of Lands.
Marh, The Marrow.
Marrow, Mate, Fellow, Equal, Comrade.
Mask, To maſh, in brewing. *Masking-loom*, Maſh-vat.
Maun, Muſt. *Mauna*, Muſt not, may not.
Meikle, Much, big, great, large.
Meith, Limit, Mark, Sign.
Mends, Satisfaction, Revenge, Retaliation. *To make a Mends*, To make a grateful Return.

Menſe, Diſcretion, Sobriety, good Breeding. *Mensfou*, Mannerly.
Menzie, Company of Men, Army, Aſſembly, one's Followers.
Meſſen, A little Dog, Lap-dog.
Midding, A Dunghill.
Midges, Gnats, little Flies.
Mim, Affectedly modeſt.
Mint, Aim, endeavour.
Mirk, Dark.
Miſcaw, To give Names.
Miſchance, Misfortune.
Misken, To neglect or not take Notice of one; alſo, Let alone.
Miſluſhous, Malicious, Rough.
Miſters, Neceſſities, Wants.
Mittans, Woolen Gloves.
Mony, Many.
Mools, The Earth of the Grave.
Mou, Mouth.
Moup, To eat, generally uſed of Children, or of old People, who have but few Teeth, and make their Lips move faſt, tho' they eat but ſlow.
Mow, A Pile or Bing, as of Feuel, Hay, Sheaves of Corn, &c.
Mows, Jeſts.
Muckle, See *Meikle*.
Murgullied, Miſmanaged, Abuſed.
Mutch, Coif.
Mutchken, An *Engliſh* Pint.

N A

NAcky or *Knacky*, Clever, active in ſmall Affairs.
Neeſe, Noſe.
Netle, To fret or vex.
Newfangle, Fond of a new Thing.
Nevel, A ſound Blow with the *Nive* or Fiſt.
Nick, To bite or cheat. *Nicked*, Cheated: Alſo as a cant Word to drink heartily; as, *He nicks fine.*
Nieſt, Next.
Niffer, To exchange or barter.
Niffnafan, Trifling.
Nignays, Trifles.
Nips, Bitts.
Nither, To ſtraiten. *Nithered*, Hungered or half ſtarved in Maintenance.
Nive, The Fiſt.
Nock, Notch or Nick of an Arrow or Spindle.
Noit, See *Knoit*.
Nowt, Cows, Kine.
Nowther, Neither.
Nuckle, New calv'd (Cows.)

O E

OE, A Grandchild.
O'er or *Owre*, Too much; as, *A O'ers is Vice.*
O'ercome, Superplus.
Ony, Any.
Or, Sometimes uſed for e'er or before. *Or Day*, *i. e.* Before Day break.
Ora, Any thing over what's needful.
Orp, To weep with a convulſive Pant.
Oughtlens, In the leaſt.
Owk, Week.
Owrlay, A Cravat.
Owſen, Oxen.
Owthir, Either.
Oxter, The Arm-pit.

P A

Paddock, A Frog. *Paddock Ride*, The Spawn of Frogs.

Paiks, Chaſtiſement. *To paik*, To beat or belabour one ſoundly.

Pang, To ſqueez, preſs or pack one thing into another.

Paughty, Proud, haughty.

Pawky, Witty or ſly in Word or Action, without any Harm or bad Deſigns.

Peer, A Key or Wharf.

Peets, Turf for Fire.

Pegh, To pant.

Penſy, Finical, foppiſh, conceited.

Perquire, By Heart.

Pett, A Favourite, a Fondling. *To pettle*, To dandle, feed, cheriſh, flatter. Hence, to take the *Pett*, is to be peeviſh or ſullen, as commonly *Petts* are when in the leaſt diſobliged.

Pibroughs, Such *Highland* Tunes as are play'd on Bag-pipes before them when they go out to Battle.

Pig, An Earthern Pitcher.

Pike, To pick out, or chuſe.

Pimpin, Pimping, mean, ſcurvy.

Pine, Pain or Pining.

Pingle, To contend, ſtrive or work hard.

Pirn, The Spool or Quill within the Shutle, which receives the Yarn. *Pirny*, (Cloath or a Web) of unequal Threeds or Colours, ſtripped.

Pith, Strength, Might, Force.

Plack, Two Bodles, or the 3d of a Penny *Engliſh*.

Pople or *Paple*, The bubling, purling or boyling up of Water. (Popling.)

Poortith, Poverty.

Powny, A little Horſe or Galloway; alſo a Turky.

Pouſe, To puſh.

Poutch, A Pocket.

Pratick, Practice, Art, Stratagem *Priving Pratick*, Trying ridiculous Experiments.

Prets, Tricks, Rogueries. We ſay. *He plaid me a Pret*, *i. e.* Cheated. *The Callan's fou of Prets*, *i. e.* Has abundance of waggiſh Tricks.

Prig, To cheapen, or importune for a lower Price of Goods one is buying.

Prin, A Pin.

Prive, To prove or taſte.

Propine, Gift or Preſent.

Prym or *Prime*, To fill or ſtuff.

Putt a Stane, Throw a big Stone.

Quey, A young Cow.

R A

Rackleſs, Careleſs. One who does Things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackleſs handed*.

Rae, A Roe.

Raffan, Merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, A loud Sound.

Rair, Roar.

Rak or *Rook*, A Miſt or Fog.

Rampage, To ſpeak and act furiouſly.

Raſhes, Ruſhes.

Rave, Did rive or tear.

Raught, Reached.

Rax, To ſtretch. *Rax'd*, Reached.

Ream, Cream. Whence, *Reaming*; as, *Reaming Liquor*.

Redd,

Redd, To rid, unravel. To ſeparate Folks that are fighting. It alſo ſignifies clearing of any Paſſage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehenſive.
Rede, Council, Advice; as, *I wad na rede ye to do that*.
Reek, Reach; alſo Smoak.
Reeſt, To ruſt, or dry in the Smoak.
Reft, Bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.
Reif, Rapine, Robbery.
Reik or *Rink*, A Courſe or Race.
Rever, A Robber or Pirate.
Rewth, Pity.
Rice or *Riſe*, Bulruſhes, Bramble-Branches, or Twigs of Trees.
Rife or *Ryfe*, Plenty.
Rift, To belch.
Rigging, The Back or Rig-back, the Top or Ridge of a Houſe.
Ripples, A weakneſs in the Back and Reins.
Rock, A Diſtaff.
Rooſe or *Ruſe*, To commend, extoll.
Roove, To rivet.
Rottan, A Rat.
Roundel, A witty, and often Satyrick kind of Rhime.
Rowan, Rolling.
Rowt. To roar, eſpecially the Lowing of Bulls and Cows.
Rowth, Plenty.
Ruck, A Rick or Stack of Hay or Corns.
Rude, The red Taint of the Complexion.
Ruefu, Doleful.
Rug, To pull, take away by Force.
Rumple, The Rump.
Rungs, Small Boughs of Trees lop'd off.
Runkle, A Wrinkle, *Runckle*, To ruffle.
Rype, To ſearch.

S A

Sabeins, Seeing it is. Since.
Saikleſs, Guiltleſs, free.
Sain'd, Bleſſed.
Sall, Shall. Like *Soud* for *Should*.
Sand-blind, Pur-blind, Short-ſighted.
Sar, Savour or Smell.
Sark, A Shirt.
Saugh, A Willow or Sallow Tree.
Saw, An old Saying, or proverbial Expreſſion.
Scad, Scald.
Scar, The bare Places on the Sides of Hills waſhen down with Rains.
Scart, To ſcratch.
Scawp, A bare, dry Piece of ſtony Ground.
Scon, Bread the Country People bake over the Fire, thinner and broader than a *Bannock*.
Scowp, To leap or move haſtily from one Place to another.
Scowth, Room, Freedom.
Scrimp, Narrow, ſtraitned, little.
Scroggs, Shrubs, Thorns, Briers. *Scroggy*, Thorny.
Scuds, Ale. A late Name given it by the Benders.
Scunner, To loath.
Sell, Self.
Seuch, Furrow, Ditch.
Sey, To try.
Seybow, A young Onion.
Shan, Pitiful, ſilly, poor.
Sharn, Cow's Dung.
Shaw, A Wood or Forreſt.
Shawl, Shallow.
Shawps, Empty Husks.
Sheen, Shining.

Shill,

Shill, Shrill, having a ſharp Sound.
Shire, Clear, thin. We call thin Cloath, or clear Liquor, *Shire*; alſo, A clever Wag, *A ſhire Lick.*
Shog, To wag, ſhake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Shool, Shovel.
Shoon, Shoes.
Shore, To threaten.
Shotle, A Drawer.
Sib, A-kin.
Sic, Such.
Sicker, Firm, ſecure.
Sike, A Rill or Rivulet, commonly dry in Summer.
Siller, Silver.
Sindle or *Sinle*, Seldom.
Sinſyne, Since that Time. *Lang ſinſyne*, Long ago.
Skaill, To ſcatter.
Skair, Share.
Skaith, Hurt, Damage, Loſs.
Skeigh, Skittiſh.
Skelf, Shelf.
Skelp, To run. Uſed when one runs *Bare-foot.* Alſo a ſmall Splinter of Wood. *It.* To flog the Hips.
Skiff, To move ſmoothly away.
Skink, A kind of ſtrong Broth made of Cows Hams or Knuckles; alſo, to fill Drink in a Cup.
Skirl, To ſhreik or cry with a ſhrill Voice.
Sklate, Slate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue Slate.
Skowrie, Ragged, naſty, idle.
Skreed, A Rent.
Skybald, A Tatterdemalion.
Skyt, Fly out haſtily.
Slade, or *Slaid*, Did ſlide, moved, or made a Thing move eaſily.
Slap, or *Slak*, A Gap, or narrow Paſs between two Hills. *Slap*, A Breach in a Wall.
Sleek, Smooth.
Sleet, A Shower of half melted Snow.
Slerg, To bedawb or plaiſter.
Slid, Smooth, cunning, ſlippery; as, *He's a ſlid Lown. Slidry*, Slippery.
Slippery, Sleepy.
Slonk, A Mire, Ditch or Slough; to wade thro' a Mire.
Slote, A Bar or Bolt for a Door.
Slough, Husk or Coat.
Smaik, A ſilly little pitiful Fellow; the ſame with *Smatchet.*
Smirky, Smiling.
Smittle, Infectious or catching.
Smoor, To ſmother.
Snack, Nimble, ready, cliver.
Sned, To cut.
Sneer, To laugh in deriſion.
Sneg, To cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the Web-end.*
Snell, Sharp, ſmarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, Snub, check or reprove, correct.
Snifter, To ſnuff or breathe thro' the Noſe a little ſtopt.
Snod, Metaphorically uſed for Neat, handſome, tight.
Snood, The Band for tying up a Woman's Hair.
Snool, To diſpirit by chiding, hard Labour, and the like; alſo, a pitiful grovling Slave.
Snoove, To whirl round.
Snotter, Snot.
Snurl, To ruffle or wrinkle.
Sod, A thick Turf.
Souſy, Happy, fortunate, lucky; ſometimes uſed for large and luſty.
Sore, Sorrel, rediſh coloured.
Sorn, To ſponge.
Soſs, The Noiſe that a Thing makes when it falls to the Ground.
Sough, The Sound of Wind amongſt Trees, or of one ſleeping.
Sowens, Flumry, or Oat-meal ſowr'd

amongſt Water for ſome Time, then boil'd to a Conſiſtency, and eaten with Milk or Butter.

Sowf, To conn over a Tune on an Inſtrument.

Spae, To foretell or divine. *Spaemen*, Prophets, Augurs.

Spain, To wean from the Breaſt.

Spait, A Torrent, Flood or Inundation.

Spang, A Jump; to leap or jump.

Spaul, Shoulder, Arm.

Speel, To climb.

Speer, To ask, inquire.

Spelder, To ſplit, ſtretch, ſpread out, draw aſunder.

Spence, The Place of the Houſe where Proviſions are kept.

Spill, To ſpoil, abuſe.

Spoolie, Spoil, Booty, Plunder.

Spraings, Stripes of different Colours.

Spring, A Tune on a muſical Inſtrument.

Spruſh, Spruce.

Sprutt'd, Speckled, ſpotted.

Spunk, Tinder.

Stalwart, Strong and valiant.

Stang, Did ſting; alſo a Sting or Pole.

Stank, A Pool of ſtanding Water.

Stark, Strong, robuſt.

Starns, The Stars. *Starn*, A ſmall Moiety. We ſay, *Ne'er a ſtarn*.

Stay, Steep; as, *Set a ſtout Heart to a ſtay Brae*.

Stook, To ſhut, cloſe.

Stegh, To cram.

Stend, or *Sten*, To move with a haſty long Pace.

Stent, To ſtretch or extend.

Stipend, A Benefice.

Stirk, A Steer or Bullock.

Stoit, or *Stot*, To rebound or reflect.

Stoor, Rough, hoarſe.

Stou, To cut or crop. *A Stou*, A large Cut or Piece.

Stound, A ſmarting Pain or Stitch.

Stour, Duſt agitated by Winds, Men or Horſe Feet. *To ſtour*, To run quickly.

Stowth, Stealth.

Strapan, Clever, tall, handſome.

Strath, A Plain on a River-ſide.

Streek, To ſtretch.

Striddle, To ſtride, applied commonly to one that's little.

Strinkle, To ſprinkle or ſtraw.

Stroot, or *Strute*, Stuff'd full, drunk.

Strunt, A Pett. *To take the ſtrunt*, To be petted or out of Humour.

Studdy, An Anvil, or Smith's Stithy.

Sturdy, Giddy-headed. *It.* Strong.

Sture, or *Stoor*, Stiff, ſtrong, hoarſe.

Sturt, Trouble, Diſturbance, Vexation.

Stym, A Blink, or a little Sight of a Thing.

Suddle, To ſully or defile.

Sumph, Blockhead.

Sunkan, Spleenatick.

Sunkots, Something.

Swak, To throw, caſt with Force.

Swankies, Clever young Fellows.

Swarf, To ſwoon away.

Swaſh, Squat, ſuddled.

Swatch, A Pattern.

Swats, Small Ale.

Swecht, Burden, Weight, Force.

Sweer, Lazy, ſlow.

Sweeties, Confections.

Swelt, Suffocated, choked to Death.

Swith, Begone quickly.

Swither, To be doubtful whether to do this or that.

Syne, Afterwards, then.

T A

TAckel, An Arrow.

Taid, Toad.

Thane, Taken.
Thap, A Head. Such a Quantity of Lint as Spinſters put upon the Diſtaff, is called a *Lint-thap*.
Thape, To uſe any thing ſparingly.
Thappit-hen, The *Scots* Quart-ſtoup.
Tharrow, To refuſe what we love, from a croſs Humour.
Thartan, Croſs ſtriped Stuff, of various Colours, checker'd. The Highland Plaids.
Thaſs, A little Dram-cup.
Thate, A ſmall Lock of Hair, or any little Quantity of Wool, Cotton, *&c.*
Thaunt, To mock.
Thawpy, A fooliſh Wench.
Thaz, A Whip or Scourge.
Thed, To ſcatter, ſpread.
Thee, A little Earth on which Gameſters at the *Gowf* ſet their Balls before they ſtrike them off.
Theen, or *Thynd*, Anger, Rage, Sorrow.
Theet, To peep out.
Thenſome, The Number of Ten.
Thent, Attention. *Thenty*, Cautious.
Thack, Thatch.
Thae, Thoſe.
Tharmes, Small Tripes.
Theek, To thatch.
Thig, To beg or borrow.
Thir, Theſe.
Thole, To endure, ſuffer.
Thow, Thaw.
Thowleſs, Unactive, ſilly, lazy, heavy.
Thrawart, Froward, croſs, crabbed.
Thrawin, Stern and croſs-grain'd.
Threep or *Threap*, To aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.
Thrimal, To preſs or ſqueez through with Difficulty.
Thud, A Blaſt, Blow, Storm, or the violent Sound of theſe. *Cry'd heh at ilka Thud, i.e.* Gave a Groan at every Blow.
Tid, Tide or Time, proper Time; as, *He took the Tid.*
Tift, Good Order, Health.
Tine, To loſe. *Tint*, Loſt.
Tinſel, Loſs.
Tip or *Tippony*, Ale ſold for Twopence the *Scots* Pint.
Tirle or *Tirr*, To uncover a Houſe.
Titty, Siſter.
Tocher, Portion, Dowry.
Tod, A Fox.
Tooly, To fight. A Fight or Quarrel.
Toom, Empty, applied to a Barrel, Purſe, Houſe, *&c. It.* To empty.
Toſh, Tight, neat.
Toſie, Warm, pleaſant, half fuddled.
To the fore, In being, alive, unconſumed.
Touſe or *Touſle*, To rumple, teeze.
Tout, The Sound of a Horn or Trumpet.
Tow, A Rope.
Towmond, A Year or Twelvemonth.
Trewes, Hoſe and Breeches all of a Piece.
Trig, Neat, handſome.
Troke, Exchange.
True, To trow, truſt, believe.
Truf, Steal.
Tryſt, Appointment.
Turs, Turfs. *Turs*, Trus.
Twin, To part with, or ſeparate from.
Twitch, Touch.
Twinters, Sheep of two Years old.
Tydie, Plump, fat, lucky.
Tynd, Vid. *Teen.*
Tyſt, To entice, ſtir up, allure.

U G

UGg, To deteſt, hate, nauſeate.
— *Ugſome*, Hateful, nauſeous.

Um-

Umwhile, The late, or deceaſt ſometime ago. Of old.
Undocht or *Wandocht*, A ſilly weak Perſon.
Uneith, Not eaſy.
Ungeard, Naked, not clad, unharneſs'd.
Unko or *unco*, Uncouth, ſtrange.
Unluſum, Unlovely.
Vougy, Elevated, proud.
Wad or *Wed*, Pledge, Wager, Pawn; alſo, Would.
Waff, Wandring by itſelf.
Wak, Moiſt, wet.
Wale, To pick and chuſe.
Walop, To move ſwiftly with much Agitation.
Wally, Choſen, beautiful, large.
Wame, Womb.
Wandought, Want of Dought. Impotent.
Wangrace, Wickedneſs, want of Grace.
War, Worſe.
Warlock, Wizard.
Wat or *Wit*, To know.
Waught, A large Draught.
Wee, Little.
Wean or *Wee ane*, A Child.
Ween, Thought, imagined, ſuppoſed.
Weer, To ſtop or oppoſe.
Weir, War.
Weird, Fate or Deſtiny.
Weit, Rain.
Werſh, Inſipid, wallowiſh, wanting Salt.
Whauk, Whip, bear, nog.
Whid, To fly quickly.
Whilk, Which.
Whilly, To cheat. *Whilly-wha*, A Cheat.
Whindging, Whining.
Whins, Furze.
Whiſht, Huſh. Hold your Peace.
Whisk, To pull out haſtily.
Whomilt, Turn'd upſide down.
Wight, Stout, clever, active. *Item*, A Man or Perſon.
Wimpling, A turning backward and forward, winding like the Meanders of a River.
Win or *Won*, To reſide, dwell.
Winna, Will not.
Winnocks, Windows.
Winſom, Gaining, deſirable, agreeable, complete, large.
Wirrykow, A Bug-bear or Goblin.
Wiſent, Parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.
Wiſtle, To exchange (Money.)
Witherſhins, Motion againſt the Sun.
Woo or *W*, Wool.
Wood, Mad.
Woody, The Gallows.
Wordy, Worthy.
Wow! Wonderful! Strange!
Wreaths, Of Snow, when Heaps of it are blown together by the Wind.
Wyſing, Inclining. *To wyſe*, To lead, train.
Wyſon, The Gullet.
Wyt, To blame. Blame.

Y A

Yamph, To bark, or make a Noiſe like little Dogs.
Yap, Hungry, having a longing Deſire for any Thing ready.
Yealtou, Yea wilt thou.
Yed, To contend, wrangle.
Yeld, Barren, as a Cow that gives no Milk.
Yerk, To do any Thing with Celerity.
Yesk, The Hiccup.
Yett, Gate.
Yeſtreen, Yeſternight.
Youdith, Youthfulneſs.
Yowden, Wearied.
Yowf, A ſwinging Blow.
Yuke, The Itch.
Yule, Chriſtmaſs.

FINIS.

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